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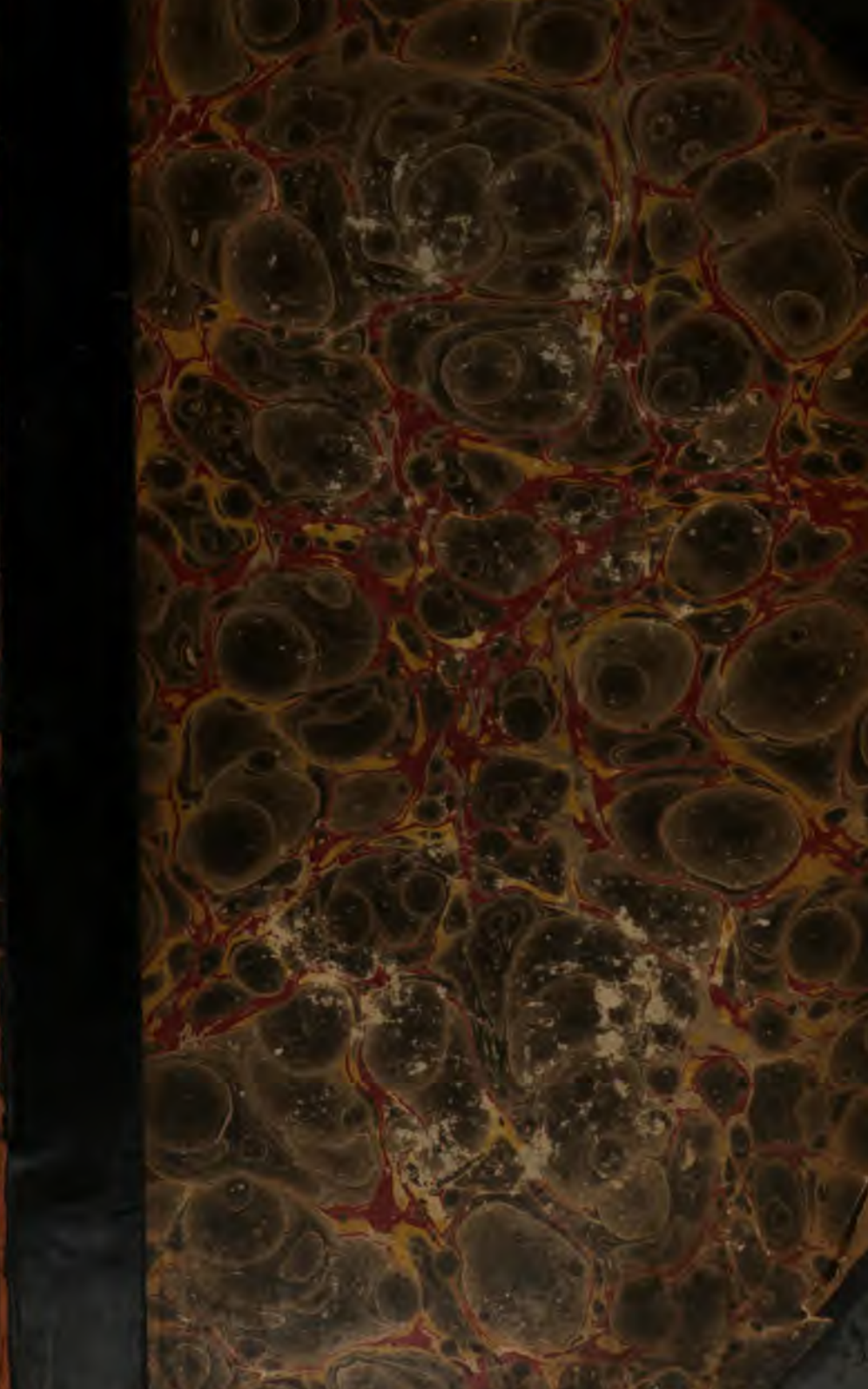
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THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VOL. 97.

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To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

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NOTICE.

~~are~~ Several Articles, intended for insertion in the present Number of the NEW MONTHLY, have been unavoidably omitted. Amongst these are the continuation of "WOODTHORPE," and Notices of some recent Novels.

THE DECEMBER NUMBER OF COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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REJECTED ARTICLES CANNOT BE RETURNED

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROLOGUE TO VOLUME XCVII.

WITH a New Year we begin a New Volume.

A New Year is always, in expectancy, "annus mirabilis;" and a New Volume belongs pretty much to the same category.

Without pretending to the oracular skill of Zadkiel, that most learned of "Genethliacs," we may safely predict the quality of the Ninety-seventh Volume of the *New Monthly*; for the writers whose contributions have filled the pages of the Magazine for the last few years, have still the same ready pens for its service.

A volume of the *New Monthly* may be likened unto a good dinner with three courses and a dessert, seeing that four removes are necessary to complete the literary as well as the substantial banquet. Like a practised *maitre d'hôtel*, we also present our bill of fare, but with even more consideration for the tastes and appetites of our guests, since we offer them the contents of only one course at a time, with sufficient interval to get hungry again before the dishes are replaced.

He who would confidently say what the year 1853 is to do for us, must make some bold guesses. The prophecy of Lear's Fool is no bad precedent. Let us take a few samples from his prediction.

When priests are more in word than matter.

Shakspeare had some suspicion of this being the case in 1605; what are we to say, two centuries and a half later?

Between the "half-and-half" of Puseyism, the "heavy, steady Stingo" of the Establishment, and the "sharp, sour cider" of Dissent, we are more *ballottés* with "words" than edified by "matter." If "His Eminence" (as the *Times* advertisement says) puts in his oar, we may be rowed over to an opposite shore, but the boatman's song will be very nearly to the same tune.

When brewers mar their malt with water.

They did this, if not in the reign of *King Lear* (though most likely it was a practice in his day) certainly in that of the Virgin Queen; but it is only charitable to suppose that the brewers of Elizabeth's day, knowing that the ladies then drank beer for breakfast, diluted it as much as possible in order to save their reputations.

Our quarrel with the brewers of Queen Victoria's domination is, not so much that they "mar their malt with water," though they are adepts at any cunning infusion—(we will say nothing about Strychnine and Baron Justus Liebig, or Humuline, the newest name for Extract of Hops)—as that they don't enough know how to cut down a legitimate allowance of beer. Quart bottles *were* quart bottles, we will suppose, "when every rood of ground maintained its man,"—or, at all events, "black jacks" held no stinted measure; but, at the present time, "Bottledom"—has reached such a pitch of refinement, that if you get anything in a bottle of

Guinness but froth and disappointment, you are more of a philosopher and less of a victim than most British beer-drinkers.

When nobles are their tailors' tutors.

This is not the vice of the present generation, nor is it likely to be soon revived. *Schneiderism* went out with the Prince Regent and Brummell. A nobleman of the present day, who is oftener heard of in the Mechanics' lecture-room than at Almack's, has something better to do with his time than to waste it in the excision of coat wrinkles, and the curative process of fine-drawing.

When every case in law is right.

If 1853 produce this result, we shall have less occasion than we suppose for regretting the political change which has brought about the retirement of Lord St. Leonards, of whom we may say, as Dryden did of his great predecessor :

In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more inquiring eyes and hands more clean.

Swift of despatch and easy of access,

—without the faults that marred the statesmanship of the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

No squire in debt ; and no poor knight.

Alas for the applicants in the Irish court of "Encumbered Estates !" The "squires in debt" this year will be as plentiful, we fear, as ever ;—"poor knights" are perhaps a rarer article than they were in the days of "bonny King Jamie," who made them, as fishermen salt herrings, by the thousand.

When usurers tell their gold i' the field.

This is more likely to happen in 1853 than in any other year since gold came into fashion—a long period to reckon. It is not the bullion-merchants of Cheapside, nor the bulls of the Stock Exchange who will count their gains on Primrose Hill or Blackheath ; but the lucky ones of Australia, numbering a few usurers—"Some bastards, too," as Falconbridge says)—who, having no roof under which to house them, will weigh their nuggets at the Victoria diggings. But, for all this, the usurers will have no greater faith than heretofore in the honesty of their fellow-creatures, and—in Australia—no one can say that they are not right ; lucky for society if Europe be equally free from suspicion.

When such unbelievable occurrences, says Lear's Fool, come to pass,

Then shall the realms of Albion
Come to great—confusion.

We have shown how many of these events may happen in 1853, and yet we do not despair of winning through it—and finding ourselves and our readers none the worse—if not a good deal the better—in 1854.

For this result, we do not, however, exactly look to the great Political "Concert" which has just struck up. The new "Liberal-Conservative" Ministry is, doubtless, a very harmonious combination, but we cannot help comparing it to Sylvester Daggerwood's benefit, on which occasion,—"at the particular desire of several persons of distinction,"—the most eminent performers have "kindly consented" to waive all personal and professional jealousy, and appear in the several parts allotted them "*for one night only.*"

THE FLITCH OF BACON:

OR,

THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW.

A TALE OF ENGLISH HOME.*

BY THE EDITOR.

The Bacon was not set for them I trow,
That some men have in Essex at Dunmow.

CHAUCER. *Wife of Bath's Prologue.*

PART THE FIRST.

The Old Inn at Dunmow.

I.

FROM WHICH IT MAY BE INFERRED THAT PERSEVERANCE IN A GOOD
CAUSE WILL MEET ITS REWARD.

A GOOD Old Inn was the Dunmow Flitch. None better in Essex.

The house had known better days, and wealthier inmates—though not merrier, perhaps—than it did, since it had come into the occupation of Jonas Nettlebed: “Jovial Jonas,” as he called himself,—or “Friar Bacon,” as some of his customers styled him: and who, out of his exceeding love and respect for the time-honoured Custom of the Manor of Dunmow, had adopted the Flitch as his sign, and underneath the great gilded daub, supposed to represent a side of fatted bacon, that hung before his door, had caused these lines to be written:

Painted in gold,
The FLITCH behold,
Of fam'd Dunmow the boast!
Then here should call
Fond couples all,
And pledge it in a toast!

This sign caused much laughter, and provoked much rustic wit, chiefly at the landlord's expense; but as it lured most of the jesters into the house, it perfectly answered its purpose.

Though Jovial Jonas had prospered in his calling, which he richly

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deserved to do, seeing that he brewed the best ale in Essex; the one grand wish of his life was still ungratified. This was possession of the Flitch—not metaphorically, but literally. He coveted the prize more than any worldly honour, and though often disappointed, he had not given up the expectation of gaining it.

Hitherto, he had not been able to take the Oath prescribed by the Charter, which was rather strict in its conditions, requiring that any married couple claiming the Flitch should swear that they had lived together in perfect amity for a Twelvemonth and a Day, and never for a single moment, whether sleeping or waking, in bed or at board, had repented them of their choice, or wished themselves asunder. This was more than Jonas could conscientiously affirm of any of his unions. Any, we say, for he had been thrice married, and in each instance the match was so ill-assorted that both parties often sighed for freedom from their fetters. Jonas's first wife was a shrew, and never allowed him a moment's peace; his second was soft-spoken enough, but a sad flirt, who drove him nearly distracted with jealousy; and his third cared more about the bottle than she did about him. Nothing daunted, and animated by the same ambition as before, Jonas married again, in the full belief that this time his effort would be crowned with success. And the odds seemed now rather more in his favour, for his fourth wife, Nelly, was not only by far the prettiest of the bunch, but very amiable, and well-conducted, and apparently very much attached to him. Moreover, Nelly Nettlebed was as anxious to gain the Flitch as her husband; and that was something. The worst that could be said of her was that she was a little disposed to coquetry, and liked flattery; "but this," Jonas said, "was quite natural in a pretty young woman." As to her personal graces, he had been known to sum them up thus: "There is not too much of Nelly—not half so much as there was of my last wife, Chloe,—but, what there is, is good, and of the right sort. Her eyes are brighter than my first wife's—Kate—you recollect Kate's black eyes, eh, neighbour?—and her waist is trimmer, and her ankles neater than Jane's—my second—you remember Jenny, neighbour—a fine woman, but rather too free in her manners—in short, Nelly's worth 'em all three put together. I'm a lucky man, neighbour—by the marry mas-kins! I am. I envy no man his wife—not even you—and I care not if any man envies me, seeing I'm now as sure of the Flitch as I am that my name's Jonas—Jovial Jonas—ha! ha! I mean to claim it when the time of probation is over. So look out for rare doings, neighbour—rare doings—ho! ho!"

The village chum to whom these remarks were addressed, though he agreed with the uxorious landlord in his estimate of his wife's beauty, was by no means so sure that Jonas would win the prize. However, he kept his thoughts to himself, and merely nodded his head, as if in assent. He was married himself, and knew the difficulties and dangers of the case.

The claimant of the Flitch in expectation, was by no means an ill-looking little fellow—in his own opinion. We are compelled to qualify the description in this way, for most people thought him too short, too stout, too red in the gills, too puffy, too snub-nosed—too anything you please—except too handsome. But Jonas viewed his own figure and

face in the glass in a very different light, and thought himself an extremely personable little man. He was rather a lady-killer too; persuading himself that the sex doted upon him—and he had some show of reason for the belief, since he had obtained four wives; but other explanations of his good luck had been given. Howbeit, he took considerable pains in the adornment of his person; wore flowered waistcoats, and coats of showy colour; was particular about the tie of his wig, and the nice sit of his hose. Nor could any innkeeper boast a whiter apron than he.

In a conspicuous part of the house, placed there for the edification of his guests—for he knew it by heart himself—and fairly copied out and framed, was the Oath, administered to the claimants of the Flitch, which had always hitherto appeared so formidable to him, but which he now hoped to be able to pronounce, without any omission, or the slightest mental reservation. And as this singular formula will be frequently referred to in the course of our story, it may be here recited in full.

The Oath.

You shall swear by Custom of Confession,
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression;
Nor since you were married man and wife
By household brawls or contentious strife,
Or otherwise at bed or at board
Offended each other in deed or word:
Or since the parish clerk said Amen
Wished yourselves unmarried again:
Or in a Twelvemonth and a Day
Repented not in thought any way;
But continued true and in desire
As when you join'd hands in holy quire.
If to these Conditions, without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear;
A whole Gammon of Bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave;
For this is our Custom of Dunmow well known:—
Though the pleasure be ours, the Bacon's your own.

No Brawls. No Regrets. No Transgressions. Constant Love and Devotion. Twelve Honeyed Moons; and One Day over, to make all sure. The conditions were so hard, and so little applicable to the cases of married folk in general, and those of Dunmow in particular, that they were never accepted.

An old custom this delivery of the Flitch; so old that the date of its institution is lost. Thus much only is known about it. The earliest claim on record was made in the seventh year of the reign of Edward the Fourth, and the guerdon of rare conjugal love and truth was bestowed upon Steven Samuel and his wife by the good Prior of the Convent of Our Lady at Dunmow. Twice again in monkish times was the prize won: at long intervals indeed, for the second application occurred in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and the third at the commencement of the Eighth Harry's rule. But the good old custom was continued long after the dissolution of the monasteries; in fact, it could not be dispensed with, being part of the manorial tenure. Part of the venerable fabric, which had once sheltered the old Augustine canons and their superior, was

still standing; where those, who had lived and loved as few love and live, had come in days gone by, to make their claim, and hold themselves up as a bright example to their fellows: the very stones beneath the porch were left—sharp-pointed flints they were, and little worn—on which three proud and happy couples had knelt to verify their faith, and receive the priestly benediction and reward: the ancient and curiously-formed oak chair was still preserved in which those worthy folk had sat together, and thus placed had been borne upon men's shoulders, round the precincts of the sacred edifice, to the sound of rebec, psaltery, and lute, and amidst joyous shouting from admiring crowds; the Flitch of Bacon being carried before them on a lofty pole. All these forms and ceremonies were yet observed, or ready to be observed, save that the Lord of the Manor, together with the steward and other officers were substituted for the Prior and his white-robed brethren. But alack! and well a day! Wedded love and faith would seem a fable. Only two more claimants came in two centuries. It was now the middle of the third—that is to say, in 1750—and none had yet offered—though a Flitch of Bacon was regularly salted and dried, and proclamation constantly made at the Court Baron that it was ready for delivery—*secundum formam donationis*—to any applicants, on due fulfilment of the conditions annexed to the gift.

We have seen who conceived themselves entitled to it. Jonas and Nelly fully expected to be Number Six, on the list.

A few words more in reference to the Old Inn. Many years ago, it had been the most important habitation in the place: in fact, the Hall. Neglected by its owner, Sir Walter Fitzwalter, an eccentric personage about whom strange tales were told, though none to the effect that he had much chance of gaining the Flitch, for indeed he separated from his lady, who died in despair, it was said, soon after that unfortunate event; then altogether abandoned by him; and in the end sold, and for an old song, for like most deserted houses it was supposed to be haunted, and no one would inhabit it. Half of the mansion was next pulled down, including the haunted wing, and the residue being converted into an inn, passed through several hands, and was at length taken by Jonas Nettlebed immediately after his first marriage. But the precautionary measures above detailed had not been entirely effectual in getting rid of the Ghost. It only appeared to have changed its quarters. There was still one chamber left: and the best in the house, unluckily: in which whoever slept was sure to be scared by some unaccountable noise or preternatural appearance. With this exception the Old Inn was quiet and comfortable enough, and the general accommodation excellent. Good ale, clean sheets, civil host and buxom hostess: what more could any reasonable traveller desire?

Let us walk up and look at the old house. Assuredly, it is picturesque, and rich enough in elaborate architectural detail to please you. What a fine façade it presents! high roof, quaint gables, twisted chimneys, and bay-windows, still full of stained glass. And what a large and hospitable porch! Note those noble elm-trees growing near it. To an arm of one of the largest of them is suspended Jonas Nettlebed's gaudy signboard. But for that, and the circular bench embracing the tree, and the watering-trough for horses, and some other matters, you would never have taken the house for an inn. Now let us enter. The promise without is not belied

by what we find within. Here is a spacious and lofty room, capable of accommodating any number of guests; and here no doubt the old Fitzwalters—a hospitable race, save the last of the line—must often have feasted their friends, and held their Christmas revels. Is it much changed since their time? We think not. Witness that high, carved mantelpiece, amongst the ornaments of which you may discern their many-quartered shield: and you may also find their armorial bearings in the blushing panes of the bay-windows. The wainscots are of oak as in days of yore; and that ponderous table of the same dark material, and that massive carved sideboard, can never have left their places. They must have belonged to some Fitzwalter in the days of good Queen Bess, when the Hall was built, and that fine oak staircase was reared, which you see leading to the railed gallery above. Many a light foot has tripped down those polished steps: many a heavy boot clanked up them. Rich silks have rustled in the gallery above: fair faces have looked down upon the gallants below, when beards were wagging at the board, and the damsels' names were on their lovers' lips as they raised the cup to them. Many a swift couranto has been danced upon the floor: many a song has echoed from the vaulted roof: many a Yule log has crackled upon the hearth: many a sport and pastime has been held round it. All are gone now. No wonder there is a Ghost in the House. It must mourn over past splendours—over the buried joys of other days.

But generally the place must be unchanged, except in some minor and unimportant matters. Of that we are quite sure. Its air of antiquity convinces us it is so.

There are four doors opening upon the gallery, easily discernible from below. One of them must belong to the Haunted Chamber. No. They are all too public. A ghost requires some seclusion. There is a dark corridor on the left. It must lead to the lonesome room, where the guest's slumbers have been broken at dead of night, and his blood frozen within his veins by a ghastly apparition: a female figure clothed in white, and supposed to be the perturbed spirit of the unhappy Lady Juga Fitzwalter, who destroyed herself, so the story ran, as we have already intimated, in an access of despair, on her separation from Sir Walter.

Perhaps, we may visit that Chamber by-and-by, and ascertain if these reports of its being haunted are well founded. Meantime, let us stay below, and see what is going on there.

II.

HOW JONAS NETTLEBED COUNTED HIS CHICKENS BEFORE THEY WERE HATCHED.

THE Old Inn looked unusually cheery.

Not that it ever looked dull or uncomfortable, but just now it wore a particularly bright and lively aspect. A good fire was blazing on the hearth, roaring up the wide-mouthed chimney, and shining on the black wainscots, on the twisted legs of the black oak table, and on the carved doors of the black oak sideboard. The good fire was needed, for it was bitterly cold without: a black frost of a week's duration. All the ponds and watercourses about Dunmow were covered with ice, and even the

Chelmer, which flowed within a hundred yards of the inn, encircling the grey and mossy walls of its once stately gardens, was partially frozen.

It was close upon Christmas time, and the season promised to be more seasonable than the winters we now usually experience. Green Yules were rarer in the last century than in the present. It was cold enough in all conscience ; and as Jonas Nettlebed brought his snub nose into somewhat too close contact with a frozen pane, he seemed to have scorched it. He was employed at the time, together with Dolly, the fat cook, and Peggy, the pretty chambermaid, in decorating the bay-windows with sprigs of holly and other evergreens. At the same moment, Peggy uttered a cry. In handling the holly rather incautiously, the thorns had run into her fingers and made them bleed.

"Plague on't! how it pricks," she cried.

"Burns you mean, Peggy. Oddsheart! I declare I thought half my nose had been left sticking to the glass," Jonas said, rubbing the injured feature.

"And that would be a pity indeed, master, for you haven't got too much to spare," Peggy replied, with affected commiseration, but secret merriment.

"My nose is certainly not as long as your tongue, saucebox," he rejoined—"nor as sharp ; but whatever it may be, I don't want to lose it. A little more bay, Peggy. Just fill up that corner with a sprig of holly, and mind you don't prick your fingers again. Now a bunch of laurel—now some box—now some more holly. We shall rob the poor thrushes of all their scarlet berries. What's that?—a branch of yew. That's unlucky, so put it back. Why, the basket's almost empty. Hark'ee cook, go and fetch the Yule Log, while Peggy and I finish the job."

The cook did as she was bidden, and presently afterwards returned with a huge and knotty log of wood, which she laid down by the fire.

"By the marry maskins! a bouncing log!" Nettlebed cried, contemplating it with satisfaction—"and will make a rousing Christmas fire. Oddsheart! we'll have a merry time, Peggy. All the old games shall be played. We'll 'Shoe the Mare,' and 'Hunt the Slipper.' We'll have 'High Jinks,' Peggy. And mark me, cook. There shall be roast pig, and currants ; fat capon and ham ; brawn and mustard ; stuffed goose and apple sauce ; minced pies and plum porridge : plum porridge, and plenty of it, d'ye mind, cook? The strong ale shall be broached, and the black jack go round. There shall be hot elder wine with toast and sugar and nutmeg—and stewed cheese to relish it—d'ye mind, cook? Nor shall the lemons and 'rack be forgotten, nor the big punch-bowl. By the marry maskins! it shall be filled to the brim, and every Jack and Jill shall have a glass."

"Oh! cook, won't that be nice?" Peggy cried.

"I wish Christmas cum'd twice a year instead of onst," Dolly rejoined.

"Then you'd get twice as fat as you are now, cook, and that would never do," Nettlebed remarked. "But we've finished decorating the windows, and very well they look, I'm sure. There's only one thing wanting."

"Lawk a daisy! what can that be?" Peggy inquired with affected simplicity, though she knew well enough what was meant.

"Can't you guess, hussy," Jonas said, with a sly look at her. "I

warrant me, you can. There's not a maid, above sixteen, in Dunmow but knows the use of the Mistletoe Bough. That's what's wanting. Go see whether Carrotty Dick the ostler has gathered one as I bade him."

Carrotty Dick saved her the trouble, for at that moment he emerged from the back part of the premises bearing a large branch of the beautiful epidendron in question, covered with silver berries.

"Here it be, mester," he cried. "I climbed th' owd oak to get it, and drove all the hungry ousels away. I well-nigh broke my neck in getting down. Ben't it pratty, Peggy?"

Jonas took the branch from him, and it was speedily suspended from a hook, to which a lamp had been once attached, at the top of the deep recess of the window.

Somehow or other Peggy found herself beneath it. Jonas saw her. The temptation was irresistible. The girl was too pretty—the situation too provocative. A smacking sound was heard.

Yes, it was heard! and very distinctly too.

"Good gracious! there's missis!" Peggy cried. "Here'll be a pretty to do! How could you?—for shame, sir."

"Hold your tongue, Peggy. I dare say she didn't see us," Jonas said, internally blaming himself for his rashness, as he reflected upon the Flitch, and feared he had endangered his chance.

"What are you doing there, Mr. Nettlebed? And what noise was that I heard?" Mrs. Nettlebed inquired, rather sharply.

"I've just been decorating the windows, my dear," Jonas replied, coming out of the recess, and putting on a demure look—"but I do not remember hearing any noise."

"It sounded like a kiss," Nelly rejoined. "Like a very loud kiss!"

"Did it, indeed, my dear! Perhaps, it was Carrotty Dick trying the effect of the Mistletoe Bough with the cook. We've just put it up. I declare the rascal's at it again—and with Peggy this time," Nettlebed cried, pointing to the recess, where the red-poll ostler was detaining both the women under the bough. "Go about your business, rascal."

"Axe your pardon, sir," red-poll said, "but I was only follering——"

"About your business, I say, directly," Nettlebed interrupted.

And Dick and the others disappeared, leaving the landlord alone with his wife.

"Very nice effect, haven't they, my dear?" Jonas said, pointing to the evergreens in the windows. "Quite an arbour."

"Very nice, indeed," she replied. "But don't think to deceive me, sir. I saw you."

Perceiving further evasion to be useless, Nettlebed stammered out—"Well, my dear, I'm sure I meant no harm. All's fair under the mistletoe."

"You think so. Then you would have no objection to anybody taking the same freedom with me—eh?"

"Oh, not the least, my dear, not the least. But perhaps, you had better not permit it—merely for appearance sake. As we mean to claim the Flitch, one can't be too particular—before people. Not that I should be in the least degree uneasy—but—you understand me, my dear."

"Yes, I quite understand you, Mr. Nettlebed. So, if Frank Wood-

bine *should* come in, and I *should* chance to be near the mistletoe—and he *should*—eh, my dear—what would you say?”

“Say!—Zounds!” the landlord ejaculated.

“Oh fie! an oath, Mr. Nettlebed. I declare you look quite in a passion.”

“Nothing of the kind, my love. Never calmer in my life.”

“You look very red in the face, for a calm person. Do keep your legs, still. One would think you were jealous of Frank Woodbine.”

“Adzookers! no—though he does come somewhat too often to the house. But I know what a treasure I possess. And though Frank be accounted the best-looking young man in the neighbourhood, I know my darling has only eyes for me.”

“There you are right, duck. And you are safe on Frank’s side as well. For is not he married? And can he have eyes for any one except his lawful spouse?”

“One would think not. Few women can compare with Rose Woodbine in point of beauty.”

“Indeed, sir. You always thought her prettier than me.”

“I never said so, my dear, whatever I may have thought. But you know that she was called the Rose of Dunmow before her marriage.”

“Yes, I know that. And I know, likewise, that you popped the question to her, before you popped to me. And she refused you.”

“Fortunately she did, my dear.”

“Fiddlestick’s end! I dare say you preferred her. I wish Frank Woodbine had popped to me.”

“Don’t wish that, my love, or we shall never win the Flitch. It was a hasty expression on your part, and I forget it. In fact, I’ve never heard it. I know your real sentiments too well.”

“You do indeed, ducky. No one could seriously suppose that I should prefer a young gamekeeper, however good-looking he may be—with nothing but his gun for his maintenance and a cottage for his home—to you, a comfortable, well-to-do, nice little man—with plenty of money in your pockets, and a house like this above your head. Yet they do say Frank and his wife are very happy, quite a model pair: and that they might claim the Flitch, if they liked.”

“Oh! they say that, do they? I know a way to stop Master Frank’s mouth, if ever he attempts to pronounce the Oath.”

“A secret about him. Oh do tell it me, ducky. I should like so much to hear it.”

“Excuse me just now, my dear.”

“Has it anything to do with the letter which was left here for him, by the mail post, this morning?”

“I’m sure I can’t say.”

“Let me look at it. Perhaps I can give a guess.”

“Well, there it is, my dear,” Jonas replied, giving her a letter.

“The direction is plain enough,” she rejoined, reading it—“‘FOR FRANCIS WOODBINE, GAMEKEEPER TO THE LORD MAYNARD. TO BE LEFT WITH JONAS NETTLEBED AT THE SIGN OF THE FLITCH OF BACON, IN DUNMOW, ESSEX.’ Odd a letter should be addressed here and not to his own house! That looks suspicious. Yet I don’t think it’s a female

hand. I wonder what's inside it," she added, trying to peep under the folds. "How provoking! I can't make out a word. Yes, I can. There's a capital J. Oh! I see—its only from a John. I don't care about it. You may take it back."

"Very well, my dear," Jonas replied, putting it into the table-drawer, and locking it up. "There it rests till Frank comes for it."

"And you won't tell me the secret?"

"Don't press me, I beg. I know what I know. And that's enough to settle Frank, if he makes any pretension to the Flitch. That dainty dish is reserved for us, Nelly. By the marry maskins! we won't allow any interlopers. Oddslife! how I wish the eventful day were come on which we could claim it. What a grand sight it will be! What crowds will throng to the village from all parts—for I've already given notice of my intention to Abel Roper the steward, and he will cause it to be proclaimed in open court, so that all the world will know it, and all the world will of course come to see us—for it is a sight not to be witnessed elsewhere. The Lord of the Manor, and Mr. Roper, the Steward, and the officers with their white wands, and the Vicar in his cassock and bands; and the Beadle with his staff, and the drummers and the fifers will all be ready to receive us at the door of the old Priory. And there will be the Jury of Bachelors and Maidens, six of each, to decide upon the justice of our claim. And there will be the Flitch of Bacon itself ready to be delivered. The church bells will ring joyfully, and the musicians play lively tunes to welcome our arrival. Then we shall march up to the Priory, dressed in our best, and passing through the crowd, which will draw aside respectfully, to allow us passage, we shall enter the porch, and kneel down upon the stones. Uncommonly sharp stones they are, Nelly, for I've tried them, and therefore, my dear, we'll take the precaution of having our knees well padded. Mr. Roper will then, with all due solemnity, pronounce the Oath, as follows:—"

"Don't trouble yourself to repeat it, dearest. I know it perfectly."

"Suppose it uttered, then. Profound silence has of course prevailed during this part of the ceremony. But as we arise to receive our prize, the music strikes up again, the bells ring forth their loudest peals, and shouts from the assembled crowd rend the air. The ancient arm-chair will then be brought forth. We shall enter it. I sitting on the right, and you on the left."

"Exactly the reverse, ducky,—you on the left, and I on the right."

"No such thing I tell you, Mrs. Nettlebed. I've inquired the particulars and ought to know."

"You may know what you please, Mr. Nettlebed. But I sit on the right, if I sit there at all."

"Well, well—my dear, that's not material. I dare say it can be managed. We are seated together somehow; and the Procession sets forth, headed by a man carrying the Flitch. It is borne aloft on a tall pole that all may see it. Then follow the musicians strumming away; then the Lord of the Manor and his attendants with the Vicar."

"Lord bless us! I fancy I see him! How his fat reverence will waddle along, and mop his round face, if it happens to be a hot day! And how he will stare at me, to be sure."

"Everybody will stare at you, Nelly. You'll be 'the observed of all

observers,' as the poet says. But to go on." After his reverence we shall come; borne on the shoulders of six able-bodied men, and seated together as I have described."

"But you haven't settled how we are to sit?"

"Oh yes, I have. How elated we shall feel as we look around, and gaze on the shouting crowds, the little boys on the trees, and the country folk in the waggons and carts."

"I shall be thinking of the fine company in the coaches. I don't care about trumpery in carts, and little boys on hedges and gates. I dare say it will be a pretty sight—especially if some of the handsome young squires are there."

"Hang the handsome young squires! Let me proceed? After us will come the Jury. The six maidens on my side, and the bachelors on yours."

"That won't do at all. If the bachelors come behind me, I shan't see them."

"And what matters it if you don't?"

"A great deal. It must be as I wish, or I take no part in it; that's certain."

"Well, I don't mind giving up any little point so that my principal aim is attained. So the bachelors shall follow as you desire. In this way we shall be taken round the Priory, and to the Church, amid increasing crowds, and continued shouting, and so home—where we shall end the day in feasting, and revelry. By the marry maskins! it will be a grand day! I'm sure you'll do your best to bring it about. We must both be very cautious, and never give each other a cross look, or utter a cross word—before people. Ah! here's the Saffron Walden and Chelmsford waggon. I hear the jingling of the bells. I must go and see if any one alights from it. Recollect, my dear. Always keep watch upon yourself—before people."

III.

OF THE STRANGE GUEST WHO ARRIVED AT THE FLITCH.

JINGLE! jingle! jingle!

Blithe music make those tiny bells. No sound so pleasant. It awakens all the village, and the gossips issue forth to gaze at the huge lumbering waggon, as it moves slowly along, grinding the ice and frozen mud to powder. The powerful team that draw it are well shod, and keep their feet stoutly upon the slippery road. Six strong black horses; the leaders with bells on their collars, jingling merrily and tunefully. Children shout; dogs bark; and Ben the waggoner cracks his long whip.

At length, the mighty vehicle stops at the Old Inn. The little bells are mute, unless one of the leaders of the team chances to snort and shake his mighty neck. Simultaneously with the stoppage Jonas Nettlebed and Tom Tapster issue from the porch. Carrotty Dick is already there, attending to the horses, while Ben the waggoner informs the landlord, that he has got a customer for him: an old gentleman named Plot, whom he took up at Saffron Walden. "That's the name on his portmanteau anyhow, so I s'pose it's his'n," Ben said—"he's a cur'ousish sort of chap, he is. There that's him a-callin' out."

"Here Dick—here Tom—go fetch the steps—and help the gentleman out," Jonas cried, as an elderly personage, wrapped in a large blue roquelaure, with his hands stuffed into a muff, a comforter round his throat, and an extra pair of woollen stockings drawn above his knees, got out of the waggon. And not without some difficulty, for his numerous wraps rather impeded his movements. However, he and his portmanteau were safely landed at last.

It then appeared that the old gentleman was lame—very lame. Perhaps he had a club foot, for his right leg was shorter than his left. He had a keen grey eye, and so far as could be seen of it, an irritable-looking countenance, and when he pulled down his comforter to speak to the landlord, there was a nervous twitching about the mouth, that confirmed the general expression of his face. His manner was testy, and his mode of speech interjectional and impatient. His first order was that some refreshments should be given to a soldier's wife and her children, inside the waggon, with whom he had travelled; and he would not enter the house till he had seen the injunction obeyed.

While Tom Tapster went for the ale and cold viands thus commanded, a young man crossed the road and walked briskly up to the landlord. He had a fowling-piece over his shoulder, and carried a pouch apparently well filled with game at his side. He was dressed in a green velvet shooting-coat, and wore stout-laced boots, and buff leathern gaiters mounting above the knee. A broad-leaved hat covered his luxuriant brown locks. Above the middle height, remarkably well formed, with a light but athletic frame, he looked the very model of a gamekeeper. His countenance was frank and open, and manly in expression, as was his bearing altogether. At his heels a noble retriever followed.

"A Merry Christmas to you, Master Nettlebed," he said, "and a Happy New Year when it comes. This being the season for presents, I've ventured to bring you a couple of wild ducks for your own eating, and a woodcock for your dame," he added, taking the birds from his pouch, and offering them to Jonas.

"The Compliments of the Season to you, Master Woodbine," the host replied; "and many thanks for the birds, on my wife's part, and on my own. But Oddslife! I've got a letter for you. Where is it? Oh, let me see—I locked it up in the table-drawer for safety. Ah! you're a sly rogue, Master Woodbine—a sly rogue—to have your letters addressed to me. I'll bring it you instantly."

"Don't give yourself the trouble, my good host," Frank Woodbine rejoined—"I only wished to ascertain that the letter had arrived, for it is of importance, though not in the way you hint. I'll just step home and get rid of my dog and my gun, and then return for it. I've promised to meet Mr. Roper, the steward, at your house, on a matter of business this evening; and if he should arrive before me, you will pray him to await my coming."

So saying, the young gamekeeper shouldered his gun, and whistling to his dog was soon out of sight.

By this time the hungry family inside the waggon had disposed of their viands; the old gentleman had slipped a guinea into the poor woman's hands and received her heartfelt blessings in return; Ben the waggoner had drained his pot of ale, and promised to buy some ribands in Chelms-

ford for pretty Peggy, the chambermaid, who came out to flirt with him; the long whip was cracked; the strong horses gave a vigorous pull; the huge vehicle was again in motion; and the little bells once more jingled tunelessly and merrily, till the pleasant sound was lost in the distance.

Meanwhile, the host ushered the old gentleman into the house, and proceeded to relieve him of his roquelaure and some of his wraps. At the same time, Carrotty Dick brought in the portmanteau, and laid it down near the table. Sure enough, there was the name, marked upon it in large characters—Dr. PLOT.

"Welcome, sir, welcome to the Dunmow Flitch," quoth Jonas, as he busied himself about the old gentleman—"welcome to the best inn in Essex; ay, though you pit against it the Cock and Pie at Colchester, the Razor and Hen at Harwich, or the Axe and Bottle at Braintree. By the marry maskins! none can compare with it.

Without fear I assert it, and make it my boast
That no one can meet with a civiler host,
Nor a hostess more buxom his sight to bewitch,
Than he'll find, if he halts at the sign of the FLITCH.

For I'm proud of my kitchen, I'm proud of my cellar,
I'm proud of my wife, as I frequently tell her;
And there is not in Essex a hostel more rich
In comfort, than that which is known as the FLITCH."

During the progress of this ditty the old gentleman manifested great impatience, and when it ended, he burst forth:

"Don't split my ears with your screeching, landlord. Fancy yourself a nightingale, I dare say; but you've more of the raven or the goose about you. Don't stare, man. Fetch me a glass of brandy—the oldest and best you have."

Quite taken aback at the unexpected rebuff, Jonas proceeded to obey the order, while Dr. Plot limped towards the fire, and stood warming himself before it, till the brandy was brought him. The liquor seemed to please him, for he grunted forth something like an expression of satisfaction.

"That'll do, sir, eh?" Jonas said. "Soft as silk and mild as milk: fifty year old, if it's a day. Why, sir, that brandy's part of the old stock. It came out of Sir Walter Fitzwalter's own cellar, and it must have been his father's, for the baronet was too stingy to buy a bottle."

"Humph!—give me another glass. Think I recollect the flavour."

"Indeed, sir—then mayhap you were a friend of the family?"

"What's that to you, sir?" the old gentleman exclaimed, rather fiercely. "How dare you put questions to me? But since you must know, you inquisitive fellow, I *was* a friend of the family—the family physician—Dr. Plot. Did you ever hear of me?—eh!"

"Can't say I have, sir—but I'm proud to make your acquaintance, doctor—extremely proud."

"Fudge! Nobody need be proud of knowing me. Hate flattery, even from an innkeeper. Despise it, sir. Won't have it. Folks call me an eccentric man. Dare say I am. Consult my own convenience and tastes; not theirs. Came here in the waggon because I prefer it to a chaise, the stage-coach, or the post-horse. Better company, and

cheaper. Shouldn't have met that soldier's wife and her brats in the coach. Cost me more, though, in the end—now I think of it."

"A strange old gentleman, indeed!" Jonas thought. "What can I do to please you, sir?"

"Please me—nothing. Yes, you can. You're married you say?"

"Married, sir—yes, sir," Jonas replied, wondering what was coming next.

"Send your wife to me then. More sense than you have, I'll be sworn."

"Mrs. Nettlebed—Nelly, my dear, you're wanted," the host shouted.

"Coming, my dear," Mrs. Nettlebed rejoined, as she issued from an inner chamber. "What's your pleasure, sir?" she added, dropping a curtsey to the old gentleman.

"My pleasure, madam—I have none," Plot replied, crustily.

"Your will, then, sir?" Nelly rejoined.

"I've neither will nor pleasure. Mean to stay here for a few days. That is, if you give me a good bedroom and clean sheets, and make me comfortable."

"We've only one room disengaged, sir," Nelly replied, not much liking her customer—"and that's haunted."

"Haunted!" he rejoined, mimicking her—"so much the better. I like a haunted room. Never saw a ghost in my life. Want to see one."

"Perhaps, you may be gratified, sir," Nelly replied. "And since you have no objections on that score, we may manage to accommodate you."

"It's the largest chamber in the house, sir, and has the best bed in it," Jonas interposed—"such an ancient piece of furniture; such a high tester; and such stiff old hangings. You'll fancy yourself in a hearse. It was a state bedstead I've heard say in Sir Walter's time, and his great-grandfather may have slept in it for aught I know. It's more than we could though—eh, Nelly? We thought we saw a female figure come out of one of the closets, and glare at us."

"I'm sure I saw it," Mrs. Nettlebed rejoined, "for it was bright moonlight, and the figure was as pale as any shroud. Jonas can't speak so positively, because he hid himself under the bed-clothes."

"Mere delusion—trick of fancy," Plot cried. "White figure—fudge! reflection of yourself in a glass—nothing more. Hobgoblin stories frighten children and women. Men laugh at them. Get ready the haunted room for me, ma'am. Make a good fire. Air the bed well, and I warrant me, I shall sleep soundly enough within it, in spite of the ghost—ha! ha!"

"I hope you may laugh in the same way to-morrow morning, sir," Nelly said. "But I expect otherwise."

"Never fear, ma'am—never fear. Harkye, landlord, who was the young fellow that gave you a woodcock for your wife?"

"A woodcock for me, Jonas? You never told me about it."

"Dr. Plot's arrival put it out of my head, my dear. Tom Tapster put it in the larder with a couple of wild ducks, given us by Frank Woodbine."

"I thought it must be a present from Frank," Nelly cried. "A nice, dear fellow!"

"Don't praise him too much, my dear,—before people," Jonas whispered.

"And who may Frank Woodbine be?" Plot inquired.

"That's more than I'm able to inform you, sir," Nettlebed replied. "He's a stranger in these parts—that is to say, he *was* a stranger some eighteen months ago, before he came as gamekeeper to Lord Maynard."

"He deserves to be something more than a gamekeeper," Nelly said. "Anybody can see he's above his situation. He never keeps low company like the others, and, when dressed in his best, he looks just like a young squire. Indeed, for the matter of that, there's not a young squire hereabouts to compare with him. He rides as well as my lord; shoots a great deal better than Black Sam, the head keeper; and as to dancing, you should just see him foot it in the Hay, sir. Nobody like him. You've seen himself yourself, sir, and can judge of his good looks."

"Pshaw! good looks are all a woman cares for," Plot rejoined.

"Law, sir!" Nelly cried, "I'm sure you can't say that of me. I didn't choose my Jonas from outward appearances."

"Rose Woodbine's a treasure beyond all price; that's all I know," the landlord rejoined, rather nettled.

"All women are treasures—so much beyond price, that one can't get rid of them," Plot observed, drily.

"You never beheld such a charmer, sir," Jonas pursued, with a side look at his wife.

"A rustic beauty—cheeks red as apples, and as round," Plot cried—"picture of rude health no doubt—fine animal—but coarse and clumsy—not at all to my taste."

"Nor to mine," Nelly said. "You've hit her off to a nicety, sir."

"Knew you'd think so. Women never praise each other too much. Your husband now would contradict all I've asserted—all you've confirmed."

"Tastes differ, sir, and opinions are free," the landlord replied; "according to mine, there's not a lovelier creature in the land than Rose Woodbine. As to her manners, there's nothing low-bred about them, if I can judge. Many a fine lady might take a lesson from Rose. She's simple and gentle; if that's low-bred."

"Bless me! you're very warm in your praises of her, Mr. Nettlebed," Nelly observed.

"My praises are not half so warm as yours of Frank, my dear," he replied.

"And this paragon of perfection, who could put all our ladies of quality to shame, is some farmer's daughter I suppose?" the old gentleman remarked.

"An orphan maiden, brought up by Mr. Leslie, the old curate," Jonas answered—"a niece of his wife's I fancy she may be, sir—but I know nothing for certain. Rose Mildmay, for such was her maiden name, was well brought up. Good old Mr. Lealie, though poor as a rat, did his best for her, and instructed her himself; but after his death it was as much as the poor widow could do to keep things together, and support herself. So Rose married."

"How came she to throw herself away on this young man? Had she no other offer?"

"Many a one. Some that most women, circumstanced as she was, ahem!" with a look at his wife, "would have jumped at. One that would have raised her to a rank as high as that of any lady in the county. But she preferred the humble gamekeeper, to whom she had plighted her troth."

A shade of emotion flitted over the old gentleman's sardonic countenance ; and the nervous twitching about his mouth became sharper than usual. But he soon repressed it.

"More fool she!" he cried. "She'll repent having thrown the chance away."

"I don't think she will," Nelly said. "She's not like any other woman. She seems quite blind to her own interests ; and as to proper pride or spirit she hasn't a jot of it. She's so wrapped up in her husband that she can think of nothing else."

"And he pretends to be just as fond of her," Jonas added.

"Pretends! why, isn't he?" Plot demanded.

"I'm sure I can't say," the landlord replied, evasively. "It's no business of mine."

"Neither is it your business to make insinuations without warrant," Plot rejoined. "I should like to see this fond couple's love put to the test. It's easy to make professions—not so easy to act up to them. I'm no believer in such rare conjugal attachment. I've seen too much of the world. All outside show—mere make-believe. Men neglect their wives—after a time, at least ; and women console themselves as best they can : some in one way, some in another. All women try to govern their husbands, and most succeed in the attempt."

"You've but a poor opinion of our sex, sir," Nelly said.

"Very poor indeed, ma'am. My own experience has unfortunately brought me to that conclusion."

"Sorry to hear it, sir," Nettlebed said—"but you mustn't judge all the world by yourself. For example, I am an instance to the contrary. My slightest wish is law to Mrs. Nettlebed. She would never dream of governing me. Would you, my angel?"

"Oh no, ducky, I know my duty better."

"There, sir, I hope you're convinced. At last, you've met with a fond husband and an obedient wife :—a couple so perfectly happy and united, sir, that they conceive themselves qualified to claim the Flitch. But here comes Mr. Abel Roper, our Steward of the Manor. Give you good e'en, Mr. Roper. A Merry Christmas to you, sir."

As the host advanced to welcome the new-comer, Nelly withdrew to get Dr. Plot's room ready for him, and great was Peggy the chambermaid's astonishment, when she heard her mistress say that the old gentleman had taken the Haunted Room.

"I wouldn't sleep there alone for all the world," she observed to Carrotty Dick, as they followed Mrs. Nettlebed up the great staircase : she with a candle, and he carrying the stranger's portmanteau.

"Don't trouble yourself, Peggy," Dick said. "The ghost won't meddle wi' him. He's too owd an' ugly."

And all three disappeared down the dark corridor.

IV.

HOW ABEL ROPER, THE STEWARD, OBTAINED AN INSIGHT INTO THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S BREAST.

THE old gentleman sat down by the fire.

As the steward entered, he glanced at the stranger, and the stranger glanced at him, but they took no further notice of each other.

Mr. Roper then took off his great-coat and gloves, and deposited them with his three-cornered hat on a chair. He was a respectable-looking middle-aged man, in an iron-grey wig, snuff-coloured coat and waistcoat, striped worsted stockings, square-toed shoes and buckles.

"Has Frank Woodbine been here?" he inquired of the landlord.

"Yes, sir, he has; about half an hour ago, and he bade me say, if you chanced to arrive before his return, he would not keep you long waiting."

"That's well," Mr. Roper cried. "Just take out a pot of ale to my two friends outside."

"Won't they step in?" the landlord said. But receiving a reply in the negative, he delegated the commission to Tom Tapster, by whom it was executed, while Mr. Roper proceeded:

"And now, Mr. Nettlebed, I make no doubt you are all anxiety to know whether I have given notice of your intention to claim the Flitch. I have. It is registered. But I have done still more. I have selected the Jury: six of the best looking young bachelors of the village, and six of the prettiest maidens; and I have told them to pay you their first visit of inquiry this evening."

"By the Marry Maskins! this is news," Nettlebed exclaimed, joyfully.

"Here, Tom Tapster. Go and brew a strong bowl of punch, and bid the cook cut the plum-cake and get the minced pies hot. I must give them fitting welcome. What a pity it is we've no music, or we might have a dance."

"I've taken care of that," Roper replied; "I told Simon Appleyard to bring the fiddles with him. I don't want to damp your satisfaction, Mr. Nettlebed, but I am bound to tell you there is another claimant, whose chances appear quite equal, some think superior to your own."

The landlord looked quite chopfallen.

"Oddsbodikins! who is it?" he asked.

"No other than the young man who is to meet me here?"

"Frank Woodbine! I thought so. I protest against his claim. He can't take the Oath."

"Why not? He bears an excellent character, and is supposed to be fondly attached to his wife; and she to him."

"He doesn't deserve her love. He's a libertine, a deceiver, a Don Juan."

"Poh—poh! my good friend, you are wholly misinformed."

"I can't be misinformed. I've seen him with my own eyes."

"Seen what?"

"Seen him make love to another woman."

"To Mrs. Nettlebed?"

"Zookers! no; not to her: I should like to see him do that: but to

one, who gave him a very different reception from what he'd meet with from my Nelly—one who kissed him, and squeezed him."

"Your eyes must have deceived you."

"No they didn't. I can see plain enough when I desire it. I'll prove what I say, at the right time."

"But you must bring forward other evidence than your own. You will be supposed to be an interested witness—and perhaps on that account be discredited."

"That I will, sir,—that I will," Jonas cried. "I'll bring 'damning proofs,' as the play-actors say."

"What's that you say about 'damning proofs,' landlord?" Plot cried, getting up, and limping towards them. "So you have found the young man out, eh? Didn't I tell you man's constancy was all gammon? Take care he don't retaliate, and find *you* out."

"I defy him," the landlord replied.

"Humph!" Plot muttered.—"Your servant, sir," he added, bowing to the steward. "Don't recollect me I perceive? Physician to the unfortunate family who once resided here—Dr. Plot."

"The name is familiar to me, sir," the steward said, returning the salutation—"but I confess I do not recollect your features, though I must have seen you."

"Dare say not. Most people think me changed—sadly changed—broken down, in fact. I'm come here to spend a few days, and moralise upon the vanities of the world. Plenty of food for it here, sir. An old house gone to ruin: an old family gone to the dogs. And why? All through the fault of a woman. And yet this credulous fool—this easy dupe would try and persuade us that a miracle has been wrought in his behalf."

"I am neither a fool, nor a dupe, sir," Jonas rejoined; "and I'd have you to know that Mrs. Nettlebed is not an ordinary woman. I don't wonder you have not met with such a one. His reverence the Vicar calls her a *rara avis*. Perhaps, you know what that means, sir?"

"Pshaw!" cried the old gentleman.

"I hope we shall give you, before you leave, a better opinion of the sex, and of human nature in general than you appear to entertain, sir," the steward said. "I know the sad circumstances of the case to which you allude, and greatly regret them. But I cannot think the unfortunate lady so much to blame as is supposed."

"Sir, you know nothing about it," Plot rejoined, sharply. "I know that Lady Juga was guilty. But no more of this. Let the dead rest in their graves."

"I wish they did—Lady Juga, especially," the landlord groaned, aside.

"I would not disturb them; nor would I rake up any memories that may be painful to you, sir, as a friend of Sir Walter, for such I am aware you were. But I cannot but think the Lady Juga wrongfully judged; and at more fitting time and season I will endeavour to prove the truth of what I assert."

"If you can do so, you will remove a barbed arrow that has rankled in my breast for years, and soured all the sweetness of my nature, if it ever had any sweetness, which I doubt. And I care not if you kill me in the

doing of it; for it was from my representations, and by my advice, that Sir Walter left his wife."

"Then I had better not disclose what I have to tell, sir."

"Yes, speak out, and spare not. Cut as deep as you will; or pluck out the shaft forcibly. I am too good a physician not to know that you must probe the wound, if you would cure it. But mine never can be healed," he added in a tone of deep pathos.

"I hope otherwise, sir. I will find a convenient time to lay my relation before you. I have business just now with young Woodbine, and expect him here anon. Ah! sir; if you could but see his wife, she would change the ill opinion you entertain of women. An angel, sir."

"I have heard much of her, and should like to see her. Perhaps, you can contrive it?"

"Easily," the steward replied. "Her husband will make you heartily welcome to his cottage."

"I would rather see her without him."

"Well, sir, perhaps it may be managed. I'll see."

"Here comes Frank Woodbine," Nettlebed cried, as the door opened to admit the young man. At the same moment, Nelly came down stairs.

V.

SHOWING THAT FRANK WOODBINE SHOULD HAVE LOOKED BEFORE HE LEAPED.

FRANK WOODBINE was a very handsome young fellow, certainly. No mistake about that.

He looked much better now than when the old gentleman saw him first, for he had doffed his shooting clothes, and put on others, which, though plain enough, and perfectly suitable to his station, fitted him well, and set off his light, agile limbs to advantage.

Mrs. Nettlebed smiled upon him very graciously as they met; thanked him for his polite attention in bringing her the woodcock; inquired after his wife; and chattered so fast that she quite forgot where she was going until she found herself near one of the bay windows. Frank Woodbine thought the evergreens very nicely arranged, and told her so.

"It's my husband's taste," she replied, entering the recess—"but they are very pretty I must say. Do come and look at them. My goodness gracious!—if I am not under the Mistletoe Bough."

Frank must have been a stupid fellow, after all. It never occurred to him to take advantage of the situation. He looked up quite innocently at the branch, and then marched out of the recess. Nelly bit her lips with vexation.

"That doesn't look like the conduct of a libertine, Mr. Nettlebed," Roper observed, nudging the landlord.

"He's on his guard now," Jonas replied; "he's cautious enough before people. D'ye think he'd have acted so, if we hadn't been by?"

"I hope he would. But you don't suppose your wife would allow him to salute her?"

"I'd ha' boxed his ears soundly if he'd attempted any such thing," Nelly said, overhearing the remark.

"And now, Master Woodbine," the steward said. "We've a little business to settle together."

"We have, sir," the young man replied. "I'm quite prepared for you."

"Glad to hear it. Suppose we begin with a glass of ale. It will help us through our work. Landlord, a jug of your old October."

"With all my heart, sir," Frank said, taking a chair at the table with the steward.

The ale was speedily brought, and quite sustained Jonas's well-earned reputation.

"And now oblige me with pen and ink," the steward said—"and a candle too, if you please, Mrs. Nettlebed—for it's getting dark, and we might make mistakes, and they don't in money matters."

"Money matters! Oh! it's about money they've met—is it? I wonder who's going to receive it?" Nelly muttered, as she placed the inkstand on the table, and lighted the candle.

Meanwhile, Mr. Roper took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, referred to it, and laid it down. After this, he brought out a parchment, and laid that down too. He then looked at Frank.

"Mr. Nettlebed, you have a letter for me?" the young man said.

"Beg pardon, Master Woodbine," Jonas cried—"it quite slipped my memory. It's quite safe. Here it is, sir," he added, unlocking the drawer, and producing the letter.

While this was going on, the old gentleman had resumed his seat at the fire, but he watched the proceedings of the party at the table with much curiosity.

"Two Hundred Pounds, Master Woodbine—that's the amount," the steward said. "I'll write out a receipt for you, and deliver up the bond on payment of the money."

"Two hundred pounds!" Jonas muttered to himself—"I didn't think he could be worth half as much."

"Two hundred pounds!" Nelly thought. "Why, he must be as well off as Jonas himself."

"You shall have it in a moment, Mr. Roper," Frank said. And he tore open the letter.

"How's this?" he cried, with a sudden change of countenance, and springing to his feet. "No inclosure. I've been robbed."

"Robbed!" Jonas exclaimed—"I'll answer for it nothing has been taken from the letter since it came into my possession."

"No—no—I was wrong," Frank cried, running his eye distractedly over the missive—"the money has not been sent."

"Am I to understand then that you cannot pay me, young man?" the steward said, in a severe tone.

"You see I am disappointed in my expectations, sir. The money ought to have been sent, but it has been refused;—I know not why. Grant me a week's delay, and I will engage to pay it you in full."

"I cannot consent to be thus trifled with, Frank Woodbine," the steward rejoined; "and though I am sorry to deal harshly with you, I must exact the full penalties of this bond."

"I need not remind you that the money was not advanced to myself, Mr. Roper," Frank urged; "that I am only a surety for another."

"But that other is utterly unable to pay it. Therefore, I must come upon you. You led me to suppose you could pay it, and therefore I accepted your security."

"So I can, sir, if I have a little time."

"Time cannot be granted. I regret to be driven to these extremities, but as I am acting for others I have only one course to pursue, however repugnant it may be to my feelings. Unless you can find the money I shall be compelled to place you under arrest."

"Arrest me!" Frank exclaimed.

"Ay, and send you to Chelmsford Jail."

"Mr. Roper, you are not a hard man. I know you are not, sir. You cannot mean this."

The steward shook his head.

"And you can have the heart to imprison me because I rescued a poor widow from impending ruin?"

"Do not put a false gloss on your conduct, young man," the steward rejoined; "you meant to do well, no doubt; but you have merely performed a good action at another's expense. If you signed this bond, without the certainty of fulfilling its conditions, you were highly to blame; and you will now experience the result of your incaution. But those I represent must not be allowed to suffer from your folly; and since you are not prepared to meet your engagements, the law must take its course."

"My wife!—my poor wife!" Frank exclaimed, clasping his hands to his brow.

"You should have thought of this before," the steward said. "You will be imprisoned; will lose your situation; and bring your wife to beggary, it may be, from your want of prudence."

As the steward spoke, Frank's whole demeanour changed, and he looked as if he would make some fierce reply; but he checked himself, and said with forced calmness:

"You are not the man I took you for, Mr. Roper. You speak with unnecessary harshness. I have shown no wish to break my engagements. I *can* fulfil them, and I *will*. All I require is a little time."

"Young man, I have told you, that I act for others. But thus much I may do, if it be any favour to you. I can select Mrs. Leslie instead of you."

"Arrest the poor old lady! Carry her off to prison—to die there of distress and shame. No, sir, that shall never be while I can prevent it."

"Then it was poor Mrs. Leslie for whom he was bound," sobbed Nelly to her husband. "My heart quite bleeds for him. Do pay the money. Do, Jonas. That's a duck."

"Pay two hundred pounds, my dear! Quite out of the question. A pretty fool the neighbours would think me."

"Never mind what they think. Pay it, Jonas,—do."

"Mr. Nettlebed," said the steward, "have the goodness to tell those two gentlemen outside to step in."

"You shan't go, Jonas—it's to do something horrid—I know it is," Nelly screamed.

"Don't alarm yourself, ma'am," the steward said, tapping against the window.

At the signal, two stout, ill-favoured men, with staves in their hands,

rushed into the room, and on a gesture from the steward laid hands upon Frank Woodbine.

"Bailiffs !" Nelly exclaimed. "Catch me, Jonas—I shall faint—I'm sure I shall."

"Udsdeath ! I wish he hadn't arrested him here," the landlord said ; "it'll bring discredit on the house."

"Pay the money directly," Nelly cried, "or I shall go into hysterics—oh !"

"My love!—my angel !" the landlord exclaimed, endeavouring to pacify her.

"Take charge of your prisoner, gentlemen," the steward said to the bailiffs, "and convey him as speedily as you can to Chelmsford, and there lodge him in the jail. You understand, Mr. Isaacson."

"Ay, ay," the bailiff replied.

"Will you not allow me to take leave of my wife, Mr. Roper?"

"Better not," the steward rejoined.

"Much better not, young man," Isaacson added.

"Oh dear!—oh dear ! It would melt a heart of stone," Nelly sobbed.

At this moment, Dr. Plot beckoned to the steward. Hitherto, the old gentleman had taken no part in the scene, except that of a deeply interested spectator.

On this, Mr. Roper motioned the bailiffs to stop. They did so, but still kept fast hold of the prisoner.

"I am interested about this young man," Plot said. "Feel half inclined to assist him, sir."

"Very glad to hear it, sir. I assure you it gives me much concern to resort to extreme measures with him. But I am merely an instrument in the hands of others."

"I know that, sir," Plot rejoined, impatiently ; "but I want to know if Mrs. Leslie, for whom he became security, is a deserving person?"

"None more so. The widow of a poor curate. You must recollect Mr. Leslie, sir. Pastor of Dunmow Church for fifty years and better, till at last they laid him in its churchyard. A sad day that for us all, sir. Never more were we to see his venerable face nor listen to his earnest exhortations again—though I trust some of his wise precepts have abided with us. Oftentimes," pursued the steward, with marked emphasis, "he would preach Forgiveness for wrongs done us—real or imaginary—Charity towards our fellows. And many a man's wrath has been turned away by his words—many friendships restored—peace brought back to many an unhappy family. He showed us the Black Spot on our own hearts, and bade us purge it out by penitence—not add to its dye, by quarrelling with our neighbour, our offspring, or the wife of our bosom."

A strange agitation seized the old gentleman, as these words were addressed to him. The twitching movements about his mouth became almost convulsive. His hand wandered in his breast as if he would tear it open, and lay bare its secrets to the steward.

At last he cried, regarding Roper fiercely :

"Why all this to me, sir ? What do I care for Mr. Leslie, or his discourses ? How do they apply to me ? What have I to forgive ?"

"We have all much to forgive ; or think we have," Mr. Roper

replied. "Pardon me, if I have touched any chord in your heart that vibrates too keenly. I meant not to offend. My aim was to show that our Pastor was a good man, and spoke Truth without fear."

"So far I respect his memory," Plot replied, more calmly.

"But though he did his duty well, he was scantily paid; and he died poor, so that his widow had a hard time of it, and must have starved but for assistance. A cottage was bought her, money lent, and she is now easy, and free from want."

"And this she owes to Frank Woodbine?"

"Entirely to him. His wife you know is Mrs. Leslie's niece—at least, 'tis so reported. At all events, she was brought up by her. Soon after Frank's marriage, the widow's main difficulties began, for her niece had been her chief support—the poor old body had been sorely put to it before; but now absolute want stared her in the face. Frank came forward. He consulted me. The widow wanted two hundred pounds to make all comfortable for her for life. I got her the money. I took Frank's bond for the sum. Only one stipulation was made by the young man: that Mrs. Leslie should not know to whom she was indebted; and that the matter should not be mentioned to his wife. You will acknowledge he has acted with considerable delicacy."

"I acknowledge nothing, and I care nothing. What reason had you for thinking he would be able to pay you? What are his resources?"

"Not much, I grant," the steward replied, with a half smile, "but I believed his representations; and I still believe," he added, with a certain significance, "that he has been disappointed by some person from whom he expected money. I don't think you could do wrong in assisting him, sir."

"I must first see his wife," the old gentleman replied; "and Mrs. Leslie too."

"You will find Rose Woodbine all I have told you of her. I will go with you to her, sir; and show you Mrs. Leslie's cottage, if you please."

"Thankee. Leave the young man here. I have told you I would rather see his wife when he is not by."

"Your humour shall be indulged, as good may come of it, sir. Will you go at once?"

The old gentleman nodded, and hobbled off in search of his roquelaure and muff.

While the foregoing conversation took place, the bailiffs, thinking it a little tedious no doubt, had seated themselves near a table at the back of the room: with the prisoner between them. Here the young man was kindly visited by Mrs. Nettlebed, who by this time had recovered from her hysterics, and brought him the bottle of old brandy by way of consolation. But Frank declined the offer.

"We shouldn't object to a glass, ma'am," Isaacson said. "Should we, Latcham?"

"By no manner of means, ma'am," his partner replied. "We're 'nation fond of old brandy. And we knows it's the right sort here."

"It's not the right sort for you," Nelly replied in supreme disgust. "Don't take on so, Master Woodbine. I dare say it'll be all right."

"I'm thinking of poor Rose," he rejoined. "I've never been absent

from her for one evening since we've been married. To-night she will be alone."

"A werry hard case," the senior bailiff observed with a sneer. Mrs. Isaacson's often alone of an evening. And she nivr complains—nivr."

"Rayther likes it, Isaac, I should say," Latcham rejoined.

"Unfeeling monsters!" Nelly muttered.

Just then the steward advanced towards the group, and the two minions of the law got up.

"Don't disturb yourselves, gentlemen," Roper said. "You will remain here, for an hour probably, with your prisoner. I have ~~some~~ business to transact with Dr. Plot, and when it is done, I will return and give you further directions."

"Werry good, sir," Isaacson replied.

"An hour would suffice for me to take leave of my wife, sir," Frank cried. "Will you grant it me—will you, sir? On my word I will be back within the time. You may trust me. Indeed, you may."

"Your vord von't do, young man," Isaacson said. "Verivir you goes, the bailiffs goes vith you."

"And Mrs. W. mightn't like the sight on us," Latcham added.

"Wretches!" Nelly ejaculated. "I'll free him from their clutches—come what may."

"It cannot be," the steward replied, shaking off Frank, who grasped his arm. "Make these gentlemen comfortable, Mrs. Nettlebed. Give them what they want."

With this he turned away abruptly, as if to escape from further entreaties, and hastily putting on his great coat and hat, followed the old gentleman, who, attended by the landlord, had already gained the door.

Frank sank upon a chair, and hid his face in his hands.

"You heer'd, mum, vot the guv'nor said," Isaacson observed to Nelly. "Ve're to make ourselves comferable, an' call for vot ve likes. An' that I should say vud be pipes an' bacey, an' summut hot, eh, Latcham?"

"Summut hot, by all means," the other worthy replied. "That ale sits woundy cowl on my stomach."

"Then you shall each have a glaas of brandy," Nelly replied, helping them.

The pair smacked their lips with satisfaction.

"Halloa, my dear, what are you about?" Jonas cried, running towards her, and trying to snatch away the bottle. "That's the old brandy. I don't give that to every-day customers."

"You don't call these gentlemen 'every-day customers,' I hope, my dear?"

"No, and the less we see of 'em the better," Jonas replied.

"Help yourselves, gentlemen," Nelly said, giving Isaacson the bottle; "don't spare it."

"Never fear, mum," he replied, winking at his partner, and receiving a significant glance in return. "Here's your werry good health, mum; an' yours too, Muster Nettlebed, an' a-vishin' you may vin the Flitch!"

"Come, they're not so bad as I thought. The brandy's not quite thrown away upon them," Jonas muttered.

"It's but a poor compliment, though, to Mrs. Nettlebed," Isaacson pursued, endeavouring to put on a gallant air—"to offer her the Flitch—it's a-throwin' svine to pearls, as you may say—ho! ho!"

"Really, the man's not such a monster as I thought him," Nelly reflected, rather pleased with this clumsy attempt at wit. "Get the pipes and tobacco, Jonas. Won't you take anything?" she said to Frank; adding in a whisper, "Do as I tell you, and I'll set you free."

The young man replied by a slight gesture that he understood her.

As Jonas brought the materials for smoking, the sound of a fiddle was heard outside.

"Here they come! here they come!" the landlord cried, clapping his hands.

"Who come?" Frank inquired, raising his head.

"The Jury of Bachelors and Maidens to decide upon our claim to the Flitch," Nettlebed replied. "Come along, Nelly."

And they both flew to the door, while all the household, attracted by the sound, made their appearance—some from one place, some from another, pretty Peggy, Tom Tapster, Carrotty Dick, and even the fat cook from the kitchen.

VI.

THE JURY OF BACHELORS AND MAIDENS; AND WHAT THEY DID.

SIX BACHELORS AND SIX MAIDENS!

Hand in hand they enter the house, and as each pair crosses the threshold they salute the host and hostess, who welcome them with extraordinary heartiness. Jonas almost overacts his part; he is so much excited. The Youths do credit to the steward's selection. All are tolerably good-looking: all dressed alike in green square cut coats, blue stockings, shoes and buckles. The Maidens are the flower of the village. Not a plain face; not a bad figure among them. Pretty girls all. Very prettily dressed, too. And all alike, as in the case of the Bachelors. Fly caps with pink ribands; hair in little curls round the brow, and clubbed behind; velvet bands encircling the throat; pink tucked-up gowns, open in front, so as to display through the crossed ribands the white stomachers beneath; scarlet petticoats; blue stockings and high-heeled shoes; ankles generally very neat; and waists very trim.

The fiddlers come in, too, playing a lively air; and there are a little piper, and a fat man with a bassoon, as accompaniments.

A crowd of neighbours, of both sexes, attracted by the music and the sight, flock in after them. All are cordially welcomed by the host and hostess; and some confusion ensues for a few moments, during which the bailiffs, though alive to what is going on, look sharply after their prisoner. When it becomes known that Frank Woodbine has been arrested, great sympathy is manifested for him by the whole assemblage; the men accusing the steward of harshness; and the women patting Frank on the back, bidding him not mind; shaking their hands at the bailiffs, and threatening to tear their faces.

But Frank does seem to mind it a great deal. The merriment around him, in which he has no share, makes him still more sad and gloomy.

As to the bailiffs, they express their contempt of the opprobrious epithets applied to them, and the menaces of the ladies, by smoking their pipes very tranquilly, and sipping their brandy-and-water, occasionally proffering the glass to the more infuriated of their assailants, which, of course, is indignantly rejected.

"Tats off! The Bachelors draw up in a line. So do the Maidens. The

music ceases. The host and hostess take hands, and advance towards them as if inviting them to a dance : but it is not for that purpose. They are about to answer the interrogations of the Jury.

The questions are very precise, corresponding with the formula of the Oath. They are glibly answered both by Jonas and Nelly. Never were couple so united and happy. The endearments, in which they indulge, would prove it to the satisfaction of any Jury whatever ; however sceptical they might be to begin with.

The council of twelve consult together ; and the Bachelors put their heads so close to the Maidens, that their wigs brush their cheeks, and tickle their ears. The twelve appear quite convinced by what they have heard ; and seen.

" But this is only a preliminary inquiry," Simon Appleyard, the foreman, says. " Three days have yet to run before the full term ; a Twelve-month and a Day ; required by the Charter will have expired. And you may yet forfeit your claim."

" Not the least chance of it," Jonas replies, embracing his wife anew.

" Not the least," she adds, returning his caress.

" Master don't say a word about the Mistletoe Bough," Carrotty Dick observes, in a whisper to Peggy.

" Hold your tongue, dunderhead," the discreet chambermaid replies.

" On the fourth day from this, we shall renew our inquiries," the foreman pursues ; " and we must then put you upon oath, and if we find all satisfactory, as we trust it may be, we will give you our certificate to the steward ; who will lay it before the Lord of the Manor ; who, if he sees nothing against it, will grant your claim."

" Huzza !" Jonas exclaims. And the crowd echo the shout, till the old roof echoes with their joyous vociferations.

Then comes Tom Tapster bearing a large punch-bowl, and places it on the table in the midst of them. Nelly and Peggy bring glasses ; and the fat cook brings the minced pies and the plum cake. Jonas seizes the ladle, and begins to dispense the fragrant beverage. The Maidens are first served, and the Bachelors wait upon them. The punch is so hot, that it scalds their mouths ; but they drink it nevertheless. The Bachelors are helped next, and as they pledge their partners they make soft speeches about the probability of obtaining the Flitch, in their turn.

Then comes everybody's turn ; and Jonas for some minutes is actively engaged in supplying the wants of the thirsty crowd who besiege the table. Peggy and the others hand about the cake and the minced pies, and the pretty chambermaid comes in for her share of admiration from the young fellows ; so much so that Carrotty Dick begins to be jealous. Everybody, at length, is helped ; even the musicians.

Nelly has taken care of the bailiffs, and given each of them a full tumbler. Isaacson makes her a polite speech, and Latham says ditto to it. While pretending to listen to them, Nelly hazards a whisper to Frank.

The punch speedily does its work, and everybody begins to laugh and talk loudly. There is a wonderful clatter of voices. The musicians strike up the prelude to a jig ; and in a twinkling the large table is carried off, and the room cleared for a dance. No difficulty in finding partners. The Bachelors have got theirs already, and they lead off. There is a contest for pretty Peggy's hand ; and Carrotty Dick is furious at losing

her, and wants to fight his rival. But he is only laughed at. Jonas takes a turn with his wife, but the speed is too great for him, and he soon loses wind, and gives in, being fairly blown.

There is a great shout. Simon Appleyard discovers the Mistletoe Bough, and as he whisks round in the dance, he draws his partner under it. The damsel is coy, but she cannot escape. Another couple follows—another, and another, and another! Fine fun it seems, for there is nothing but giggling and laughter. Peggy finds herself there again, and Dick tears his red locks. Even the fat cook is kissed; and is so overcome she can scarcely get out of the recess.

While the merriment is at its height, Nelly comes up to Frank and proposes to him to take part in the dance. At first he declines, but Nelly won't take "No." The bailiffs are grown quite bland under the mellowing influence of the punch, and throw no obstacle in the way. Isaacson wants to dance with her himself; but to this his partner objects; though Nelly, we fancy, would scarcely have consented.

Frank yields to her entreaties, and they stand up together; the bailiffs, with their pipes, moving towards the door as a precautionary measure.

This arrangement takes Jonas by surprise; and he does not altogether approve of it; but he won't interfere. So he finishes the glass of punch with which he has been recruiting himself after his fatigues, and looks on.

The couples go round merrily. Jonas is pleased to observe that Frank avoids the Mistletoe, though he passes close by it. The music plays faster and faster—so fast, the dancers can hardly keep pace with it.

Eh day! What's all this? Jonas can scarcely believe his eyes. Are his wife and Frank going up-stairs? Yes, and very quickly too.

They are laughing loudly all the time. And everybody else laughs too; except Jonas—and the bailiffs. The latter laugh on the wrong side of their mouths, for they perceive they are tricked.

Jonas rushes forward: so do the bailiffs. But the staircase is invested by a compact crowd. All the couples have stopped there; and the minions of the law cannot force a passage. Simon Appleyard and the Bachelors drive them back.

Frank and his companion watch the futile efforts of their pursuers from the gallery above, and, after laughing heartily at them for a moment or two—the crowd beneath joining their merriment—they disappear down the dark corridor.

Jonas is lost in bewilderment, and thinks he must be in a disagreeable dream. But the bailiffs rouse him up by clapping him on the shoulder, and telling him they hold him responsible for the prisoner's evasion. The act of his wife is his own act. He must pay the debt himself. He must come down with two hundred pounds.

Jonas looks distracted. But an idea suddenly strikes him.

"Come with me, gem'men, and you shall have him yet," he cries. "I know where she'll let him out. It's a private door in the garden. You may catch him before he gets off."

And he is hurrying out of the house, when Simon Appleyard's outstretched leg trips him up, and the bailiffs, who are following close after, tumble over him.

The trio regain their feet as soon as they can, and set off towards the garden, attended by the majority of the assemblage, many of whom feel disposed to attempt a rescue, in case the fugitive should be captured.

THE BIRTH OF 1853.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

TOLL for the funeral of the old dead Year,
 Laid in the grave of the eternal past!
 But mourn we not its death with fruitless tear,
 For time will fleet—e'en worlds must fade at last;
 Memory upon its tomb will scatter flowers,
 And Hope shall wear a smile for coming hours.
 And yet our hearts must bleed, O Year! to think
 How many of the gifted, loved, and great,
 Thy brief reign snatched from life; what thousands drink
 Bereavement's cup! what hearths are desolate!
 Cypress-wreathed Genius lifts his tearful eyes,
 And crested Valour droops her head, and sighs.
 Two stand conspicuous 'mid the summoned train;
 How mourned at Castaly th' Aonian Nine,
 When ceased our warm Anacreon's matchless strain—
 Song sweet as flowers that hands of fairies twine;
 A shade fell dark on Erin's saddened shore;
 A star went out when closed the eye of Moore.
 And he, the mighty chief, our tower of pride,
 Who conquered every foe save conquering death,
 Hath joined th' immortals; deep a Nation sighed,
 Its million tears bedewing Glory's wreath!
 Yet such ne'er die; lives on, beams on the same,
 Through termless years, the sunlight of their fame.
 But fare thee well, dead Year! thy work is done;
 Rest with the Ages; History guards thy sleep;
 Thy young successor hath its course begun,
 Bounding to life—gay billow on Time's deep:
 Ring in its birth! look welcome, ye clear skies!
 Smile off despondency, and banish sighs.
 Come, bright-eyed Hope, and rock its cradle-bed,
 Pointing with rosy hand to happy hours!
 Health, bring thy bloom! and Virtue, sunshine shed!
 Come, Plenty, with thy horn, and scatter flowers!
 Love, dance with Peace! each heaven-born guest be here,
 To crown the birthday of our infant year!
 What lies before us? seek not to unfold;
 Oh! happy blindness to our future fate!
 Could we but pierce the veil, what woes untold
 Might make a torture of this mundane state!
 Look forward, trusting the unknown will be
 Fraught with high fortune, and delight to thee.
 Yes, let the future lower, the past be sad,
 The brave of heart will ne'er despond or quail;
 With clouds and snows the mountain-peak is clad,
 But "will" the ascent, your footstep shall not fail,
 Courage the talisman on life's rough road,
 Truth leading still to Honour's bright abode.
 But lo! the year is born, the bells are ringing
 Their jubilee on midnight's dusky air;
 'Tis fancy, but the very stars seem singing,
 And bidding man trust Heaven, and ne'er despair;
 The dove of promise bears an olive bough;
 God speed us on the path we enter now!

OUR BOARDING-HOUSE IN BRUSSELS.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

"THE *Château de Schaerbeck*," said the advertisement which lured me within its walls, "is *delightfully* situated on the Boulevard de Louvain, in the *most eligible* part of Brussels. It is *contiguous* to the Royal Palaces and Park, almost *adjoins* the Botanic Garden, and is within *an easy distance* of the Northern Railway, which *communicates directly* with England, Holland, and the whole of Germany. Health, pleasure, and the facilities of travel, are thus *combined* by the inmates of the *Château de Schaerbeck*, owing to this *fortunate réunion* of *advantageous circumstances*. Nor is the society within the *Château* *less attractive* than the elements which *constitute* its external locality; for, while the proprietors adhere *rigidly* to their rule of receiving *no one* whose references will not bear the *strictest scrutiny*,—exactitude of morals, and the most upright conduct being the *basis* on which they have ever proceeded,—they are *incessant* in their exertions to throw a charm around the domestic life which they offer to the *solitary*, the *homeless*, and the *blasé*. The terms of this *desirable* establishment are, *happily*, within the reach of the *most moderate* income, and, at the same time, place at the disposal of the *lonely opulent* resources never yet *exploités* on the continent of Europe. An elaboration of details is *not* the province of this advertisement, which addresses itself alike to the *sensitive invalid*, the *buoyant pleasure-seeker*, the *morbidly-acute sufferer*, and the *gay companion* of the *social hour*, all of whom will find a *soothing* and a *cheerful* home at the *Château de Schaerbeck*."

I had been for some months occupied in recruiting my health at the Baths of Ems, when this advertisement, which appeared in Galignani's newspaper, fell in my way. My physical strength was almost wholly restored, but I suppose a long course of saline waters and donkey-riding must have considerably weakened my mental energies, for, as I read it over, I fancied I perfectly understood it,—fancied that the *Château de Schaerbeck* was exactly the place to suit me,—and fancied, moreover, that its exemplary proprietors and interesting inmates were the very people I had been looking for—unsuccessfully—all my life.

I accordingly wrote to know if I could be accommodated with an apartment in this phoenix of boarding-houses, sent an unexceptionable reference, and in due course of post received an answer informing me that "one vacancy existed at that moment," which was "open for my reception."

The letter was signed "Richard Bolter," and that the minds of his correspondents might be perfectly at ease, there followed this sentence, by way of appendix.

"R. B. is an Englishman, long resident in Brussels, accustomed to the wants and wishes of his countrymen, and desiring nothing more than the pleasure of giving that satisfaction which has been experienced by thousands."

A few days after the receipt of Mr. Bolter's reply, I was disgorged from the train which conveyed me from Cologne to Brussels, and a "Favourite" conveyed me to the *Château de Schaerbeck*, whose exterior certainly justified the eulogium bestowed upon it in the advertisement.

I was received with much *empressement*, Mr. Bolter himself coming out to greet me, and a smile of welcome being wafted from the threshold by a lady, whom Mr. Bolter affectionately called "the dispenser of his happiness," and who hovered, like a guardian-angel, above the doorstep.

Mr. Bolter was an earnest, florid man, attired in rather a tight suit of black, the effect of which was heightened by the ruddy hue of his complexion and the singular vivacity of his manner. An energetic frankness appeared to be his leading characteristic, and he shook my hand as I got out of the "Favorite," with all the affection of a brother.

"Welcome, sir," he said, "to the Château de Schaerbeck. I cannot get over it, sir,—it is a foolish feeling, perhaps, but I trust not a culpable one, that I can never meet a countryman in a foreign land without my heart yearning towards him immediately. Nor am I singular; the dispenser of my happiness—permit me, Mr. Wells, to present you to Mrs. Bolter—shares in my weakness. And so, sir, you have been an invalid? A great many of our inmates, Mr. Wells, have come to the Château de Schaerbeck as invalids, but before a month of their *innacy*—if I may use a favourite expression of Mrs. B.—has expired, they have invariably trod the *plancher* in all the erect majesty of perfect health and strength. Is this a fact, Emily, or is it not?"

Mrs. Bolter, whose attributes were of—what is termed—the "truly feminine" order, bent her head gently forward, half-closed her eyes, and smiled affirmatively, displaying, as she did so, a very fine set of teeth, and extending a very white hand, which, in the language of romance-writers, was "profusely-jewelled." There was a kind of grace about her and a certain *aplomb*, which seemed to say that her days had not always been passed in the utter seclusion of private life, though, from the position she now occupied, it did not appear probable that she had been trained in the highest circles of society. But, without speculating on this point too nicely—for which, indeed, I had not time—it was enough for me to see what was sufficiently evident, that Mrs. Bolter had been, nay, still was, a fine, handsome woman, tall, inclining rather to *embonpoint*, with dark eyes and hair, and not altogether unadorned by art.

"Oh, sir!" she said, with a shrinking curtsy, "Mr. Bolter only speaks the *truth*, and I *trust* if you *still* are an invalid, that *our* care may be as beneficial in *your* case as it *has* proved to the *many*, to whom Mr. Bolter has alluded."

I must observe, *en passant*, that Mrs. Bolter used a great many italics in her conversation, allying her style so closely to that of the advertisement, that I thought I could not be far wrong in attributing its authorship to her.

"But come, sir," said Mr. Bolter, in his hearty way, "we must not keep you standing here in the draught. Emily, my love, show Mr. Wells to the *salle-à-manger*—a slight refreshment after your journey—what, no?—ah, you would rather see your chamber;—quite natural—you have the hunting-chamber at the north-eastern angle of the building. I call it so on account of the sylvan character of the paper, which I procured direct from Rixheim. I make it a point always to go to the fountain-head for everything—by so doing our inmates secure the best, and we are content."

So saying, Mr. Bolter rubbed his hands with an air of intense delight,
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as if the whole essence of an invalid's comfort were concentrated in the fact of his bedroom being papered with hounds and horses. If I had been a sportsman—which I am not—I might, perhaps, have shared in his gratification; but my health being still delicate, and the winter fast approaching, I confess I thought more of the locality of the room than of its internal decorations, and “the north-east angle” produced a slight shiver which I could not repress.

“Cold, sir?” inquired Mr. Bolter, whose observant eye was everywhere,—“we have a remedy for that at the Château de Schaerbeck. The fires we make up in this house—*château* I would say—have not their equal anywhere; I don't except England. Coal and wood, sir—coal and wood; that's the way we do it. This is the temple of Vesta,—sacred flame never extinct. Belgian forests, Belgian coal-pits. Wood from Soignies, coal from Mons; all in a ring-fence, as I may say. A little higher, sir—the first landing-place—after the next, Mr. Wells; the higher we go, the purer the air; you'll excuse Mrs. Bolter, sir,—sensitive mind, you see—single gentleman's apartment—save her all the trouble I can—sole object in life to make everybody content.”

This speech was the running accompaniment to my ascent of a very steep staircase, up which Mr. Bolter preceded me as my guide, till we were prevented by the roof from going any further.

He then threw open the door of a large room on one side of the last landing-place, and exclaimed,

“There, sir, there—that is the hunting-chamber! Allow me to welcome you to it.”

I thought this was a needless ceremony after having received a general welcome to the *château*; but I soon discovered that, in the exuberance of his hospitality, Mr. Bolter was in the habit of welcoming his “inmates” to all its contents, separately, scarcely forgetting the chairs and tables.

It is not very much the custom on the Continent to overload the bedrooms with furniture, and the hunting-chamber in the Château de Schaerbeck was no exception to the rule. A French bed, a *fauteuil* in yellow velvet, two rush-bottomed chairs, a rickety card-table, a *console* with a marble top, and a wash-hand-stand of very diminutive proportions, were almost lost in the apartment, which certainly owed all its brilliancy to the hunting-paper, of which Mr. Bolter appeared so proud. But to make amends for the paucity of furniture there were plenty of windows, which, from the flutter of the thin white curtains that draped them, promised—even when closed—quite as much air as light, and I looked round for the famous coal and wood fire of which Mr. Bolter had so exultingly spoken. I saw nothing, however, but a large yawning fireplace, in which a clumsy grate, like a kitchen-range, had been fixed, without hobs.

Mr. Bolter caught my eye.

“That's my contrivance, sir,—English comfort you see,—never forget the old country. When I purchased this *château*, there wasn't a grate in the house, nothing but flat hearths, sir, and the things they call ‘dogs.’ You couldn't have burnt coals and wood in them at any price. What did I do, sir? I banished the ‘dogs’ forthwith, imported these grates from Birmingham, and now you can do anything you please with them.”

It struck me that the best use he could turn them to, in the month of November, was to put fire in them, and I told him so.

"God bless my heart!" he said. "This looks like an omission,—but is *not* one. Fuel, sir, though there is plenty of it in Belgium, is expensive,—but then the climate makes it so. Still, I always like to consult the feelings of my inmates before I venture on extras. You would like a fire at once, Mr. Wells! Antoine," he exclaimed, rushing out of the room and shouting over the balusters, "*dépêchez-donc, vite, du feu pour monsieur, dans la Salle des Chasseurs, montez tout-de-suite, avec du bois, du charbon et des petits fagots!*"

Mr. Bolter was as voluble in French as in English, though his accent was not, perhaps, the finest, and as his lungs were good, Antoine, whom he had summoned from the *basse-cour*, soon made his appearance laden with combustibles. As he had previously brought up my baggage while I was receiving the salutation of Mrs. Bolter in the hall, I began to busy myself with it, as a hint to my host that I should like to be left alone——

"Just so," said he, interpreting my thoughts, "anxious to see you fairly installed; the dinner-hour at the *château* is six o'clock—English time adhered to,—allowing for latitude—try to be as English as we can,—at a quarter *before* meet in the *Grand Salon*, have the happiness to present you to my inmates, welcome you to our genial board—every effort, sir, to give satisfaction and inspire content."

With these words Mr. Bolter again shook me warmly by the hand and bustled out of the room, leaving Antoine on his knees engaged in the arduous task of lighting the fire. In spite of the paper, which would not burn, the feat was at last accomplished, and I was left to my meditations till the half-hour bell—Mr. Bolter's English custom—announced that it was time to make my toilette.

As I was somewhat curious to know who the other inmates might be, I quickly got through the task and descended to the *Grand Salon*, to which the first floor of the *Château de Schaerbeck* was devoted.

Whatever my own curiosity, as a new comer, might have been, about the company at Mr. Bolter's establishment, it appeared to be more than shared by the "inmates" with respect to myself, for not only were they all assembled in the *Grand Salon* when I made my appearance, but there was a general hush of voices as I opened the door, and a general levelling of eye-glasses as I closed it behind me and advanced towards the middle of the room.

Mr. Bolter and "The Dispenser" both stepped forward, the gentleman shaking me by the hand with fresh vehemence and welcoming me to *that* part of the *château*, and the lady blandly smiling and trusting that I was rallying from the fatigue and excitement of my journey.

"Sir," said Mr. Bolter, when I had reassured his wife on the subject of her inquiry, "I have now a most pleasurable task to perform;—that of having the honour of making you known to the inmates—the distinguished inmates, I trust I may be permitted to call them—of the *Château de Schaerbeck*.

Mr. Bolter accordingly took me again by the hand,—he seemed totally unable to forego that ceremony—and led me towards the fire-place, on one side of which, in a large *fautuil*, was a lady very splendidly attired, whom he named to me as the Honourable Mrs. Vermeil.

"Very *distinguée*," he whispered, "very *distinguée*, — Viscount's

daughter-in-law—most aristocratic connexion, indeed, quite first-rate. Allow me the honour, madam, of presenting &c.,"—the usual formality was gone through—the lady bent her glittering head, and I was passed on to her companions. Mr. Bolter enumerated them in succession: "Lady South, 'enormously wealthy';—Miss Smokey, 'highly accomplished';—a perfect *savante*,"—Mrs. Mizzleweather—'seen an immense deal of the world'; Miss Pryce Jenkyns,—'a great heiress'; and Miss Stride, 'active creature,—indomitable energy.'"

These were the ladies, whose qualifications Mr. Bolter favoured me with, in a stage-whisper. With the gentlemen he avoided details, contenting himself by simply naming them: "Colonel Berkeley Bagwell, the Reverend Spankwell Slug, Captain Cushion, Mr. Mizzleweather, Le Comte de Colibri, Major McCurragh, and Mr. Flaw."

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Bolter, washing his hands *à la Lady Macbeth*, though with a countenance rather more cheerful, "having made our new inmate welcome, as I trust and am proud to think he is, it only remains for me—just so; *très bien*, Antoine; 'Madame est servie,'—will the Hon. Mrs. Vermeil permit me—Mr. Wells, Mrs. Bolter will be happy—gentlemen, I will not direct your choice."

This flourish having been executed, Mr. Bolter offered his arm to the viscount's daughter-in-law, Colonel Bagwell paired off with Lady South, Mr. Mizzleweather with Miss Smokey, Major McCurragh with Miss Pryce Jenkyns, Mr. Flaw with Mrs. Mizzleweather, Count Colibri with Miss Stride, and Captain Cushion, having no lady to escort, walked off with the Reverend Spankwell Slug, while Mrs. Bolter and myself brought up the rear.

I need not, at present, particularise the arrangement of the party at table, further than to observe that I occupied the place of honour by the side of "The Dispenser," and had Miss Smokey on my right. The room was well lit, the board somewhat scantily covered: tall bottles of what Mr. Bolter called "grand ordinaire," carefully ticketed, flanked every cover; the napkins were set on in fan-like fashion, making a great display, and a number of large *caraffes* sparkled with clean water. A large stove occupied one end of the room, a sideboard the other; the windows were festooned with scarlet and white curtains, and half a dozen large looking-glasses, reflecting the company and each other, made a bold bid for "the illimitable."

Mr. Bolter carried with him into the *salon* the same buoyant demonstrating manner that characterised him elsewhere. He served out the *potage aux croutons* with the air of one who believed it to be turtle-soup—only more wholesome.

"The Hon. Mrs. Vermeil agrees with me, Emily," he called from the bottom of the table, "that she never ate any *potage* equal to this. What I like it for, and so does the colonel—no better judge in the world—don't you, colonel—is, that it just clears the way, nothing more—pleasant, but not oppressive. I hope you've got some fish to-day, my dear; what blessings railroads are! Now we can get our salmon every day from England. I don't think the Continental salmon worth eating—do you, Mizzleweather?"

It seemed, however, that the railroad had not been so punctual on this occasion as usual, for when the cover was removed from the fish, no

salmon was there. Its place was supplied by a large dish of skate, garnished with parsnips, which "The Dispenser" announced, in a delicate, mincing manner, as "*Raie aux panais*."

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Bolter, "we can't entirely reckon on the Ostend boat—weather too rough, I dare say; if I could have imagined such a *contretemps* I would have telegraphed to Paris—Chevet always has salmon. But, after all, '*raie aux panais*,' as my *chef* prepares it, is quite as fine; many give it the preference."

The inmates of the Château de Schaerbeck did not look as if they were of this way of thinking, for a blank expression pervaded every countenance on hearing what was the substitute; but, as better might not be, the generality did ample justice to it. Things improved, however, as the dinner proceeded, and something better being circulated than Mr. Bolter's "grand ordinaire," the guests grew lively, and a flow of talk set in. Could I have listened to all that was going on, I might, no doubt, have been greatly edified, but my attention was chiefly claimed by "The Dispenser," who appeared to consider me, for the first day at least, as her peculiar property.

Mrs. Bolter's style of conversation was "the confidential," and she possessed, in a greater degree than any other lady I ever met with, the faculty of sighing. She sighed when she smiled, sighed when she spoke, sighed when she raised a bumper of champagne to her lips, and sighed when she set down her empty glass. All this denoted, of course, an exquisite temperament, and her words confirmed the impression.

Her "family-history," to use her own expression, was the subject on which she descanted.

"It is *something*, sir," she said—of course with a sigh—"to see ourselves surrounded by *so many* kind friends. Not that I who know *so well* the grappling energy that is in *ma-husband* (she pronounced these two words as one) and the sustaining power of *my own* nature, *ever* despaired; but it was necessary that herculean efforts *should* be made, and they *were* made. I think, Mr. Wells, that I *need* not tell *you*—I am *sure* you have *already* divined the truth, that I was *not* born to the painful position—*still* painful *though* consolatory—that I *now* occupy. Affluence and luxury were the attendants on my infancy, fortune smiled on my girlhood, my noble-hearted father indulged my *every* wish, my *fond* mother—let me draw a veil over the happy past: I was sought, I was won, I was wed. Ma-husband—he smiles *even now* as he was wont to do—who *ought* to have inherited large possessions, but *did* not—a base uncle, his sole guardian, having betrayed his *trust*—ma-husband, Mr. Wells, threw himself, with his dauntless *mind*, upon the world, and daringly ventured his *all*; but when on the very *verge* of success Fortune eluded his *grasp*, and dashed the *cup* from his *lips*. You can understand the poignancy of my feelings at *such* a moment!"

This might have been possible had I known exactly what had happened, but though "The Dispenser's" language was eloquent her meaning was obscure; there was, however, a novelty in her style that entertained me, and I looked the sympathy I was supposed to feel.

"I see," she continued, in the *sotto-voce* tone in which she began, "I see you have a *congenial* mind: *volumes* could not describe the *misery* of *that* hour. Enough that ma-husband *breasted* the *surge*, and once

more rode *triumphant* on the wave. If *again* he was buffeted by the pitiless storm, shudder when I tell you that he owed his ruin to the *blind* confidence which he reposed in a *treacherous* friend! Without a *thought* I gave up my jointure for the sake of my *beloved* Benjamin, retaining only a *few personal* valuables, the bequest of a *sainted* grandmamma; *these, too*, I would have flung upon the *costly heap* which we sacrificed at the time of ma-husband's misfortunes, but the creditors would not hear of such a thing. 'Let us,' they *unanimously* exclaimed, 'let us respect and respond to the *noble* sentiment that dictated so much self-denial,' and—will you *credit* my assertion, Mr. Wells—they not only suffered me to retain my jewels, but *actually* subscribed among themselves to purchase for me a *testimonial* of their sense of my conduct, that *handsome* candelabrum which stands in the *centre* of the table. Ma-husband makes a point of always using it, as some *slight* balm to my lacerated feelings, though I fear that the *constant* friction which is *necessary* to keep it bright—silver tarnishes so rapidly in this country—has *well-nigh*, if not *altogether*, effaced the grateful inscription which was *once* engraved on its base."

A sigh, which was almost a sob, closed this part of "The Dispenser's" communication, and the appearance of a truffed turkey, which she insisted on carving herself, prevented its immediate renewal. But it was not destined that I should burst in ignorance, for my neighbour, Miss Smokey, perceiving that "The Dispenser" was likely to be occupied for some time by her legitimate avocations, put in her claim to the exercise of a lady's privilege.

"Nice person, Mrs. Bolter—oh, very!" she said, answering her own remark in the same breath. "You think so, of course?"

I replied in the affirmative, and Miss Smokey gave a short, dry cough, slightly shrugging her sharp shoulders, and just raising her strongly-marked eyebrows. It was plain that Miss Smokey was not altogether of my opinion.

"I suppose," she continued, looking stedfastly at her plate while she talked, "you have heard all about the trials and struggles and super-human efforts of 'ma-husband,' and no end to heroic sacrifices in another quarter!"

"Something of both," I answered, "in a general kind of way."

"Ah, that's it; you're not likely to get at the particulars from her. Though I didn't listen I know every word she said. It's stereotyped, she puts everybody in her confidence, you're the last victim. If you choose I'll give you another version of 'the family-history.'"

I bowed to Miss Smokey, who at once started off, at score.

"'Old Welcome,'" she said, "that's the name we give *him* here," indicating Mr. Bolter by a jerk of her head, "has been at all in the ring, as our parson, there, says. He began life, they tell me—mind, I only speak from general report—a chemist and druggist, and failed; went on the stage, and failed there too; turned mesmeric lecturer, and met with something more than failure: got horsewhipped, if all's true that's told of him; then he was a director of everything: of a railway company from Athens to the Piræus, to save two miles jolting on donkeys; of a balloon-light company to illuminate all London; of an anti-east-wind and fog company, to annihilate consumption in England, and

I don't know what beside. Then came a blank in his history, and what he was for some years nobody can tell, I believe he hardly knows himself. He then did something on the 'Stock-exchange'; perhaps you know what it is, I don't, when people don't make their own as other folks' fortunes? Oh, 'lame duck,' very well, he was one. After that he was an auctioneer, they say, and, when *that* failed, he had, of course, only one resource left."

"What was that?" I asked.

"To turn wine-merchant. Most occupations of a commercial nature require some previous knowledge of the subject, but the sale of wine any one may undertake without the slightest misgiving. The jargon of the trade, like connoisseurship in general, is soon caught, and 'vintages'—(I'll be bound he has the word on his tongue now, while he's helping Mrs. Vermeil and himself to *your* champagne)—'vintages,' I say, are nine times out of ten not such as please Heaven, but the wine-merchant's own invention. You stared when I said '*your* champagne'; you'll find out what that means by-and-by."

"Then did the wine speculation answer?" I inquired, not understanding her allusion.

"Like the rest," returned Miss Smokey; "it has been whispered after all, that the wine-business was only another name for bill-discounting. However, Old Welcome got into the *Gazette* and out of England, leaving his creditors they say—for I really know nothing about it myself—to strike dockets against imaginary effects, and after trying Boulogne, which didn't answer, found his way to Brussels, where, as you see, he flourishes."

For a person who knew nothing herself, Miss Smokey appeared to have a considerable share of information. She was in the vein, and went on.

"As to our languishing friend, there, I needn't mention names—don't look that way while I'm speaking—fix your eyes on that little Welsh woman, or on Mrs. Vermeil; you can't see the cracks in her face at this distance; as to our languishing friend, people say she has tried as many professions as her *husband*—I hope, hem! he *is* her husband, poor thing—nursery-governess, lady's maid, concert-singer, I *have* heard, an artist's model, though that does not strike *me* as very likely, at all events it must have been a long while ago; for, unless it's an African Venus, I don't see what she could have been the model of, for the last thirty years at least. But I don't *pretend* to know what she was exactly, very likely it was all very respectable—but whatever it may have been she hasn't been left *altogether* friendless. If somebody—mind, I mention no names—the British peerage is a sealed book to me—if somebody hadn't come forward about two years ago—and not for the first time—I fancy Old Welcome would have been in the *Petits Carmes* instead of the Château de Schaerbeck—fine sounding name, isn't it—and, after all, it's pleasanter to be your own master than pass your time in a foreign prison, though you mayn't quite like the sort of assistance that keeps you out of one."

"What a well-spring of benevolence there must be in this lady's bosom," thought I, as Miss Smokey paused for a moment, not to collect her ideas, but to gather breath to go on.

"It would hardly be fair," she resumed, "since you know the people's

names here, not to be *au fait* of something more belonging to them. I like folks that have character, it makes society so *very* agreeable. There's no want of character here, at any rate. Who shall I begin with? Rank and sex, I suppose, must have the *pas*! The Honourable Mrs. Vermeil—a widow bewitched, if not bewitching; her husband was—some say he's dead, some *only* in Australia—the eldest son of an Irish viscount, whose title was found out for him when he was nothing better than an excise-man—that's a fact all the world know. Well, *he* hadn't much money, as you may suppose, and the Honourable Mr. Vermeil's expectations were, what might have been called by him, 'a considerable thrifle below nothing,' when he fell in with that lady whose head—don't you think so?—looks as if a shower of fire-flies had just fallen on it. She was somebody's daughter who made a fortune by hardbake, I believe—used to supply the *bon-bons* at the city companies' dinners; this Irishman married her, spent her money—she helping—and then disappeared. His hat and greatcoat, card-case and empty pocket-book were found on the banks of the Thames, near Fulham, where they had a villa, but though the river was dragged the body never was found, and nobody knows anything more about *him*, or if they do they keep it to themselves. He was frightfully in debt at the time—everything was sold—creditors realised about three-halfpence in the pound—and I *do* pity the poor man in Bond-street who supplied her with rouge and all that kind of thing, making her a beauty in spite of herself—his bill was two thousand pounds if it was a penny. What she has to go on with now comes from Old Toffy, her father, though she's much too fine a lady to live with him.

"Our chaplain, who sits next her—he always makes a point of saying grace—fine fellow, isn't he?—eyes rather too light a grey, perhaps—something sinister in the look, don't it strike you?—and his mouth, handsome, but bad expression? He is a clergyman, oh yes! Married, too, don't deny it, though he lives here *en garçon*. He didn't say he was married, however, till I found it out; he might have added—if he wanted the whole truth to be known—that *two* out of his *three* wives are still alive. Some counter-claims, which he thought might have been settled to his prejudice at the Old Bailey, sent him off post haste to Brussels. It was the uncertainty of the law he was afraid of, not his moral position, for, in his view of the case, he had made himself safe. Having married his second wife while his first was living, and his third as soon as he heard of the death of his first, he fancies the second has no claim upon him, but as there might be some little difficulty about dates, he thinks the wisest plan is to keep out of the way. Very fascinating manners, but dreadfully bad temper; drinks hard, plays high, and quarrels before he pays. Has fought quite as many duels as Captain Cushion, the little man with the moustache on his right hand, who is doing the agreeable to Miss Pryce Jenkyns. Captain Cushion *ought* to have been a billiard-marker—I have heard somebody say—of course I can't be expected to speak from personal knowledge in his case—that he was one—at Cork, or Brighton, or somewhere."

"Pleasant companions these," was my internal observation, feeling myself an inmate for a month, unless I was willing to forfeit three hundred francs, that being the amount for the term specified. Having, however,

learnt so much, I felt disposed to know "by the worst means, the worst," and suffered Miss Smokey to continue her scandalous chronicle.

"Miss Pryce Jenkyns comes next. Quite a genius—in Wales ; an heiress—in Belgium. You have her word for it, and her maid's into the bargain ; I hope it's considered in the poor thing's wages. She has got a beautiful 'seat'—a six-roomed cottage, I believe—and writes 'Castle Brymbo' on her card, as if it was 'Castle Howard' or 'Chatsworth.' I never question anybody's veracity, but if I *must* say what I think, I don't believe she has uttered a syllable of truth the whole six weeks she has been in the château, except, you know, by accident. The captain will have a great catch in her—when he gets her—or the major—if he's to be the happy man. There's no mistake about Major McCurragh, *quite* a gentleman, if he only was on full pay, which people tell me, he never will be. You mustn't ask *me* why ; I know nothing at all about hocussing racehorses or any other tricks of the turf. Lady South's a charming creature—now, *really* ! Upon my word I'm in earnest. Look at her bright, lovely colour—cheeks, ears, forehead, nose, not a bit of difference anywhere, when Nature's as impartial as she's bountiful nobody can find fault. You may fancy her voice is coarse, and that she laughs too loud, but then consider her immense animal spirits. Quite necessary she should have them ; her husband is such a long way off. He's a West India proprietor, and her health is too delicate for that climate. Dear me, I hope she thinks of poor Sir William now and then. I dare say her gaiety is all put on, though I observe she always seems to enjoy herself most when she sits next to Colonel Bagwell. The colonel's quite a man of the world—not at all worldly, I don't mean *that*, very old family—his ancestors came over with the Conqueror—will have a splendid estate—he says—when his father dies, which must be soon, for he was ninety-seven or ninety-eight, the colonel does not exactly remember which, last birthday. The colonel talks about 'Bagwell Park'—I haven't a doubt there is such a place—but the old gentleman, who was an attorney, lives at Bristol. I don't know that the colonel ever *was* in the Guards, but he says so, and nobody contradicts him, he writes 'Unattached' after his name, but it doesn't look it at present. He runs over to England occasionally, but never stays there very long, nor ever puts up twice, they tell me, at the same hotel. As to being in debt, why, I believe he can't help it. It's a sort of disease that he took naturally, like the measles. I don't know how he manages in these railroad times, but I *have* heard that in the old coaching days he has been known to run up a tailor's bill in a country town while they were changing horses. The gentleman on my right hand—he's as deaf as a post—is *honest* John Mizleweather ; did all the business of two whole counties *malgré lui*, people *would* employ him he was *so* honest ;—failed one fine day and let the two counties in for a hundred thousand pounds each ; he has brought his honesty to Brussels, and as it is a scarce commodity here, he thrives upon it. That's Mr. Flaw who divides him from his wife. He's a virtuoso, deals privately in objects of art ; is a great collector of Wardour-street antiques, and supplies a large establishment there with pictures by the first masters ; has some very choice specimens of the Flemish school ; buys on commission ; and purchasers, they say, find his accounts, like his pic-

tures, Flemish ones. Mrs. Mizzleweather is a very dear friend of mine, so you needn't to expect to hear me say a word against her. Who could? She is *so* useful. Never refuses any kind of service that's asked of her. If she did, I don't know how honest John and she could make both ends meet. But they do contrive it—*somehow*. The gentleman who wears that decoration, the Legion of Honour, or a pincushion imitation of it, I don't know which, is Count Prosper Colibri—a diplomatist, I hear, though what government he represents he keeps to himself, being, he tells us, on a secret mission. The principal sharer of his secrets at present, seems to be Miss Stride, that bold-looking person with the large black eyes at the head of the table—you can see her in that glass—who passes three-parts of the day on horseback, smokes, I'm told, half the night in bed, and always *speaks her mind*. There, now you know all about everybody and, as our charming hostess has done helping the turkey—no one makes a dish go so far as she can—I shall leave you once more to her amiable care."

Miss Smokey had, indeed, sketched some pleasant portraits, and, if the likenesses were correct, an "inmacy" at the Château de Schaerbeck held out no very agreeable prospects for a quiet person like myself. Bankrupts, swindlers, demireps, duellists—a pretty society this! I must get out of it as quickly as I got in, and how to accomplish this end, without *fracas*, became the subject of my immediate consideration.

My reverie was observed by Mrs. Bolter, who had not been so entirely engrossed by her recent occupation as to have felt quite on velvet during Miss Smokey's conversation, as I saw by an uneasy glance which occasionally escaped her. With an air of extreme solicitude "The Dispenser" trusted I was not unwell—perhaps the room was too warm—perhaps, as I had been an invalid, *too much* conversation, particularly if it was not of a *soothing* kind—fatigued me.

"I know *so well*," she continued, in her low but impressive accents, "*how* to feel for depression of spirits, I have suffered from it *so much* myself—anything *exciting* jars so upon the mind. Even the *greatest* cleverness does not suffice to cheer the *drooper*;—persons of a descriptive turn are so apt to be *led away* by their imaginations—so prone to *over-charge* their subjects—meaning nothing all the time—but doing an incalculable deal of injury by their heedlessness. I sympathised with you *most sincerely* just now," she added, in her most subdued tone, "for I *knew* that you would be the victim of *false impressions*. It was only an hour before dinner that I discovered the *real* character of *that* individual—too late to prevent her appearance *here* to-day, but I have already spoken to *ma-husband*, and his decision will be *irrevocable*. She quits *this* establishment *to-morrow*. Money, under *such* circumstances, is no recompense."

I put the best face I could upon the matter, assuring the lady that I was not in the least out of spirits—a passing throb of headache, nothing more, might have affected me—and, to dispel her amiable anxiety, turned the discourse to general subjects, avoiding any more *tête-à-tête* communications, on one side or the other.

Mr. Bolter, as I have observed, upheld all English customs, "because," as he said, "he loved the old country;" and on this account, when the

ladies rose to leave the room, the gentlemen returned to their seats. With the clue which Miss Smokey had given me, it was not difficult to discover that Mr. Bolter found it his interest to love his country and her customs, for, as soon as he had shifted his place to occupy that which "The Dispenser" had just vacated, he superadded the *metier* of the wine-merchant to the hospitality of the host. He was reminded, he observed, addressing himself to Colonel Bagwell, he was reminded—but *à propos* of what he did not say—that he had just received some splendid Bordeaux direct from his own grower, of which he could let him have a piece at a ridiculously low price, considering the quality, which was superb—and when the colonel had at once agreed to take the offered piece, and as much more as he liked—he turned to apologise for "the little transaction."

"I have such a wretched memory," he said, "that if I hadn't mentioned this fact at once, I should have forgotten it altogether, and then I never could have forgiven myself, for I had promised my friend, here, the refusal of that very wine—and a promise with me, Mr. Wells, is a fetter of adamant. And now, sir, as wine is on the *tapis*, which description of wine would you like on the table? Are you a Château-Margaux or a Laffite man? You shall decide for yourself when you are settled down, but to-day, you understand, you are *my* guest, and Château-Margaux, or Laffite, one or the other, it must be."

I begged him not to think of it on my account, as I drank more water than wine, but his proposition received such strenuous support from the majority of the inmates, the Reverend Spankwell Slug vociferating for Chambertin into the bargain, and Colonel Berkeley Bagwell backing him, that the necessary orders were given to Antoine, and a brisk circulation of the bottle speedily ensued. The conversation that accompanied it was of an elevated order; in its relation, I mean, to the persons spoken of. I have often noticed that our countrymen abroad are always on the most familiar terms with the highest personages—they find them so very accessible. The gentlemen at the Château de Schaerbeck were very much favoured in this respect. They scarcely knew any one—that is to say, intimately—under the rank of a Grand Duke or Prime Minister; and when they alluded to them, it was always plain "Nassau," or "Baden," "Saxe-Weimar," or "Gundelfingen." Colonel Berkeley Bagwell was pre-eminent for his distinguished acquaintance, to such an extent that I wondered how he ever found an opportunity of dining or sleeping out of a royal residence; indeed, as he said, "If he hadn't been devilish firm, he couldn't have called himself his own master at any moment while he was on the Continent." I rather fancied, however, from what Miss Smokey had hinted, that he might have found himself in just the same predicament in his native country, if he had not adopted the paying his flying visits to England *incognito*. Add to this lofty talk, a good deal about couriers and carriages in the remotest parts of Europe, wonderful sporting reminiscences, *bonnes fortunes* that never happened, successes at play that couldn't have occurred, no slight amount of local scandal, and the general character of the conversation may be easily imagined. If this was to be taken as a sample of the "intellectual enjoyments" of the Château de Schaerbeck, it offered few temptations to induce me to make a halt there; but perchance the softer attractions of the ladies might make all the difference. I determined to try that issue.

It promised rather better, for as I ascended the staircase strains of music greeted my ears from the drawing-room, where I found Miss Stride and Count Colibri—who had disappeared with the ladies—warbling a duet together at the piano with great satisfaction—at least to themselves. There were more notes in preparation, for a harp stood in one corner of the room—the favourite instrument of the Heiress of Brymbo, whose “skill in fingering,” Mrs. Bolter remarked to me, was “*something exquisite*.” An opportunity to exhibit was quickly afforded her, and while the Chaplain, Mr. Flaw, Mrs. Mizzleweather, and the Hon. Mrs. Verneil sat down to a rubber, the Cambrian syren fell foul of the chords, to the tune of “Hob ſ Derry Dando,” which is believed—in Wales—to be the air that Adam sang to Eve when they first met in Paradise. Nothing could exceed the rapture of the listeners when this melody was brought to a close; but whether they really admired it, or were glad it was over, I could not quite determine. Colonel Berkeley Bagwell, however, who was a little flustered, I thought, by the Chambertin, was loud in his applause, and paid the little Welsh heiress so many compliments that Lady South actually changed colour—the most difficult thing, according to Miss Smokey, for her to do—and the rival heroes, Major McCurragh and Captain Cushion, began to look exceedingly grim. But Mr. Bolter, who was a peacemaker from habit, as well as policy, interposed with a dose of flattery even stronger than that administered by the colonel, and as the highest bidder was always the most welcome to Miss Pryce Jenkyns—married or single, it mattered not—the *acillades* which had shone on the descendant of the conqueror, now beamed on the cheerful visage of Mr. Bolter, and the colonel, tiring probably of the impromptu demonstration, withdrew to a *chaise longue* to renew his flirtation with Lady South.

As soon as Mr. Bolter had set this little matter to rights, he busied himself in arranging a round game for the amusement of the ladies, a proposition to which Miss Smokey acceded with the utmost alacrity, a nibbling desire for half-francs being manifest in the eagerness with which she took upon herself the task of collecting the pool at Vingt-un, a game at which, I heard Mrs. Mizzleweather observe, her “dear friend” was always “so lucky.” This group of players was not, however, joined by Count Colibri and Miss Stride: they preferred Bellini’s music to the card-table, which made Miss Smokey remark to Mrs. Mizzleweather, in a tone loud enough for every one to hear, when she heard Miss Stride burst forth with Amina’s fine *aria* in the second act of the *Sonnambula*, that she hoped the illusion of the *scena* might not lead her to mistake the count’s bedchamber for her own.

Mrs. Bolter was the only disengaged person of the party; she had thrown out a hint that she should be happy to afford me “any information I might like to acquire,” but as I had formed my own plans with regard to my future arrangements, I told her I should look on at the round game, and, with a sigh, she submitted, as her countenance said for her, to her fate. That fate consisted in the useful employment of her quick eyes as she circulated through the *salon*, observing everything that was going on, and occasionally exchanging a significant glance with her frank and cheerful spouse, who welcomed me to the Château de Shaerbeck at least half a dozen times in the course of the evening.

As far as my own opportunity for observation went, there did not

seem a much greater development of the spirit of appropriateness—so to term it—at Mr. Bolter's round game, than is usually apparent where three or four elderly ladies take part in that sort of amusement. For that reason, perhaps, that the majority of the players were upon pretty nearly equal terms and would have found it difficult to overreach each other. The only exceptions were Lady South and Colonel Bagwell; she had willingly acceded to his gallant offer that they should bank together, and as he took all the disbursements upon himself and seemed to care very little how often they were made, provided his whispered *tête-à-tête* was undisturbed, Miss Smokey and Mrs. Mizzleweather contrived to make rather a good thing out of him. Indeed, even the heiress of Brymbo did not disdain the little pickings that fell to the share she reaped from her very cautiously considered stakes, for I noticed that when the colonel had to pay she always put in her claim to receive "double."

What took place at the whist-table I could only guess at, as I now and then caught an angry tone from Mr. Spankwell Slug, which shaped itself into something that sounded very like an oath, at the "cursed folly"—or some such clerical expression—of his partner Mr. Flaw. When I did get a glimpse of the reverend gentleman's features, I must say I felt grateful in thinking that I was neither his partner nor even one of his parishioners.

As the evening wore on, trays laden with refreshments, amongst which *liqueurs* and spirits predominated, were brought into the *salon* and handed round by Antoine, under the superintendence of "The Dispenser," who, to do her justice, appeared desirous of meriting the appellation.

"These little things," said Mr. Bolter, joyously,—“these little things promote cheerfulness. That is the grand object in life.” And a firm believer in this doctrine was Colonel Berkeley Bagwell, whose “cheerfulness” as the hour grew later owed its principal stimulus to frequent glasses of hot Geneva and water.

At length, a turn of the game having favoured Mrs. Mizzleweather at the expense of Miss Smokey, the latter affected a horrified surprise at hearing the *pendule* strike twelve, and said it was time to leave off, because “it was Sunday morning” and she “always went to the Protestant church in the Place de la Bibliothèque.” So the game broke up, and, while the reckoning was being made, I got possession of a chamber-candlestick and quietly stole to my lair in the hunting-chamber.

ROSE—THE DEATH MARRIAGE.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

It was in November,
 The time I well remember,
 All alone
 By the churchyard stone
 I trod on the bending grass that grows
 Over the grave of my lovely Rose,
 And thought on the silence of death's dark sleep,
 What a mystery hangs o'er that waveless deep;
 While a robin trill'd in a tree hard by
 His winter song sweetly and mournfully.
 It was with feelings drear,
 My heart all sad and sear,
 Looking back
 On times's printless track,
 Recalling the fair indelible trace
 Of a lost but long-loved—long-loved face,
 When it seem'd my heart a spirit address :
 " She is gone where all the earth-weary rest."
 Yet nought I saw but the tree hard by,
 Where the robin still sang mournfully.
 Then a hollow sounding
 Of voices self-confounding,
 From inner earth
 Seem'd to take its birth;
 And under my footsteps far beneath
 Something appeared to sigh and breathe,
 And whisper gently up through the flowers,
 " There fleets no time in this world of ours."
 Yet nothing I saw save the tree hard by,
 And the robin singing mournfully.
 Rose, Rose, the slumberless
 Are the living, the quick, the fresh.
 Thou sleepest well,
 For the earthworms tell,
 That they revel and batten in orbits where
 There were eyes like blue water in summer air,
 That envied death amid day's eclipse,
 Kisses so sweetly thy marble lips.
 While the robin's notes in the tree hard by,
 Rung louder but not less mournfully.
 Tell me, memory's fairest,
 If for my grief thou carest?
 Methinks an answer I hear from below :
 " Who treads on my bosom, a friend or foe?
 Oh leave me upon tranquillity's shore,
 They who dwell with the dead love never more!"
 The robin trill'd his notes from the tree,
 And they sounded still—how mournfully!
 " Thou once to me wert dear,
 But love is silent here;
 I am immortal, and thou art free—
 Seek a new bride in mortality;
 I have married death, I am no more thine,
 Take back thy gifts that once were mine;
 From my cabinet take them, let them be
 Plung'd in the depths of the fathomless sea."
 The robin silent flew from the tree,
 Or he would have sung more mournfully.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CHRISTMAS! Christmas! that period to which some look forward with such pleasure, others with such dread. Christmas! that period when our blunt, out-spoken country friends take the conceit out of one by exclamations at one's increasing age and altered looks, and our once obsequious tradesmen no longer "any time that suits you, sir," us, but, on the contrary, will trouble us for that little account "on or before." Christmas, we say again, drew on for all the world just as it is doing now, bringing in its train the usual concomitants.

Among other parties interested in the period was our old friend "sivin and four," whose peace of mind had lately been greatly disturbed by the inundation of Lord Lavender's cheques, who kept firing away on the strength of having given Greasy Tom the yeomanry commission, just as if he had a balance to the good in Hall's hands. Day after day old Trueboy came dribbling into the little pen of a sweating-room, now bearing a cheque for a hundred and fifty for a horse, now of ninety for a mare; now for a hundred and twenty for a grand pianoforte, and anon of two hundred and eight for a highly-finished pony-chaise, until the old banker began to dread the result. A cold shiver came over him as the cautious cashier sidled from his post at the counter for the sash-door, outside of which, on a large board in white letters on a black ground, hung the following pithy notice:—"Call on a Business man in Business hours, only on Business. Transact your Business, and go about your Business, in order to give him time to finish his Business."

"Sivin and four's elivin and twenty-nine is forty, and thirty-three is sivinty-three, this 'ill niver do!" exclaimed the old gentleman, as Trueboy, with his scratch-wig all awry, and perturbation on his brow, now came in with one for three hundred and eighty in favour of Sillery and Fizzer, the accommodating wine merchants of—

"Sivin and four's elivin, and eighty is ninety-one, and ninety's a 'under'd and eighty-one, the man 'ill break the bank if we let him have his own way. Sivin and four's elivin, and sixty is sivinty-one, I'll put a spoke in his wheel."

So saying, Hall took a sheet of foolscap paper of the dimensions that he wrote his London letters of advice upon, and beginning at the very top of the page, as if he thought he should have a difficulty in getting in all he had to say, he wrote as follows:

"Hall and Co. present their compliments to Lord Lavender, and beg to call his lordship's attention to his lordship's account, which is considerably out of cash.

"The Bank, Fleecyborough, Dec. —."

And having given it to Trueboy to copy, who did it with evident satisfaction, old Hall folded it with a very diminutive double, and directing it to the Right Honourable Lord Lavender, sealed it with a large butter-pat sort of seal, bearing the ominous, awe-striking words, "Hall and Co.," in good, plain, bold, unmistakeable letters—letters that had struck terror into the mind of many a recipient.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"Rot this old reprobate!" exclaimed Lord Lavender, as the banker's missive reached him—"rot this old reprobate!" repeated he, staring at the ill-written omened document; "how can we give our Christmas festivities if this old usurer won't let us have money. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" continued he, dashing his hand among his slightly silvery-streaked locks, "what the deuce are these sort of people sent into the world for but to administer to the wants of the great. This, too, from an old snob, whose son I honoured with a commission in our regiment. *Ingratitude's the worst of sins!*" exclaimed he, crumpling up the great letter, and making a mis-shot with it at the fire.

Lady Lavender, too, was shocked, for she had a neat little file of the expiring year's bills, that she had been waiting for a favourable opportunity of presenting, to say nothing of several most "enchanting" shops that she wanted to do business with, by tantalising the keepers, in the first instance, with a little ready money.

In these emergencies the steward is generally the first person applied to, because on him devolves the onus of supplying the bank-hopper with coin, and so long as there are any arrears on the estate—no matter how small the amount—he is justly liable to censure for not getting them in, and so keeping the bank account square. How was his lordship to know that Jacob Browntops hadn't paid his rent, or that Mr. Shuffler had decamped in the night carrying away all he had to Australia.

Accordingly Mr. Gillyflower, his lordship's "commissioner," as they called him, was sent for, who having made himself smart enough to wait upon her Majesty herself, was duly ushered into the presence, with a fine bunch of geraniums sticking in his button-hole.

Gillyflower was a great man of business—a great pen-and-ink man of business at least. Nothing was done on the estate without the most elaborate surveys, reports, plans, estimates, specifications, and detail. Not a barn was built, or hovel razed, without the minutest record of the whole transaction, and interminable negotiations relative to the purchase and disposal of the material. Everthing was done through Mr. Gillyflower, who issued instructions to poor Drearyman and his other subordinates to inspect, and report, and suggest, and confer, and compare, and contract, so that in nine cases out of ten the season for doing the particular act was lost. Still, he had plenty of paper to vouch for his assiduity, and if pens and ink would have done as well as bricks and mortar, his lordship's would have been the best managed estate in the county.

For all this unprofitable labour, and for smoothing over obdurate unreasonable creditors, Gillyflower had a thousand a year—a thousand made up in the following manner :

	£
A house and coals found, and bed . . .	700
Keep of a cow	100
Cash	200
Total	1000

So that when anything went wrong his lordship blew up (behind Gilly-

flower's back of course) at the rate of a thousand a year, expatiating on the absurdity of keeping such a highly salaried gentleman to "do nothing," verily believing he could get a man to do all he wanted for half the money.

The reader will now have the kindness to consider this elegant extract ushered into the library, in which were Lord and Lady Lavender, in the high state of indignation peculiar to great people when low-bred ones presume to ask for their money. His lordship briefly "opened the pleadings," as the lawyers say, by a mincing but vehement denunciation of that old humbug at Fleecyborough, a definition that Gillyflower's ready imagination immediately appropriated to old Hall, to whom he proposed Gillyflower's making a propitiatory visit and see if he couldn't get him to look benevolently on a few more cheques, which he had promised certain parties to draw in their favour.

Gillyflower had had so many conferences with old Hall, and knew his firm inflexible mode of doing business so well, that he felt it would be an absolute waste of time, going near him, unless he had money to pay in, so he at once recommended his lordship to give up all idea of anything of the sort, unless he could hit upon some expedient of mollifying the old cormorant apart from his beloved £ s. d.

"How would it do to send his son a ticket for our ball?" asked Lady Lavender, after a long pause, during which she recollected the favourable influence the Yeomanry Commission had had on Madame Dentelle's bill.

His dandified lordship shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows, looking as if he thought it a desperate remedy—if not utterly impossible.

"Do no harm," rejoined her ladyship, soothingly; "do no harm—may make some fun for the Thistlewaite, the Ventnor, and Runnymede girls."

His lordship stood thinking the thing over, considering how it would do to have our Tom as a butt for his Christmas party.

"What sort of a cub is he?" at length asked he of Gillyflower.

"Oh, the young man's very well—really, very well," replied the commissioner, altitudinising; "a great improvement on the old one, who hasn't an idea in his head but that of making money; the young one seems to have a turn for sporting—hunts with Lord Heartycheer—dines at the barracks—buys horses—does everything that a young man ought to do."

"Does he shoot?" asked his lordship, who was all for the trigger in opposition to the chase.

"Shoot," replied Gillyflower—"shoot," repeated he, thoughtfully—"well, I don't know whether he shoots or not. I should think he did, though—most men do."

"Ah, but if there's any doubt about it it wouldn't do to have him at a *battue*," observed Lord Lavender, recollecting the peppering he got in the legs from young Mr. Swellington, who thought he did, too.

"But there'd be no occasion to take him out shooting, my dear," observed Lady Lavender, who, the more she thought of it, the more she was inclined to have our Tom, if it was only to make fun for the girls—
young men being very scarce in the country, as, indeed, they are in most countries.

"There wouldn't," replied his lordship, thinking he might couple him up with old Mr. Barley-meale, and send him on an agricultural excursion.

And so, after a little more doubt and hesitation, and ineffectual sounding of Gillyflower, whether he couldn't first try his hand on the obdurate old banker, it was arranged that a card should be enclosed for the ball in a note of invitation from Lord Lavender to our Tom, to come and spend a few days at his lordship's seat, Hyacinth Hall. And, accordingly, an enormous piece of pasteboard, second only in size to those of a lord chamberlain's bearing her Majesty's commands, surrounded with coronets and heraldic devices, accompanied by a most diminutive note, was put into a splendid, highly-scented envelope, sealed with the great family seal of state, and sent per post to astonish the letter-carrier and the natives of Fleecyborough generally.

The portentous document found our slippered, dressing-gowned Tom ensconced in a luxuriously cushioned easy-chair in the drawing-room, brooding over the beauties and attractions of Laura Guineafowle, lamenting his ill-luck in not having seen her beautiful blue eyes before Angelena's sea-green ones, and wondering whether it was possible to get off his engagement with the latter, so as to enable him to offer his plump self to the former. Angelena, he thought, had stolen a march upon him—kidnapped him, as it were—and he wouldn't have cared at all for throwing her over, if it wasn't his fear of her father, who, Major Fibs frequently assured him, was one of the best pistol-shots in the kingdom. Indeed, Tom's dreams of the lovely Laura were constantly interrupted by visions of the bulky colonel taking his stand with the trifling distance of twelve paces measured out between them. Had Tom but have known of the hunt and Heartycheer Castle expedition, he would have had no difficulty in "crying off" with Angelena, but, as usual, everybody knew but the party most interested. And so Tom grieved and fretted, wishing to be off with the old love before he was on with the new. Worst of all, he had no one in whom to confide; Mrs. Hall, in her heart, not favouring Laura a bit more than Angelena. She only looked upon Laura as useful in diverting Tom's thoughts from Angelena; and in this state of the Cupid mart the Lavender missive arrived. Mrs. Hall, who knew of the banker's letter, and suspected what it was, took it up to her son herself, and found in the exultation that the invitation produced.

"Well, now, that was nice! that was delightful! that was a high compliment! such a one as had never been paid to any Fleecyborough gent before;" and in her prophetic mind she heard the marriage-bells ringing merrily as our Tom handed the Honourable Mrs. Hall into their travelling carriage-and-four. And having exhausted every species of panegyric, she restored the card and note to the cover, and passed through the side door into old Hall's den in the bank, who received the document with a "Sivin and four's elivin, and twenty's thirty-one, I'd ray-ther he'd paid some money to account," a wish that Mrs. Hall proceeded to combat with all the energy of an ambitious woman.

And now, leaving the old people to discuss and settle the point, we will again follow our Tom to the hunting-field.

CHAPTER L.

LORD HEARTYCHEER, who had a large property in Glenfordshire, generally availed himself of the period of the Christmas festivities to go and have a little shooting there, a sport that he pursued in the most refined slaughtering manner, leaving Dicky Dyke to amuse himself and the country by rattling the large covers of Spygrove Heath, Fullerby Woods, and Oakhampton Chase, which Dicky did in the usual leisurely way of slack huntsmen when "master's away." Nevertheless, it was rather a favourite time with the country, as well on account of the haughty earl's absence as because Billy Brick always gave them a run, if by any chance he could manage it; Billy, somehow or other, never being able to stop hounds, let him be ever so well mounted, so long as they looked like running. Many and curious were the excuses he framed for Dicky, impossible bottoms, impenetrable bullfinches, impervious raspers, that somehow or other never intervened, or at least never stopped Billy when Dicky was there; but, as Dicky could claim the credit of the feats to his lordship, and, moreover, didn't find it convenient to quarrel with Billy, he did not inquire too minutely into the facts. So Dicky, and Billy, and Sam, careered and capered through the country all very great men in their way.

Shortly after his lordship's departure the plot thickened considerably. Among other indications of winter, besides oleagenous holly-stuck beef, seed-cake, citron, plums, and other the condiments of mince-pies in profusion, was the sudden irruption of no end of rough ponies, and little folks to ride them. All the roads and lanes became alive with little scuttling, scrambling things, worked by energetic terrier-coated, worsted-comforted boys, exciting the terror of their mamma's and the laughter of their papa's. Oh, Charles! oh, James! oh, Thomas! Do, John (to the footman), for Heaven's sake run and stop them! *I'm sure there'll be mischief! I'm sure they'll be killed!*

And the cry was still "they come, they come," until every hall, every house, every place in the country seemed to have its complement of "Master Troublesomes" home for the holidays. And the work of the ponies increased; morning, noon, and night, they were at their powers of endurance, seeming to increase with each fresh demand, until they put the performance of the pampered hunter quite in the back ground. No sooner was one set of youngsters done, than another set were ready to start, and races of every length and course were run at all hours of the day, with every species of start in order to bring them to an equality. A sudden change presently took place for hunting. The *Fleecyborough Independent* and *True Blue Champion* appeared with what in reality were four very so-so meets, but which caused great commotion among the holiday world, and great borrowing of saddles, bridles, and girths. Screws of all sorts rose in price, and plausible stablemen spoke in the handsomest terms of animals that had no more taste for hunting than the flies that were generally tackled to their tails. The little ponies were bottled up, and wondered what had happened to procure them so much care and corn. Great was the bragging and boasting among the youngsters how they would take the shine out of each other, and how five-barred gates and brooks—nay, rivers, should be nothing in their way.

Our friends at the barracks partook of the prevailing epidemic, and

long and serious were the discussions as to the relative merits of Pippin's brown horse Blazer, Mattyfat's Hero, and Captain Spill's Harkaway, which it was thought his lordship's absence would favour the opportunity of testing.

In these discussions Jug, who always became an ardent sportsman after dinner, bore a conspicuous part, his known intimacy with Lord Heartycheer and recent visit to the Castle, giving weight to what he said. Moreover Jug had heretofore managed to evade the exposure of his incompetence across country, having stoutly maintained throughout the summer that he was a regular "cut-em-down and hang-em-up-to-dry man," only wanting opportunity to exhibit his prowess. He got over his Heartycheer Castle day by saying that they had had a capital run, but as he didn't know the country he couldn't give any account of it. Lies, however, require a good deal of management, and Angelena, we are sorry to say, did not assist her quondam suitor in his endeavours. Indeed, she rather went the other way, and hinted that Tom Hall and Jug would make a very good match of it. The thing soon came to the ears of the respective heroes, Downeylipe, her new suitor, enlightening Jug, and Major Fibs taking up the cudgels on behalf of Tom Hall. Of course they both went a good deal further than the exact truth, adding expressions of defiance and contempt, and intimating that each only wanted opportunity to show the other the way. The consequence was that a very deadly feud was engendered between gentlemen who, as yet, had scarcely had any communication with each other. Major Fibs was quite sure that Mr. Hall was a very respectable performer, while the Heavy-steeders generally patronised Jug, and urged him, whatever he did, to take plenty of jumping powder, and *serve* Tom out handsomely. This Jug, in his cups, promised faithfully to do, though the morning's reflections sometimes didn't make the thing look quite so easy. Indeed, the more they patted him on the back, the greater man he thought Hall, until he became quite afraid of him, and he wouldn't have been at all sorry if the colonel had forbid his going out hunting altogether; in fact, he would have been very grateful. There was no such luck, however, and on a very dark December morning, our shivering cornet was shaking himself into his misfitting hunting clothes, by the light of a very meagre mould candle. They were all hereditary garments, and had as much pretension to fitting as such apologies ever have. The leather breeches were the greatest failure, as, indeed, second-hand ones generally are, having been made for a leg half as big again as the cornet's, consequently there was a considerable fold at the knee, which our friend flattered himself would never be seen when he had his boots on. Indeed, he much questioned that any one ever looked at the knees—just as thick-legged ladies always flatter themselves that no one looks at their feet. The boots were loose, dirty, white-topped ones, with a sad propensity to turning round, which they did in a most independent, careless manner, quite regardless of each other, so that the back seam of one would be in front, while the other stood as it ought to do. The coat, as coats go—when every man seems to exert his skill in producing something uglier and more *outré* than his neighbour—was not so far amiss, being a roomy, dressing-gowney, old frock of the last century, cut down into one of the queer half-coats, half-

jackets, many-pocketed, few-buttoned things of the present. We question if there ever was a time when so many hideous, incongruous habiliments were to be seen in the hunting field as there are now. Nay, we may go further, and say, that perhaps there never was a time when so little care or taste was exhibited in dress generally, or when such ugly, misfitting garments were allowed to pass as coats. What would have been thought in the dandy, swallow-tailed days of George IV., when coats were made to fit like wax, and the slightest wrinkle was cut out and fine-drawn, of the baggy, sack-like things of the present day, with sleeves that look like trousers put in by mistake. How pleasant it must be to ride or drive in the face of a sleeting rain, with the wet — drifting up to one's elbows, without having the power of preventing it by buttoning the wrists. But there is no absurdity that fashion will not compass, and even reconcile some people to.

Our Tom was better got up than Jug, his clothes having been made for him, but Tights having given Captain Dazzler's groom a guinea (of Tom's money, of course) for a most invaluable recipe for brown tops (another of the hideous inventions or revivals of the day), had experienced a "failyar," the tops having come out a bright red instead of the nut-brown colour Tights expected. Being, however, a man of resources, Tights persuaded Tom they would come "all right" as he proceeded to cover, and, trusting to Tights's word, Tom put on his grey terrier coat, and installed himself in the vacant seat of Major Fibs's jingling old dog-cart, as soon as that worthy drew up at the door to receive him. The major thought Tom looked rather warm about the legs, but not being much of a man for the chase, as his old white hat and mother-of-pearl buttoned, short-waisted scarlet—or, rather, purple—coat testified, he kept his opinion to himself, and proceeded to expatiate on the ease of the vehicle, and the merits of the steed as they drove out of town. When they got clear of the stones, the major began to divulge the real object of his mission, which was to try and smooth matters over between Tom and Angelena, so that that fair lady might not lose the second string to her bow. Though Angelena still insisted on the unabated ardour of Lord Heartycheer, and maintained that he had over and over again promised to marry her, both the colonel and Mrs. Blunt felt there were inconsistencies in the way, and that his lordship was not to be depended upon. Moreover, the colonel wanted to cash the Lily of the Valley cheque, Christmas operating upon his pocket much as it does upon the pockets of other people. So the major had plenty of scope for his diplomacy, a quality that he had no little difficulty in exercising, as well from the peculiar state of Tom's mind with regard to Laura, as from the interruptions caused by passing, or being overtaken by sportsmen on their way to the meet. Whenever the major thought he was drawing nicely on to his point, and would compass his object, up cantered some one with an original observation about the weather, or inquiring if they "weren't early?" or "weren't late?" or if "they'd breakfasted?" or if they "had their horses on?" just as if anybody ever saw two men hunting one horse, and that, too, taken out of a gig! The further our gigmens went, however, the more impossible steady, business-like conversation became, for each by-road and green lane contributed its quota to the

swelling throng, while the open space before Wearyfield Wood was dotted with dark-clad horsemen, slightly sprinkled with pink. It was as yet but an early hour, and many of these sombre habiliments would be changed into livelier colours, when the sporting masters cantered becomingly up.

The pinks that were there were most likely of the second and third class order; men who perhaps had been base enough to ride their own horses on, or who wanted to have a look at the hounds before they went into cover, proceedings to be utterly deprecated by all stylish sportsmen. However there was a goodly throng of one sort and another, including a glorious muster of restless ponies, whose owners kept startling the high-bred hunters by rushing in among them, as the dismounted grooms fistled at the girths, the stirrups, or the mud sparks. Then the clamour and clatter on the road drew all eyes that way, and a charge of cantering swells might be seen, leaving a clear streak of smoke behind them like the vapour of an engine, and again behind them a second detachment hove in sight, to be in turn succeeded by another.

Wearyfield Wood was a fine central situation, approached by good roads, as well from Fleecyborough and Rattlinghope as from the smaller towns of Torrington and Moffat.

Dicky Dyke of course was late with the hounds, and at length came pursing his mouth, and simpering up in the usual great man style. Looking over the heterogeneous, blue-nosed, mud-stuck field, he only deigned to notice those whom his lordship would have recognised, or who toadied Dicky on his private account. Johnny Piper, who had lately sent him a basket of Kent filberts; Tommy Kingsmill, who had marked the season with a turkey; Andrew Dawson, whose apples were unexceptionable; and Arthur Flintoff, who had promised him a sucking pig. He capped Jug, an example that was followed by the whips, greatly to Jug's enhancement. He looked at Hall, Head-and-Shoulders Brown, Beale, Brassey, Kyleycalf, and a whole host of others, as if he had seen them before; while he glanced at the variously-grown, variously-mounted, short-necked young Browns with a shudder, as he thought what a string of persecution there was coming on for some unfortunate master of hounds.

Having looked the people saucily over, and given himself as many airs as he could, Dicky looked at his gold watch, and seeing it only wanted five-and-twenty minutes to twelve, he shut it against his cheek, and drawing on his red-lined dogskin gloves, took his grey horse short by the head, and rising in his stirrups proceeded to address the throng, for field we can hardly call it.

"Now, gen'l'men," said he, looking around him, "as my lord's away, the conduct of affairs nattarally devolves upon me, and I'll take it as a 'tickler favour if you'll all come into cover, and keep there, and refrain from holloaing. It's been well observed," continued he, "that every man sees the hunted fox; but as we only undertake to pursue one at a time with our hounds—which I may observe are bred with the greatest care and attention, containing strains of almost every fashionable blood—the Belvoir, the Burton, the Beaufort, the Quorn, to say nothin' of a dash of the old Pytchley Furrier. I say, as we only undertake to pursue

one fox at a time, you'll p'raps have the goodness to let the hounds select their own! Stick to him, and if they divide, my men here," looking at Billy Brick (who now had his tongue in his cheek) and Sam, "will stop 'em, and maintain to my holloa."

So saying, Dick sunk in his saddle, and turning his horse the other way, at a slight cheer and wave of his hand the glad pack dashed into the thick, moss-grown, briary underwood, and the field proceeded to make their first series of impressions up the clay of the deep-holding ride. Blob, blob, blob, squirt, squirt, squirt, flounder, flounder, flounder, went the weary horses, while the minor cavalry scuttled and scrambled over the surface and through the boggy places in a way that must have excited their bigger brother's envy. Dicky, of course, was a little in advance, with Sam in the rear of the ill-assorted field, while wide of Dicky, outside the cover on the right, Billy's cheerful holloa was heard, accompanied by an occasional crack of his whip. Billy had strict orders to head back the foxes, or at all events to stop the hounds the instant they appeared outside.

The cover was some three hundred acres in extent—perhaps more, for it was of that unprofitable nature that no one we should think would be at the trouble of measuring it. It was a wretched water-logged place, the trees not having grown an inch in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." Trees, indeed, they could hardly be called, being little better than poles; while the brushwood had ceased to be profitable since the introduction of coal into the country by the Gobblegold Railway. The wood was therefore left to itself a good deal, save where a silvery birch or clean-grown hazel tempted a passing tramp to add it to the miscellaneous contents of his cart.

The rough and tangled nature of the brake, coupled with the intention of making a day of it in cover, induced Dicky to draw very carefully, and any one unacquainted with him would have said what a nice, patient, painstaking old huntsman this is! how anxious he is not to miss a chance! while Head-and-Shoulders Brown, Strutt, Beal, Black, Brassey, and others, indulged in coarse invectives at his slow pottering dawdlings, wondering at his not pushing on briskly for the dry thick lying at the top, and talking as if they would dismiss Dicky, and take the country away from his lordship.

Dicky, who sat with a quick ear, cocked back to hear their remarks, and treasure them up for his lordship, with such additions and variations as circumstances might require, did not suffer himself to be at all put out of his way by them, but went blobbling, and hold-up-ping, and gentling, and yoicking, and cheering, and cracking his whip in a sort of way that as good as said, I don't care twopence whether I find a fox or not.

Meanwhile Tom Hall and Jug were taking a mental measure of each other, conjuring up a good deal more equestrian prowess than either had ever invested the other with before. Tom thought if he was on Jug's horse he would cut Jug down; and Jug thought if he was on Tom's horse he would cut Tom down. So it is, that we generally fancy our neighbour's horse in preference to our own, just as we often fancy our neighbour's wine-glass is larger than our own.

Major Fibe, who was only backing Tom for an ulterior object, not caring how soon he drew him off and resumed the conversation he had

made so little progress with in coming, now advised Tom, seeing how he went floundering and blundering about, to "get his orth a little tighter by the 'ead," observing that he would be having an "over-reach" if he didn't take care; besides which, he would want all the steam he could raise against he got out of cover.

Jug's backers, Pippin, Spill, Dazzler, Mattyfat, and others of the Heavy-steeds, stuck to our now half-drunken Jug, laughing at Hall's lumbering, unsportsmanlike figure, and wishing that his still bright red boots mightn't take fire. They also commented; and sundry disparaging observations they said Hall had made on the cornet and his horsemanship, declaring they "wouldn't put up with it if they were him." And little pig-eyes waxed indignant at Tom, wishing that his horse might fall so that he might ride over him at once.

Long-continued yoickings, and crackings, and stir-him-up-ings, and rout-him-out-ings, will tire even the slackest funkster, and both Tom Hall and Jug had begun to wish for something more enlivening than Dicky's repeated exhortations, and the blobbing and floundering of their respective steeds when a sudden Jullien-concert-like outburst of melody from the whole pack, proclaimed that the varmint had started in view with every hound at his brush.

"*Hoop—hoop—hoop! Talliho! talliho! talliho!*" screeched Dicky, getting his horse by the head, and rising in his stirrups as though he were going to ride for the Derby. He then went hustling and bustling up the deep-holding ride, an object of unbounded admiration to the variously aged, variously clad, variously mounted youngsters behind. What a scrimmage ensued! How the mud flew, and how the half-blinded urchins wiped their faces with their jacket sleeves—up *went* a fresh volley on the instant. On they hurried, to the irresistible impetus of the hounds, Hall and Jug elbowing and racing with the best of them—each looking as though he would eat the other.

"*Hold hard!*" now cried Dicky, pulling up short across the ride, "hold hard!" repeated he, holding up his hand; "don't you hear they're comin'?" asked he, casting an angry glance at the gallopers, muttering, "wonder what half you fellers come out hunting for?"

"*Talliho! Talliho! Talliho!*" shrieked and screeched a multitude of voices in every variety of intonation, as a fine grey-backed old fellow, with his neat ears well laid back, and a well-tagged brush, crossed the ride about fifty yards higher up, at an easy, listening pace, as if calculating the amount of scent he was leaving behind, and whether it was expedient to continue in cover or try his luck in the open, either for Witherley Forest or the main earths at Clumbercliffe Rocks. The concert behind was great, but the ground was yet unfoiled, and while he had no difficulty in meuseing through the tangled thorns and copsewood of the cover, he knew they would present severe obstacles to his obstreperous pursuers, whose size and capabilities he had had peculiar opportunities of estimating; so he determined to make a wide swing of the cover, and consider matters further after he had done that. The sight of the glorious varmint infused fresh joy into the field, and even Dicky, though every hound was throwing his tongue on the line, couldn't resist the temptation of a "blow," so he out with his horn and joined its shrill melody to the sweet music of the hounds. All hands now grasped convulsively

at the bridles, hats were stuck firmer on the head, caps re-adjusted, and each rider screwed himself up to the sticking point, as though the success of the day depended on his individual exertions.

Having seen the hounds fairly across, Dicky re-opened the ball, by catching his horse short round by the head, and sticking spurs into his sides, bustling up the clayey, water-logged ride as hard as ever he could lay legs to the ground, thinking what an object of admiration he must be to the rising generation behind.

Scuttle, scuttle, splash, splash, splash, blob, blob, blob, the field went as before, varied by the occasional *click, click, click* of some little "stuck mud." Hall and Jug spurred, and grinned, and rode like fools, each determined to be first, so long as there was nothing but galloping.

Up the long quagmire of a ride they all tore to within sight of the crazy old gate, that had been left sticking half open in the mud ever since the hounds were there cub-hunting; then, as they neared it, and the forward funksters were preparing to fall back ere they came to the dread chances of the stiff vale beyond, a short turn to the left, followed by a slight diminution of melody, relieved their anxieties, and proclaimed that the fox still hugged the cover, and was bearing away to the left, giving our friends a further chance of riding their horses' tails off. Then the recent funksters came to the front again, hustling and bustling away, as though they were quite unacquainted with fear.

Round the wood the joyous pack raced, now showing their stern-lashed speckled sides as they crossed some recently cleared ground, now racing up a grassy avenue between lines of feathering spruce, and anon diving into the impenetrable thickets of the wilderness.

The longer they went the calmer the field became, until, at each junction of the rides or cross-roads, knowing sportsmen began pulling up, mopping their brows, and speculating on the fox's future course, each having some excellent reason to give why he *must* come back; why he couldn't go this way, or wouldn't go that; though, if the reasons had been sifted, they would have been found to originate in the prophet's convenience. Strutt would stay at the big oak at the cross rides, at the high end, feeling confident, with the "wind in that art," the fox would make for the rocks, while Brassey, who rode a terrible roarer, planted himself beside a clump of hollies that commanded a straight road to the forest.

On, on, however, Hall and Jug went, each slackening of the one only seeming to increase the energy of the other, though their horses by no means corresponded in their exertions. Tom's horse, at all times a soft one, began to heave and labour in his going, but Tom, having no more feeling or sympathy for a horse than he had for a steam-engine, only spurred him the more, thinking to pay him off for his misconduct on the Silverspring First day. Jug, too, who was of the same order, spurred and tugged his second charger, as if he thought his mouth was made of india-rubber. The perspiration began to pour down their legs, and over their hoofs. The hounds still careered on, round and round, back, and across—here, there, and everywhere, now joined by this lagging group, now deserted by that, now cheered by Dicky Dyke, now holloed on by Billy Brick. The ground was all foiled, and the rides dotted with hoof marks, like an over-pricked water biscuit. Neither Hall or Jug, however,

ever looked at that, nor do we believe they knew they were not going straight. Whenever the lulling music of the hounds seemed to prelude a stop, a view of the varmint set all ecstatic again. Many who had looked at their watches, with a keen eye to "pudding time," were thus inveigled again and again. Even "Head-and-shoulders," and the jumpers who despised all hunting that didn't involve good leaping, stayed for the chance of a spin at the end. Dicky too, had looked at his ticker, thinking he had done enough, and more than enough for any humbugging holiday field, and seeing by the failing scent and diminishing pace of the pack, that they had no chance either of catching the fox or making him flag, so wonderfully endowed is the varmint, was determining to pave the way for a stop, by halloaing "*Fresh fox!*" at the next view, when a death of another sort ensued. Our Tom's horse, who had given him as many hints as would have served anything short of a wooden man, at length gave a series of convulsive staggering flounders, and fell, bearing Tom standing like a second Colossus of Rhodes astride him.

"Get clear of him!" cried a dozen voices, thinking he might roll and damage our fat friend, but the warning was vain—a horse will never hurt a man if he can help it—and the poor glassy-eyed brute stretched out its lifeless neck on the spot where he fell, a cutting reproof to his stupid pig-headed, mutton-fisted master.

AGATHA'S HUSBAND AND BASIL.

JEFFREY, when persuading Thomas Moore to become a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, dwells upon the prospective pleasure to be derived from working out certain principles of criticism into their practical application. But the novels of the present day bid defiance to all adopted principles. We acknowledge to ours being of a very simple kind—a firm, inflexible belief that nature alone is truth—that all art should be more or less subject to this primary consideration—and that the novel, busying itself with "human" nature, can attain excellence only in proportion to the truth as well as the vividness of its portraiture. Robert Bell has said something of the kind when he intimates "that a novel is a picture of real life, and the test of its merit is the fidelity of its likeness." But when we assign the whole field of nature to art, making human nature the mainspring in the movement of fiction, we give a far greater scope to the re-active powers than as they are limited by our tasteful contemporary. Writers of the German, or so-called *Æsthetic* school, are better prepared than either of us to meet all kinds of monstrous productions—for they have a pseudo-philosophical and very elastic theory of the beautiful; the great fault of which is, that every critic twists and tortures it into his own way of thinking, or to suit his own prejudices. So long as a critic can give even a single quotation or philosophical proof, by illustration, of the truth of his statements that shall be evident even to the superficial reader, such a criticism cannot but be founded on truth; and the novel, to have deserved such, must have violated the simplicity of nature. This is what the first class of critics can do—the second very seldom; for they are always so involved in the machinery of their criticism, that they never let the moving power be apparent; and the reader has neither sympathy nor confidence in their elaborate and confused lucubrations.

In the midst of these existing differences of opinion on the elements of criticism, the novel itself is manifestly undergoing a great—a very marked change. It

was once a picture of life—historical, fashionable, domestic : no matter what—still, it was a narrative illustrative of character, more or less fruitful in incident, and more or less adorned by the graces of description. The novel now—and we have this month two striking examples before us, “Agatha's Husband”* and “Basil”—aims at something higher than this in art. It gathers its strength, like the folds of a mantle, round one, or at most two, figures : it limits character and incident to one or two great traits, and it works at these, and moulds them, and reproduces them under various phases, till, having fairly agonised the reader with suspense, it condescends to relieve him by a conclusion anticipated from the very commencement. Such a work is, to the ordinary novel, what “Manfred” or “Werner” would be in prose, or a Michael Angelo or Salvator Rosa to a Wilkie. “Basil” has, for example, only one theme—that theme is a repulsive one—but the love, and the ruin, and desolation of heart that attends upon that misplaced affection, is a great picture, well worthy of a master-hand. “Agatha's Husband” presents two themes. One, the jealousy of the husband ; the second, a pecuniary mystery. Agatha is a rich and fair girl, who weds Nathanael Harper, the younger brother of her guardian, Major Frederick Harper. She does this without loving him, and the manner in which love—true, earnest love, buds and blooms in that strangely perverse bosom, is one of the descriptive features of the work. Alas ! there are mysteries in human nature that even the novelist dare not approach, and there is a want of judgment shown in venturing upon such themes. Female authors will, however, invariably step boldly where men fear to trespass. Nathanael is no sooner married than he learns that his brother has lost all his ward's money by an investment in a Cornwall mine, and, what is infinitely worse, he is led by some foolish words, dropped by a foolish woman, to believe that his “wife” is secretly attached to his gay and profligate brother. From these two *qui pro quos* arise all the details of the drama. Nathanael, mainly out of regard to his brother's honour, does not divulge to his wife her penniless condition, and hence she cannot understand any act of life, why she cannot be charitable, why they live in a cottage, why Nathanael has to work for his bread. Agatha's husband is still more tenaciously secret concerning the deep-seated jealousy that, like a vulture, is perpetually gnawing at his heart. We feel that only one word is necessary, but that word is never spoken. If Agatha only inquires after Frederick's health, Nathanael covers his face in his hands and groans inwardly. Then, again, not knowing how offensive the allusion is to her husband, she is perpetually throwing it at him, with the practised skill of a Picador at a bull-fight. The simplicity of innocence is indeed carried so far, as at times to verge upon the ridiculous. It is needless to say that what between dear Aunt Valery and good Uncle Brian, a villainous lawyer, and other subordinates, truth is made manifest, and poetic justice is supposed to be done to all parties. But we do not coincide with its allotments. Major Harper did not deserve the inheritance of Kingcombe Holm, and had Agatha lost her husband by the burning of the *Ardente*, it would have been no more than she deserved ; and we venture to say that three-fourths of the readers of “Agatha”—a picture of a woman penned by a woman—will agree with us in this judgment. Still, as a work of art—of feeling and passion—wrought up from small beginnings to a great and powerful climax, “Agatha's Husband” stands incomparably first of the novels that will usher in the new year in the boudoirs of the *déanuyés*.

The author of “Antonina” has abandoned in his last work† the classical for the real ; and, in doing so, he has the credit of having gone into his subject with a scalpel rather than a pen. We have no sympathy with those dilettante novelists who profess to picture forth real life, and who nevertheless give to their characters all that false glare of purity and heroism which is nowhere found but in fiction. Every-day life is a very commonplace thing—yet, as Mr. Wilkie Collins has justly and poetically remarked, “Fancy and Imagination, Grace and Beauty, all those qualities which are to the work of art what scent and colour are to the flower, can only grow towards Heaven by taking root in Earth.” It might be a question whether more agreeable, more homely pictures of real life would not afford

* Agatha's Husband. A Novel. By the Author of “Olive,” “The Head of the Family,” &c. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

† Basil : A Story of Modern Life. By W. Wilkie Collins, Author of “Antonina,” “Rambles beyond Railways,” &c. 3 vols. Richard Bentley.

as much of that noblest poetry of prose fiction which is the poetry of every-day life, as such an extreme case as the relations of Basil, Margaret, and Mannion; but this it is scarcely fair to argue here: the author has chosen his theme, and selected an orthodox mode of treatment. It is with that, therefore, we have now to do.

Basil is the second son of a wealthy commoner, whose foible lies in attaching a most exaggerated importance to family descent and family connexions. His elder brother, Ralph, is a profligate of the French school; his sister Clara, just such a girl as all young and educated English ladies should aim to be. Young, rich, and trammelled by his father's invincible prejudices, Basil is foolish enough to fall desperately in love with a young woman he meets for the first time in an omnibus, and who turns out to be the daughter of a linendraper! And, as if this were not sufficient madness, he makes up to the young woman in the streets, declares his love, calls upon the astute vulgar shopkeeper, and actually agrees to marry the fair, vain, and heartless Margaret secretly, and at the same time enter into an agreement that he shall not meet his wife, except in the presence of a third person, for a whole year. All this is told almost as quickly as we tell it. Mr. Collins has deemed it necessary to apologise for having placed the love-meeting of the hero and heroine of the book in an omnibus, the last place, and under the very last circumstances, which the artifices of sentimental writing would sanction. But it is this very violation of the conventionalities of sentimental fiction that delights us. They met where, in real life, hundreds of other lovers have first seen each other, and nowhere would such a foolish, reckless career, so nearly allied to madness, be so hastily and so thoughtlessly entered upon, as follows upon this first interview with the fascinating draperess, except in real life. Fiction does not invent in these matters anything half so absurd, so utterly incomprehensible, as occurs in daily life. The more virtuous and unsophisticated the youth, just as in Basil's case, the more is the first outburst to be apprehended.

All have witnessed the pride which the innocent novel reader takes in detecting the character and fate of the different personages from hints purposely dropped by the artist in the course of his narrative; but the uninitiated little know the skill required to arouse the sense of danger round a person, and yet not betray, at once, the whole extent of his villainous propensities. It is for the reader's own sake necessary that the mind should be gradually prepared for evil, for the worst of all effects would be produced were any writer to be so extremely ambitious of novelty as to make his good personages turn out villains, and his reprobates virtuous and happy. Nothing could be more damaging to the novel than such an attempt. Mr. Collins has introduced his *bête noire* Mannion with elaborate skill and great judgment; the reader is made to feel that there is something wrong, but he cannot divine what—albeit he may have a previous suspicion of an anterior attachment between the pale-faced confidential clerk and the pretty shopkeeper's daughter. If there is a blemish, it is the Byronic painting of the man—his "unreal" firmness and immobility—his Satanic depth of resolve, and his Mephistophelian proportions in execution. Suffice it that Mannion has for excuse that he had by the persecution of his father (to the extent of hanging), by Basil's haughty parent, inherited a kind of prescriptive right to be the enemy of every member of Basil's house.

The conclusion is not the strong part of Basil—that is interwoven into the events of one marked year—a year in which fancy, feeling, passion, and retribution enough for a whole life are concentrated—a year worthy of description by a clever and ambitious writer. We only wish the same writer could also be induced to try his pinions in regions not quite so gloomy—not quite so forbidding. There are love and fancy, and poetry, too, in the more pleasing aspects of reality, and of social and domestic life.

THE LATER DRAMAS OF SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

ENTHUSIASTIC in his love of poetry and his homage to woman, it must have been with delight that Mr. Sheridan Knowles once heard himself thus addressed by a living poetess :

Master of feeling and of thought !
 Poet, who still hast truly wrought !
 Rich in the power our hearts to move
 With sudden touch of Nature's love ;
 With thrill of passionate distress,
 Or gush of gentlest tenderness,
 Or burst of free unconquer'd scorn,
 Or pride of noble instinct born—
 Who, of this present age, shall claim,
 In Shakspeare's art, an equal name ?
 None ! Thine should be a double wreath—
 Success in life—fame after death.*

Those there are, or have been, to whose sanguine judgment " *Virginius*" and the " *Hunchback*" promised a revival of the Elizabethan drama, in its richness, fulness, and popularity. Mr. Knowles pleased rather than discouraged them by his direct imitation of the Elizabethan style—or rather, perhaps, the style of Massinger and his contemporaries. This imitation was unfortunately suggestive of uncomplimentary comparisons among critics of a school clearer to discern and harder to please.† Yet there is much to be said on behalf of those modern playwrights who mould their style on that of the old Titans in question. In fact, it is almost an insuperable difficulty to write a successful tragedy, or poetical melodrama, that is *not* so moulded. "It is hard," says an eloquent writer, "not to chime with the voice of our Eldern Stage poets ever sounding in our ears; to them, as to divinities, we feel the origin of dramatic language is due, and none save the inexperienced or the vain will think discovery of another possible. . . . Each new play adds a proof that there is one style of our mother-tongue peculiar to dramatic composition, and that every other is unsuitable; if the author has adopted the modern style, his play infallibly turns out feeble and commonplace; if it evince any dramatic power, its style will as surely be artificial and antiquated." And the critic points to Mr. Knowles's tragedies as furnishing most conclusive examples of this doctrine—they being the nearest approaches to legitimate drama this age can vaunt, and their style declaring itself manifestly—mimic Elizabethan. Right or wrong, Mr. Knowles managed to win the public to his side. He had but to address them with his *vos plaudite*, and the plaudits made the welkin ring—if with an evanescent, yet with a hearty uproar. "Few men," says Mr. R. H. Horne, "ever had the sympathy of the public more completely in their power than Sheridan Knowles. Scarcely any imprudence or deficiency that he could be guilty of, in a new play, would cause

* Mrs. Norton.

† Mr. Carlyle, for instance, had a passing rap at our author, where he said, in contrasting (*more suo*) our own times with those of Queen Elizabeth, that "the people were *then* governed, not by a Castlereagh, but by a Burleigh; they had their Shakspeare and Philip Sidney, where we have our Sheridan Knowles and Beau Brummel."—*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1829.

the audience to damn it, though they might not go again to see it."* Imprudences and deficiencies are certainly not lacking in his theatrical writings; but it must be owned that he has superior and saving tact in the construction of his works, and in their practical adaptation to the conditions of the stage—a quality wherein so many dramatists are wholly wanting. It was well for his renown as an author that he took to the boards as an actor; so becoming versed in the "whole duty of man" behind the green baize and proscenium, and, like Molière, turning his talents to purposes of utilitarian gain as well as glory.† In one sense, therefore, it is flattering, though in another, and surely a higher sense, it is the reverse, to say that he is not a writer of closet plays.

To effect even a steeple-chase of the most harum-scarum kind through his dramatic territory, in its integrity, being quite impracticable, we propose to take direct notice, in the present instance, only of his later dramas, beginning with the "*Maid of Mariendorpt*"—selecting this section of his plays partly as comprising those with which the public are least familiar, and partly as the ripest if not the worthiest productions of his genius.

First, however, to enumerate his earlier theatrical essayings. In his twentieth year, the ardent Milesian perpetrated on paper a tragedy yclept "*The Spanish Story*," and four or five years afterwards he followed it up by a play called "*Hersilia*;" both are closet plays—by which we do not mean that they are for reading, but simply that they are *not* for acting. A little later he wrote "*Leo; or, the Gipsy*," which, with Kean for its *chef*, or bright particular star, met with decided success on the Waterford boards. This was followed by "*Brian Boroihme*" (revived in London in 1837), "*Caius Gracchus*," and "*Virginus*"—of which the last elicited from Charles Lamb the flattering *éloge*,

With wonder I
Hear my old friend (turned Shakspeare) read a scene
Only to his inferior in the clean
Passes of pathos, with such fence-like art,
Ere we can see the steel, 'tis in our heart.

Then came "*William Tell*," "*The Beggar of Bethnal Green*," "*Alfred the Great*," and the "*Hunchback*." "*The Wife; a Tale of Mantua*," and "*The Wrecker's Daughter*," came next; and then "*The Love Chase*," and "*Woman's Wit; or, Love's Disguises*." He acted loyally on the principle, "*Be the theme still dear woman!*"‡—her charms, her caprices, her constancy, her passion, her devotion, her purity, her unselfishness—the varying aspects of her whole nature, from the mood of "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," to that of "ministering angel." The poetry in which he conveys his sentiment, though not sparkling, as

* "New Spirit of the Age."

† "Ce fut alors que Poquelin, sentant son génie, se résolut de s'y livrer tout entier, d'être à la fois comédien et auteur, et de tirer de ses talents de l'utilité et de la gloire."—VOLTAIRE: *Vie de Molière*.

‡ A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* (Oct., 1852) remarks that in portraying female characters, Mr. Knowles's excellence is universally admitted—so truthful, exquisitely delicate, and tender is the genius displayed in his pictures of the purity of woman's heart. The following anecdote is characteristic: "I wish," said a lady to him on one occasion, "I could speak on behalf of my sex, and thank you as you deserve, for the way in which you have drawn us." "What else could I have done, my dear madam?" said Knowles, in his own hearty way; "God bless you, I painted them as I found them."

an Edinburgh reviewer says, with dazzling lustre, nor with a gorgeousness that engrosses our attention, has at least the merit, such as it is, of seldom impeding with useless glitter the progress and development of incident and character, "but mingling itself with them, and raising them pleasantly above the prosaic level of common life."*

The plot of the "Maid of Mariendorpt" is taken, with such alterations and omissions as stage-craft required, from one of Miss Porter's novels. It concerns the devotion of a daughter, Meeta, in behalf of her imperilled father, Muhldenau, who, while in quest of another daughter, lost during the siege of Magdeburgh many years before, and of whose existence he cherishes an irrepressible conviction, is seized in Prague as a spy, imprisoned, and sentenced to speedy death. Meeta quits home, and braves all hazards to see her sire once more, and to outpour her very soul in intercession for his pardon. In the supposed daughter of the Governor of Prague she secures an earnest mediator, and discovers her long-lost sister. The express orders of the emperor require the execution of the death decree on the aged prisoner; but the governor is delivered from the dilemma caused by conflicting duty and feeling, by an attack on the town conducted by Meeta's betrothed, the result of which is an *exerunt omnes* on the best of terms, and in exemplary and universal charity. The stout-hearted and eke tender-hearted maiden is of course the cynosure of admiring eyes; and several pretty things she says, as well as does, in the course of her enterprise; but there is no very striking evidence of art or of passion, no remarkable felicity of portraiture, or poetical sentiment. Her ardent, self-forgetting resolve to face any and all perils, that she may save her father, is expressed in a scene that recalls, to its own disadvantage, the similar undertaking of Thekla in Schiller's noble play. Joseph, the Bohemian Jew, by whose agency the redeeming *dénouement* is brought about, is a less philosophic version of Lessing's Nathan the Wise—one whose faith and works are essentially Christian, and who, if he is a little prosy, yet puts a Christianly restraint upon the longitude and latitude of his speeches. The good-natured, fussy, old governor, is another gentleman of excellent heart, whom the gods have not made poetical, though they seem to have inspired him with considerable powers of loquacity. Adolpha, his adopted child, and the sister of the heroine, is a graceful, winning damsel, whose changing moods, from gravest to most light, and all in like extreme, are ever sure of sympathy—whether her mirth defies all other wing, or her sadness dives a depth where none can follow her. We like, too, the sketch of Muhldenau; it is quiet, but pointed and affecting:

An old man
With a pale brow, sweet face, and silver hair,
That would not hurt a fly! and he must perish,
And no one to console him, and his daughter
Within the wall's breadth of him.

He is just the sort of father to save whom a high-minded child would not give up, or retreat, or compromise, "while there is chance the substance of a thread—a film." Well he warrants Meeta's stanch determination,

Altho' a thousand emperors
Had sworn against the life of his grey hairs,
While it is in them, I will try and save them!

* *Edinburgh Review*, 1833.

Joseph. Thou lookest faint. Some wine will hearten thee.

Meeta. I'll have no wine but such as I draw hence,
From my heart! There's not such wine in all thy house
To strengthen me! There's plenty, and to spare.
What time is he to die?

Joseph. Tell her. No use
Withhold it from her. Her spirit is the arch
Which gaineth strength by that which burdens it.

On the whole, however, there is but a stinted outlay of pathos in this drama, notwithstanding the opening it affords for the pathetic; vigorous passages and ebullitions of fancy are few and far between; and as for the comic business, it is entrusted to a "fat, fair, and forty" housekeeper and an uncouth man-of-all-work, in whose hands its breadth is gained at the price of depth; unction there is none in so diluted a preparation; the wit is out at elbows, and how can humour be sprightly in such company? When Esther and Hans giggle, we hear no chest-notes in their laughter, nor in that (if any) which they provoke in others.

In 1839, Mr. Knowles produced a play that gave the town some talk, and did the theatrical state some service; its title that *multum in parvo* monosyllable "Love." Although seldom repeated since that period, it had a marked success, and with the aids and appliances of clever acting and an elaborate *mise en scène*, it made what is technically called a sensation. It was written under pleasant and, to one of the author's temperament, highly favourable conditions—on the borders of Loch Ard, under the roof of Mr. Robert Dick, who, with his family, seems to have taken a kindly interest in the progress of the piece. "Never shall I forget," says Mr. Knowles, "the anxious, warm-hearted host, who one day laughingly snatched my fishing-rod from my hand when I was going to play truant; and, admonishing me that school-hours were not over yet—for it was noon, and I had limited myself to the evening for indulgence in the angle—set me to my book and pencil; on which occasion the fruit of my compelled industry was one of the best scenes in the play." Obligations of a literary and critical nature are also expressed towards Mr. John Forster and Mr. Planché; and altogether the play was evidently a source of more than wonted satisfaction to its enterprising author. The plot is neither very novel nor very ingenious; the action is sparsely doled out; the poetry is rather fluent and graceful than affecting or grand. But there is at least an absence of those stage solecisms which have swamped dramas of loftier pretensions; and we find throughout traces of no 'prentice hand in the creation of *tableaux vivans*, and the weaving of agreeable verse. A countess loves her secretary, a serf, but has never told her love. Her anxiety for his safety during a thunderstorm* is her involuntary witness. The duke, her father, commands Huon—who returns in secret the unrevealed passion of his mistress—to wed another, one Catherine, a wealthy enfranchised serf. Huon refuses, but at the countess's behest, and deceived by her mode of putting it, obeys the summons. A hasty private marriage is got up, at which Huon believes himself "sold" to the Catherine of low degree; whereas, by a *ruse* of the noble lady, whose name also is Catherine, he is booked for a *coupé* with herself in a first-class train. But alas and well-a-day! the poor dog knows not *that*; and incontinently he gives

* Elaborately burlesqued by Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, in his "Quizziology of the British Drama."

them all the slip, with as much hurry as though dunned by a *posse comitatus* of his bride's creditors, each armed with a "little account," and vigorously plying a steam leg a-piece. He goes to court, and becomes the observed of all observers—the glass of fashion and the mould of form—and but for the rooted memory of that *mésalliance* with Kate the cursed, would be a happy as he is a prosperous gentleman. Rumour says, the empress, having enfranchised him, and laden him with many honours, is about to make him conclusively and *in toto* her own. The poor countess is hereupon in "a state;" a crisis is hastened by the advent of the empress to attend a tournament, the victor at which, according to the will of the now deceased duke, is to have Lady Catherine for better, for worse: but the crisis has a happy turn; the fever of the patients abates by the seasonable "exhibition" (as doctors phrase it) of a plenary *éclaircissement*, and when the green baize descends, it is amid a shower of nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles, upon a set of worthy people who have just learned by heart that all's well that ends well. The countess is certainly portrayed with delicacy and vigour; the delineation and développement of her character testify notably to our author's study of the human heart, and insight into its highways and by-ways. Her struggle is the old one between love and pride, and ends—as all such struggles do—on the boards. Pride of herself, intolerance of all equality, makes her a proverb among her peers, who mark with an evil eye how she

Treads stately—throws her spurning glances round—
And talks as mighty things as though the earth
Were made for her alone.

How can such as she, they argue, stoop to one of low degree, to one despised alike in hall and hamlet, a social pariah, an outcast of the people? More loftily the stateliest of all her ancestors ne'er wore his rank, than she. The serf—what is he but a creature made for her pride to vent its mood upon, that insufferable pride, which alone seems fruit of her capricious womanhood! Be the problem hard of solution as it may, to the chopping logic of good society, it is forthwith solved by the title of the play; for, as Ulrick has it,

Never did achievement rival Love's
For daring enterprise and execution.
It will do miracles; attempt such things
As make ambition, fiery as it is,
Dull, plodding tameness, in comparison.

Nor has Mr. Knowles failed to avail himself of several highly effective situations in the conduct of this doctrine, in the conjugation of this verb *amare*. Such is the scene of the thunderstorm, when Huon is struck by lightning, and Catherine's pent-up affection overpasses every boundary, oblivious of all artificial restraint, and blind to the presence of others—a faithful illustration of the truth, that by fits and starts rather than by habits is the heart revealed—habits being put on, and subject to a science of calculation, whereas sudden outbreaks "so take the judgment off its guard, that inmost thoughts are shown"—hence, when the serf lay stricken beneath the forest trees,

With care for him
She all forgot herself. Had doubt remain'd,
It had vanish'd when assurance of his safety
Restored collectedness,

and embarrassed her with quest of apologies—how she had a horror of lightning; how it took away her wits; how she was appalled by a vision of sudden death; and so forth. So, again, the scene with Huon, when she secures his promise to sign the marriage articles with another; and when he returns from the wars, the *preux chevalier* of the empire and favourite of the empress; and, once more, the interview between countess and empress in the last act. In depicting this mental strife, Mr. Knowles was treading on ground well worn by himself as well as brother playwrights; but he acquitted himself once more with emphasis and discretion. Huon, too, is ably drawn—a man “to envy, though a serf”—one who reads with a music as a lute did talk, and writes like a graver, and translates dark languages, and is wise in rare philosophy, and is a master of the hautboy, viol, lute—why not also harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of instruments? We could have relished a little more of savage grandeur in his composition, and somewhat less of the drawing-room hero: but passing that, he is a leal-hearted and deserving fellow, whom we like well enough to hope that he had no occasion, in after times, to enact private rehearsals of “Taming the Shrew”—a too possible hypothesis when a strong-minded female like the countess, with all her attractions, makes up the better half of a man’s domestic felicity. The other Catherine is one of Mr. Knowles’s stock characters; modelled after the type of her vivacious but heart-whole namesake in Scott’s “Abbot,” from whose history, moreover, a parallel may be found for the mystification of sex, which so nearly involves Sir Rupert in an unseemly battle o’ the breeks. Ulrick, the sage, shrewd counsellor, is carefully painted, and gives utterance to some of the best poetry and best sense in the play.

Next year Mr. Knowles was ready with another, of less mark and likelihood—“John of Procida; or, the Bridals of Messina”—written, like the last, “in the sweet solitudes of Loch Ard,” and, like it, produced at Covent Garden Theatre, under the then management of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews. It is a tragedy, and in parts an impressive one; fertile in dramatic effects, full of glowing rhetoric, and not deficient in instances of strong passion. But it is unequally written; the energy is often strained and spasmodic; the versification is rather eloquent than poetical. Occasionally, however, we meet with noble sentiment finely phrased, and situations ably contrived. The story turns upon the efforts of John of Procida to rid his beloved Sicily of the presence of the usurping and insolent Gaul. When Charles of Anjou seized the crown of Manfred, the latter was succeeded in his “struggle with the arch-felon” by Conradine, and he was beheaded by the royal victor, meeting the scaffold in his own kingdom,

Like a host that’s butchered
In his own house, by thieves. . . Beside the block,
Within the axe’s glare, yet would not he
Give up his righteous cause, but from his hand
His gauntlet drew and flung into the space
’Twixt him and those who came to see him die;

beseeking some kinsman to take it up, as a symbol of the Sicilian cause: he that picked up the gage, and so espoused the “rightful quarrel,” with all its possible train of calamities, and evil report and good report, was John of Procida. Stanch and steadfast was he to redeem the pledge. With this empty glove, and no other seconding,

levies, munitions, allies, or subsidies, he went from Sicily, and returned "with monarchs and their kingdoms at his back, the sworn abettors" of his patriotic though seemingly desperate intent. A proof how Right,

Although, at setting out, a dwarf in thews,
By holding on will gather sinew, till
It moves that giant Might.

A stern oath has that unquailing veteran sworn—even death to the Gaul whoe'er he be, that now has footing in the land. This oath he imposes on his newly-discovered son, Fernando, the favourite and son-in-law of the French governor—and upon the *imbroglio* of crossing interests, emotions, and duties, in which the young Sicilian and his French bride are involved, depends the tragic power of the drama. The interview whereat Procida acquaints Fernando with their ties of blood, after exacting his enthusiasm in behalf of fatherland, and his fiery indignation at the oppression of strangers, is managed with masterly art, and excites real emotion. The appeal—

Were thy mother—she
That bore thee in the womb—in fetters, how
Wouldst deal with those that put them on? Wouldst talk
And laugh with them—shake hands with them—embrace them?
"Thou wouldst not?" But I tell thee, slave, thou wouldst.
For what's thy country, be she not thy mother,
And like a mother loved by thee?—

this appeal, we say, suggests a parallel passage, of much greater intensity of passion and force of colouring, in the splendid opening of "The Roman," by Sydney Yendys, where Rome is presented under the same maternal aspect.* Very striking, too, is the elaboration of the patriot father's struggle between patriotism and fatherhood—between the inexorable claims of his ideal and the budding sympathies of a new-born relationship. The woes of the catastrophe are highly wrought—Isoline's agony during the massacre, arising from apprehension for her father's fate, and devotion to her panic-stricken husband, is touching in its vehement nature, and verges on the sublime in its impulsive outbursts. With all its defects, this tragedy is starred with clustering beauties, and has a

— We left her. I and all
The brothers that her milk had fed. We left her—
And strange dark robbers, with unwonted names,
Abused her, bound her, pillaged her, profaned her!
Bound her clasped hands, and gagg'd the trembling lips
That pray'd for her lost children. And we stood,
And she knelt to us, and we saw her kneel,
And look'd upon her coldly and denied her!
Denied her in her agony—and counted
Before her sanguine eyes the gold that bought
Her pangs.—
The robbers wearied, and they bade us hold her,
Lest her death-struggles should get free. She look'd
Upon me with the face that lit my childhood,
She call'd me with the voices of old times,
She blest me in her madness. But they show'd us
Gold, and we seized upon her, held her, bound her,
Smote her. She murmur'd kind words, and I gave her
Blows. And my mother was
Yours. And each man among you day by day
Takes, bowing, the same price that sold my mother,
And does not blush. Her name is Rome.—"The Roman," pp. 4—6.

romantic interest that sometimes enthrals the mind, testifying the reality, if also the fluctuations, of the author's dramatic power.

Another year (1841) and another play. This time it is a comedy, "Old Maids"—illustrating the heart-experiences of Ladies Blanche and Anne, a vivacious couplet, by themselves consecrated to single blessedness, and by circumstances and emotions "over which they have no control," enwreathed, vastly to their satisfaction, in chains of wedlock; so that in the epilogue they make a grace of their defection, and pray to be applauded as comfortable martyrs in the cause for which they had contended with more zeal than knowledge—hugging their chains, and turning

With loving faith the links to flowers,
Of which the poorest beggars liberty.

Sir Philip Brilliant is neatly finished off—the not unnatural and unexampled amalgam of a butterfly in the drawing-room, and a man in the field: his nature is of the true stuff; he is a blade of proof in a dainty scabbard—you may laugh at the scabbard, but you won't at the blade. A living philosopher has remarked that many instances, during the last war, showed us that in the frivolous dandy might often look the most fiery and accomplished of aides-de-camp; and these cases show, that men, in whom the world sees only elegant *roués*, sometimes from carelessness, sometimes from want of opening for display, conceal qualities of penetrating sagacity, and a learned spirit of observation, such as may be looked for vainly in persons of more solemn and academic pretension. Such a social paradox is Sir Philip, who, before he has done, contrives to amaze his familiars that a man "so slight to contemplate" should realise a "generous manhood so robust in healthy comeliness," and to impel a compassionate lady to argue thus with herself:

That man has got a heart and does not know it.
Nought of himself, save what his mirror shows him,
He sees. His eyes are shut to what he is
Within, where lie his nobler properties;
I'll open them, and make a man of him!

The comedy is light and heavy by turns—somewhat flighty and extravagant in incident—and at the same time hackneyed in treatment. The wit has a *fade* lustre, nor does the humour gush with the fresh bubbling effervescence of a newly unsealed spring. Wit and humour there are, notwithstanding; and of a kind more fresh and sparkling than might be looked for from one who had already taxed his brain so many a time and oft. The high-life below stairs, we must add, connected with the episode of dolt-headed John Blount, is but indifferent fooling; and the character of John himself is simply absurd. Harley might squeeze a laugh out of it; but in the closet the part suggests but dreary mirth.

The comedy was followed (1842) by a play of the "poetical melodrama" species—"The Rose of Arragon:" which tells how Olivia, a peasant wedded to a prince, saves the realm from sedition and anarchy, returning good for evil to the king and court which had despised and wronged her; and worthy of her sisterly love is the—
in her auth-
magnanim-
most st-
ment
—the mouthpiece of some of Mr. Knowles's
quite inexhaustible source of lofty senti-
, Almagro—the foiled suitor of Olivia, and

the temporary Regent of Saragossa—is also vigorously depicted, with subtle traits which bespeak study and penetration. He is arrogant, overbearing to the weak, ungrateful, and treacherous.

Of all pernicious things, the very worst
Is large ambition with a narrow soul,
Because it strives for power which, when obtain'd,
'Tis certain to abuse.

Such is the ambition of Almagro, coupled with a vanity voracious as the hunger that's disease, which, though 'tis gorged full to the throat, cannot stop craving on. "For his own ends he heaps up discontents 'gainst all above him, to crush them with the weight—not for the hatred he bears oppression, but for envy of it—blaming the grievance he himself inflicts not." One or two of the dialogues between him and Alasco are excellent; that in the dungeon of torture, notwithstanding its "little more than kin" to German horrors and the trap-door accessories of our transpontine theatres, is conducted with the ease of a stage tactician. Villain as Almagro is, one hardly likes to see him sitting on the rack—that couch of groans, of sweat-drops, wrung by dint of agony, of death-pangs, thick and sharp, though lingering. "Decline you the fair seat?" asketh Alasco. Why, as Alasco had appropriated the only other "fair seat"—to wit, the block—there was almost too pungent an irony in this grim version of Hobson's choice. But Alasco makes more than amends when he begs off this rascal who can so cleverly smile, and smile, and smile, and be a villain, from the plenipotentiary embrace of the rack, to which the restored king had given him letters of advice. We admire the warm-hearted burst:

Spare him! O God! sir, we were boys together.
Howe'er it changes with us on life's road,
The sunny start all intervals breaks through,
And warms us with the olden mood again!
The hearty laugh of youth is in mine ear,
And there stands he who shared it with me, now
A woeful bankrupt.

There are many such tid-bits in the "Rose of Arragon."

The Drury Lane management (1843) of Mr. Macready gave another opening for a play by Sheridan Knowles. Again a novel provided him with a plot. The prolific dramatist borrowed a story from the prolific romancist, Mr. G. P. R. James. "The Secretary" is an adaptation of "The King's Highway." It presents the author's favourite subject of a lady stooping to woo one whom conventional restraints forbid to take the initiative. Such a presentment requires great skill in o'erstepping not the modesty of nature, and in keeping up our respect for the lady while touched by her ardour. This skill Mr. Knowles eminently possesses; and though the situation has no "infinite variety" such as time cannot stale, he contrives to invest each successive enactment of it with an individual interest. Wilton Brown, the "Secretary," is the Sir Thomas Clifford, or the Huon, in this reverse system of popping the question; a man with a coat not respondent to his head and heart; low in circumstance and lofty by nature, for

A man that owns
A noble soul is not an humble man,
In the poor sense wherein the sapient world
Mouths out the trite and questionable phrase.

Lady Laura is as generous and impetuous as her predecessors ; but not so true to reality, or to art, in the elaboration of her passion. She holds a virtue higher than a grace, and therefore prefers honesty to bashfulness. Let the pillars of society quiver and quake as they list at her masculine procedure—she exults with masculine philosophy in her *mens conscia recti*—let them exclaim,

O, doubtful pass
To come to!—for a maiden unenforced
To tell her love! What can be urged for her?
What can she urge herself?

She is not a whit dumbfounded by the cross-examination, but replies :

Why this,—that heaven
Inform'd her ; so she knew its handiwork,
And worshipp'd heaven in it!

An unanswerable position to take up, in behalf of

A man to love whom is to boast one's self.

The world may utter its "critique of pure reason" as it will, and draw up as many systems of courtship, and text-books of etiquette, and logics of matrimony, as it pleases : Lady Laura, meanwhile, refuses to admit logic as a guide, or authority as a law, and resolutely abides by her own intuitions, as indeed most young ladies do in such matters, albeit not with the same practical determination. She erects her intuitions into a science, and puts the science into practice. Colonel Green is the only other character of note ; a man who has endured the buffets of the battle of life in sturdy self-reliance, and is sound and hale within. The bad man of the play (what an indispensable personage is *that* ! and one that deserves a service of gold plate as much as other indifferent characters in actual life), Lord Byerdale, is a rather commonplace villain, whom one is not at the trouble to hate so much as might be desirable ; and the Mercutio, his son, talks an infinite deal of nothing *not* quite so cleverly as Gratiano did on the quays of Venice.

With "The Secretary" terminated the *cours dramatique* of Mr. Knowles. Be it true or not that all the world's a stage, and all its men and women merely players, there is no gainsaying the fact that *he*, in his time, has played many parts—off as well as on the boards. Now a song-writer ; now a professor of rhetoric ; now an opera librettist ; now a schoolmaster* at Belfast ; now a dramatist ; now an actor ; now a theological controversialist ; now a lecturer ; now a novelist ; and now—*emphatically now*—if the newspapers fib not, a chartered professor of elocution at a Baptist college—himself a professed and duly matriculated Baptist. There is something amusing, and withal serious, in the incompatibility of this, his final vocation, with the report of a monthly contemporary, that Mr. Knowles is now enjoying the curatorship of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon.

* In which capacity one of his pupils, Mr. Attorney-General Napier, speaks of him with fervent eulogy :—"No man gave so great an impulse to the cause of education in the north of Ireland. His habits were altogether those of a child of genius—hence his discipline was irregular ; he was neither our schoolmaster nor our schoolfellow—he was both, and sometimes more than both ; but we loved him, and he taught us. . . . I delight," adds the hon. and learned gentleman, "in the simplest tribute to my dear old master, whom I love as heartily as when I hid his cane, or put his hat up the chimney."—*Dublin U. Mag.*, cccxxviii.

CREOSOTING TIMBER.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

EVERYBODY has had the toothache ; consequently, everybody knows that creosote is. Very few people are, however, aware that the clear, watery-looking spirit with which they have vainly scorched and blistered their gums is, though in a different form, a cure for all the ills which wood is heir to.

From the days of Pliny downwards, all manner of ideas have been suggested, and all manner of efforts made to prolong the natural duration of timber, by enduing it with an artificial power of resistance to its foes. Lime, salt, corrosive sublimate, and countless other chemical agents have been infructuously tried ; their use did not appear to add one single year to the evanescent lives of poles and rafters. Dry rot and wet rot, ants and worms, were as destructive as ever, and there seemed to be no prospect of bestowing on timber the immortality so much desired for it.

In 1839, a patent was obtained, by Mr. John Bethell, for preserving wood, by injecting into it oil of tar, commonly known as oil of creosote, from the quantity of that spirit which it contains : the experience of thirteen years appears to prove that the long-sought discovery has at last been made. In the Great Exhibition last year, attested average specimens of creosoted timber were shown, which positively were, after ten or twelve years' constant use, as sound and solid as when they were first put down ; while in immediate and most suggestive comparison with them were pieces of undoctored wood which, after one-third of the same sort of service as their pickled neighbours had performed, presented the external similitude of pulverised hay, or shrivelled honeycomb. Mr. Bethell's invention was mentioned, with strong commendation, in the Jurors' reports, and a prize medal was awarded to him for it.

The so-called "creosote," employed in this process of embalming wood, is one of the products obtained by distillation from common coal tar. It is a thick, dark brown oil, rather heavier than water, with which, of course, it will not mix. It is not quite the sort of stuff which one would like to put into one's mouth, even in the delusive hope of curing pain. The spirit which the chemists sell by the same name is distilled, with much more care and elaboration, from a different material.

Mr. Bethell's principal works near London are at East Greenwich. They have a wharf frontage to the river, for the reception of the raw timber, which is brought alongside in barges, and is landed and piled into stacks until its turn comes for undergoing the treatment which is to bestow upon it everlasting youth. The timber consists of railway sleepers, piles, telegraph posts, and other articles for use in the open air. Palings, pit-props, and hop-poles, are often sent to be preserved, and the process has even been tried upon waste fish, for use as manure.

In the middle of the works stand, or rather lie conspicuous, side by side, two immense wrought-iron cylinders, each seventy feet long, and six feet in diameter inside ; with doors at one end, and a tramway running from the river side right into each. Next to them is a brick "drying house," with ovens and flues for drying and smoking the wood. Some large, open, iron tanks, a steam-engine, and a saw-mill, complete the machinery of the establishment.

Several thousand "blocks," or double sleepers, lie piled about the ground. Each block is nine feet long and ten inches square, so as to make, when sawn down the middle, two sleepers of the usual English narrow-gauge size of nine feet long, ten inches wide, and five inches thick. Semicircular sleepers, of the same proportions, are also sometimes used; but they are more common abroad than in England.

The cutting of the blocks is the first process which they undergo. The sleepers which they form are carried from the saw-mill to the drying-house, where they remain for twenty-four hours in an atmosphere of dense smoke, at a temperature of 180 degrees; the effect produced upon them is almost exactly similar to the "curing" of herrings or bacon. The whole of the inherent moisture of the wood being thus expelled, and the albumen in the sap-vessels being coagulated by the heat, the sleepers are placed on trucks, and are run along the tramway right into the cylinder. As many truck loads as it will hold are pushed into it one after the other, and when it is packed full, or, in creosoting language, "charged," the doors are closed and made air tight. A steam exhausting pump is then applied to the cylinder; all the atmospheric air in it is sucked out, and a vacuum is created in it, *and in the wood which it contains*. The creosote oil is then thrown, by an hydrostatic force-pump, from a neighbouring reservoir, into the cylinder, at a continuous pressure of 180lbs. to the inch, and it naturally and necessarily rushes into the pores of the wood to replace the air which has been withdrawn from them. The force-pump is kept at work for ten or twelve hours, by which time a sufficient quantity of oil (usually two-thirds of a gallon, or 7lbs. weight, to a cubic foot of pine timber) has been injected. The doors are then opened, the pickled wood is drawn out again in the trucks, and a fresh "charge" is introduced in its place. The finished wood is reloaded into barges, and is carried off to its thenceforth eternal duties.

In cases where it is not considered essential to so thoroughly imbue the wood with the preservative oil, it is simply thrown, after having been smoke-dried, into an open tank full of hot creosote, and is allowed to soak there for forty-eight hours. This less expensive process can, however, only be applied to short lengths of timber; long pieces must be submitted to pressure in the exhausting cylinder; for as the oil enters at the ends, and not at the sides, force is necessary to send it up to any distance beyond four or five feet.

As the men at the Greenwich establishment are paid by piece-work, they will sometimes dispense with the trucks and tramway, and will, in order to get a larger charge at once, pack the wood into the cylinder with their own hands; and as they must also, in that case, withdraw it themselves, they are obliged to go right into the oil-dripping cylinder to perform their duties, and have to breathe an atmosphere of tar which, though it almost blinds them, from its effect upon the eyes, yet gives them an amount of appetite which no other known stimulant can impart. Perhaps the *chef* of some illustrious *gourmet* will act upon this information, and will invent, as a substitute for hunger-inspiring oysters, a "*vol-au-vent à l'huile de goudron*."

The action of creosote upon wood is to completely fill up the pores, and to coat the fibres; so that it almost loses the character of wood, and acquires the consistency of pitch. It is, when thus prepared, utterly insensible to the action of air or water; its natural tendency to fermenta-

tion is destroyed by the removal of the causes which produce it ; and we all know that, without previous fermentation, decay cannot occur. It is so pre-eminently nasty to the taste (in spite of its appetising effects) that even the voracious teredo will not touch it, but abandons it for the more luxurious feeding which he finds in uncreosoted timber.

One of the most observable points of this process is that it bestows its gift of longevity mainly on the poorer and more despised sorts of wood, and comparatively refuses it to the aristocrats of timber. Pine, fir, and all soft porous woods, obtain from it an apparently endless grant of life ; while oak and beech, and all the harder trees, are prevented, by their own superior close grain, from an equal participation in its benefits. The oil cannot get into them in sufficient quantity to thoroughly fill all their pores.

It was imagined, some few years ago, that all the effects which we have described as consequent upon the application of creosote, could be produced with equal certainty by corrosive sublimate. The latter preservative has, however, failed completely, especially in cases where wood imbued with it has been subjected to the excavating propensities of sea-worms. They have eaten the sublimate (poison though it is) and the wood together ; and they in no way risked their valuable lives when partaking of such deleterious food, for corrosive sublimate, when mixed with white of egg, or any form of albumen, such as that contained in the sap of timber, is as harmless as the most tender-hearted entomologist could desire.

The application of creosote to railway sleepers appears to be becoming almost universal in England, and it is also very extensively employed for the same purpose abroad. If it continue to faithfully discharge its duties, and to watch with the unfailing care it has hitherto exhibited over the wooden interests committed to its charge, shielding them from all enemies, however powerful or cunning, we may expect that, in the course of time, forests will begin to grow all over the world again, because there will be no use for them when cut down. When that happens, what will become of the timber merchants ? But perhaps the end of the world may arrive in the interval, so that the question will not have to be asked.

LISETTE'S CASTLES IN THE AIR.

FROM THE DANISH OF H. P. HOLST.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

I HAVE always considered a garret as one of the most poetical abodes on earth. Ye happy beings who, from that lofty altitude, can look down upon the paltry bustle of the world, do ye not also appreciate the advantages which ye possess ? Envy not those whose cradles were rocked in palaces or gilded saloons, for their good fortune cannot be compared to yours. In these airy regions peace and freedom reign. Ye are surrounded with the purest atmosphere—ye have but to throw open your elevated casements to inhale the clear, fresh air, whilst the rich beneath you, in their close chambers, seek eagerly for one breath of it to refresh them, and assist their stifled respiration. No prying opposite neighbour

watches you, or disturbs your peace ; there is nothing except the swallow which builds its nest upon the roof, or the linnet that flutters before your window, and greets you with its song. Ye are raised far above all human misery, for none of it is apparent to your eye ; the manifold sounds of the busy street—the itinerant vendor's varied cries—the rumbling of carriages and carts, scarcely reach your ears. Ah, happy tenants of those lofty regions ! how frequently, and with what magnetic power, do ye not draw my glances upwards towards you !

Far up yonder—high—high—mounting towards the clouds—where the rosebush and the white curtains adorn the window, lives a little milliner girl, about seventeen years of age. Courteous reader, if you are not shocked at the idea of ascending that steep staircase, and these innumerable steps, we will visit her together. Be not afraid ! Your reputation shall not suffer—I will cast Peter Schlemil's cap over you—you shall see all, and be yourself unseen. You will ! Then follow me, but be silent and discreet ; it is a charming girl whom we are going to see.

We enter—hush ! Make no noise, for Heaven's sake ; Lisette is occupied. At this moment she is busy trying on, before the mirror, a bonnet of the newest fashion, which she has just finished making. This is one of the most important incidents in a milliner's life. It is to her of as much consequence as his pieces are to a dramatic writer ; with every new bonnet which *she* has constructed—with every new play which *he* has composed—comes the deep anxiety, whether the work shall add another blossom to the garland of their fame, or shall despoil them of their *renommée*. Let us not disturb her, but rather let us take a survey of the little apartment which contains all her treasures.

If your eye be accustomed to rest on silken tapestry, rich carpets, elegant toilet, and costly work-tables, these principal embellishments of a young lady's boudoir, I would advise you somewhat to lower your ideas, for Lisette possesses none of these, nor does she feel the want of them. All that belongs to her is simple and frugal, but scrupulously clean and neat. The ceiling and the walls rival in whiteness the snowy coverlet which is spread over her couch. Near this stands a wardrobe, in which hang two dresses and a shawl ; and on a chair close by lie a couple of caps and a straw hat, trimmed with gay ribbons. These form her little stock of habiliments. A large oaken table occupies the centre of the room ; it is covered with pieces of *crêpe*, silk, satin, artificial flowers, plaits of straw, patterns, a knife, and a pair of scissors. These are all her store, and all her apparatus. On a plain chiffonier lie a Psalm-book, a well-worn romance of Sir Walter Scott, some songs, and a little pamphlet, entitled “The Ladies' Magic and Dream Book.” These comprise her whole library. I had nearly forgotten the most valuable article among her furniture—yon old lounging-chair, covered with morocco leather ; I call it the most valuable, for it was her only heirloom from her forefathers. A mirror is suspended over the chiffonier, before which Lisette is standing, fully engaged in taking a survey of herself. There is no mistaking the smile that is playing around her lips—the light that is beaming from her eyes. The critical examination has been satisfactory, and she is pleased with her own handiwork. And well may she be so ; for the tasteful white silk bonnet casts a soft shade over her brow of ivory, and the rose-coloured *crêpe* with which it is trimmed seems pale when compared to her blooming cheek. I could venture to wager a

thousand to one that Lisette's face is a hundred times prettier than that of the fair dame or damsel for whom this bonnet is intended. Doubtless this idea has struck *her* also ; see, she hastens to her wardrobe, and takes from it her light green shawl. She throws it around her shoulders, arranges it in graceful folds over her slender throat and fairy form, turns to the glass and contemplates herself, first on one side then on the other, and laughs in the glee of her heart.

Brava, Lisette—brava ! Hark ! she sings—

“ For a country girl I surely may
Look on myself with some small pride ;
Alonso—yes ! all the world will say,
Thou hast chosen a nice little bride.”

At that moment she fancies she hears some one knock at her door. In the twinkling of an eye everything is put in due order ; the shawl is hung on the peg in its proper place, the bonnet laid conspicuously on the table, and “ Come in ” is answered to the summons. “ Come in, Ludvig,” she repeats in a clearer voice ; but Lisette must surely have been mistaken, for no one enters at her bidding. She goes towards the door and listens, she peeps through the keyhole, and finally opens the door and looks out, but no mortal is there.

The foregoing scene is resumed : the shawl is taken again from its sanctum, the bonnet is replaced on her rich glossy brown hair ; again her dark eyes shine, and again she smiles in the most captivating manner. Happy little Lisette ! How unpretending must be her claims to the joys of life ! A bonnet is sufficient to minister to her happiness. She parades up and down the room. How proudly she carries her little head ; what fascination in her air and figure ! She has that grace which is neither acquired nor affected ; that untaught grace which nature, in its caprice, sometimes bestows on a milliner's girl, and denies to a lady of the court, or to a princess !

At that moment her glance falls on the forgotten common straw hat with its pink ribbons, and the sight of it instantly dispels all her gaiety. Who now wears such a bonnet ? It is quite, quite out of fashion, unfortunate Lisette ! You—you alone are born to hide your lovely countenance under such a hideous shade ; and not one single male being may behold how charmingly the modern little silk bonnet becomes you. Another is to enjoy the fruit of your labour, to sport the work of your hands, and the production of your taste and skill ! Poor girl ! It is hard, it is unjust, your sad fate is really to be pitied.

With the slightest look in the world of chagrin she has cast herself into the leather arm-chair to take some rest after her fatigues. The clock has struck half-past seven, and she has been working since four in the morning. She can hardly repress her impatience. “ What can have become of Ludvig ! ” she exclaims to herself. “ Everything seems to conspire against me to-day ; surely he cannot have taken it into his head to visit me in the forenoon, when he knows that *this* is my leisure time ? Why does he not come ? For though he plagues me sometimes, and he is often vexed with me, he knows very well how glad I am to see him.”

Lisette becomes thoughtful, and begins to meditate upon the future. Her position is trying enough. What signifies it to her that her embroidery, her flounces, her caps, are always beautiful ; that her bonnets look quite as fashionable as those of the court milliners ? She barely makes a

maintenance, and she has an invalid mother to support. What prospect is there of any change in her circumstances? What good fortune has she to hope for in the future? She throws herself back in the lounging-chair, closes her eyes, and begins—to dream.

Ah! who does not know what happy miracles take place in dreams? Real joys are seldom the growth of this world, and are only found by a few; but to compensate for their absence, by the bounty of Providence, a reflection of them is permitted to all mankind; for *fancy* may, for an instant, bestow that happiness which never can be realised. The pleasures of imagination are open to all; in dreams we may taste of felicity, and surely none are so wretched as never in fancy to have known a moment of consolation and comfort.

Lisette is smiling; she is not asleep, but she has closed her eyes, the better to enjoy her little world of phantasies and dreams. Her situation in life is altered. She is no longer the poor Lisette who must toil from day to day to supply her urgent wants, and whose wardrobe consists only of two or three dresses, a shawl, and a coarse straw hat. Oh, no; it is far different! She need no longer exert herself so much, and is no longer obliged to rise with the swallow, whose nest is near her window. She has bought silk dresses, a pretty bonnet, and a fashionable shawl. She has been to Charlottenlund; has heard the band at Frederiksberg; and wandered in the woods with her young friends. What magic has suddenly wrought this change in her destiny? She dreams it; and who would recal her from the harmless enjoyment of her vivid waking visions? Lisette delights in the theatre; she has been there twice in her life, and has seen the "Elverhøi" and "King Solomon;" but she knows all the opera and vaudeville airs by heart, and sings them like an angel. She has just settled that she will take a box for the season, when she hears a knock at the door. "Come in!" she exclaims, languidly; and this time it is no false alarm, for a waiting-maid walks in with a parcel and a bandbox. Lisette is somewhat annoyed at the interruption; however, she rises and asks what is wanted. The maid brings an old bonnet to be re-trimmed for her mistress, and orders a new one for herself, which she desires may be ready by the next Sunday, when she is going out, and will call for it. She dares not let her mistress see it; but her lover, the mate of a ship trading to China, insists on her being nicely dressed. He has presented her with a china-crape shawl, which she begs may be allowed to remain at Lisette's until the important Sunday.

As she is leaving the room the clock strikes eight, and Lisette suddenly remembers that she has not watered the rosebush, which was given her by Ludvig. What shameful carelessness! She hastens to perform the pleasing task: that in doing this her glance falls upon the pavement below, and that at the same moment the handsome hussar officer, Lieutenant W——, is passing by—surely must be the work of chance. He bows—it must be to the family of the Councillor of State in the lower story, not to the inhabitant of the poor garret up at the roof of the house. He casts a look up towards heaven, and sees a heaven in Lisette's beautiful eyes. Perhaps he was watching the clouds, and thinking of the weather; but his eyes sparkled like the beam of the noonday sun, or like two very bright stars. He lifts his hand to his military cap—how elegant are his movements! What a pretty compliment to pass unnoticed! Unnoticed? If so, what means that deep blush on Lisette's

cheek? Is it the blush of triumphant beauty, or is it merely a passing tint, cast by the roses over which she is bending?

Lisette busies herself with the plant, and trains its branches with more than usual assiduity. It would seem that she redoubled her care of the rosebush, by way of making up to its donor for her momentary faithlessness. "I will never see him more," said Lisette to herself; "I will never come near the window again at eight o'clock. To-day I have done so for the last time. But why so? I am guilty of nothing—I have never once spoken to him; all I know is, that he always passes this way precisely at eight o'clock; but I have no right to think that it is on my account. Perhaps it is not good for my rosebush to be watered so late; and Ludvig is so jealous—oh, so jealous! I can't imagine why; I am sure he has no cause for jealousy. It is too bad. Ah—these men! these men! They expect from us one sacrifice after another, but not the slightest pleasure will they allow to us."

During this monologue her eye had fallen on the parcel left by the waiting-maid. Her curiosity becomes excited to see what is in it, and especially what sort of a shawl the mate had bestowed upon "that stupid Lena." She stands for some time debating with herself, her eye riveted on the parcel; at length she determines to open it. What a beauty it is! No countess could have a handsomer shawl. Lisette wraps it round her, and betakes herself again to the glass, where she gazes at it with the utmost admiration, slightly tintured perhaps with a *little* dash of envy. Taking it off, and laying it on her table, she places herself a second time in the old leather arm-chair, and sinks back into the world of dreams. But it is no longer the box at the theatre that occupies her imagination; her head is full of the charming shawl. She fancies that she has one as pretty; that her plain dress is exchanged for another of splendid materials; that she is surrounded by admirers, and—little coquette that she is—that she gives them no hope, for she loves only Ludvig; but still, she does not quite discard them.

But where is Ludvig himself all this time? Look round, and you will behold him now!

Do you see that young man with an intelligent countenance, with bright speaking eyes, and dark curly hair, who at this moment has entered the room? That is Ludvig. His open collar exhibiting his throat, and the rest of his somewhat fantastic costume, at once evince that he is an artist; but we must add, that he is an artist of no ordinary talent, and that as a portrait-painter he is admired and sought after. He has closed the door softly, and stealing forward on tiptoe, he approaches Lisette, who, lost in her magic world of dreams, is not at all aware of his presence. She is leaning gracefully back in the large easy-chair, her eyes closed, their long dark lashes reposing on her fair soft cheeks, and an enchanting smile, caused by the drama of her imagination, playing around her rosy lips. He bends over her as if he would fain, from the expression of her countenance, read her unspoken thoughts. What a study for a painter! What an exquisite pleasure for an ardent lover! Ludvig can no longer merely *look*—he snatches up her hands, and covers them with kisses.

Lisette opens her eyes. At that very moment she had been dreaming of him; she had refused all her other suitors for his sake; she had forgotten the caprice, the jealousy, the absurdities of which she had often

accused him, and only remembered how happy she was to be beloved by him. Ludvig could not have arrived more opportunely. She reproaches him playfully for being so late, scolds him for keeping her waiting so long, but soon allows herself to be appeased. She tells him how industrious she has been, shows him the newly-finished bonnet, and does not omit to try it on before him—for she must have *his* opinion to confirm her own. Perhaps all this may be called coquetry: well, allowing it to be coquetry, there is no guile or deceit in it. Poor Ludvig is over head and ears in love, therefore he is charmed with Lisette, with the bonnet, with everything. His warm feelings find expression in compliments such as Lisette is not accustomed to hear from him, and she naturally thinks him more than usually agreeable. They chat about their first acquaintance, the simple incidents of their love-history, and “*Do you remember when?*”—“*Do you recollect that time?*” these phrases, so often introduced into the colloquies of lovers, pass and repass from their lips; they dwell, not only on their past reminiscences, but on their future hopes, and above all, on their mutual affection, that theme which never seems to become wearisome, and the variations to which appear to be endless. Lisette then relates her day-dreams, and her castles in the air—at least a part of them, as much as she thinks Ludvig can bear to hear, but even that part seems to displease him, for an ominous shake of his head, as he listens to her, does not escape her observation.

“Good Heavens!” she exclaims, “how have I sinned now? What does that grave look portend? It is really very tiresome. Two minutes ago you were so lively and so good-humoured. Is there any harm in my building castles in the air to amuse my leisure moments, and laying plans in fancy which I know can never come to pass?”

“And how can *you* be so hasty, and seem so vexed about nothing? I am not at all displeased, my dear girl. I do not deny that these dreams of yours are quite innocent; but I do say this, that if your head be filled with all these romantic schemes and ideas, and you encourage yourself in cherishing them, by-and-by you will be so led away by the vagaries of your own imagination, that you will be discontented with the humble lot which, alas! I have but the means of offering you.”

“Oh! you have no need to entertain such a fear. Am I not happy in the thought that the time may come when we shall share each other's destiny? or have I ever regretted that my fate is to be united to yours? What care I for wealth, or for all those fictions which it pleases the world to call good fortune? It is your affection alone which can make me rich; without that—I should value nothing.”

Who could withstand such words from the beautiful mouth of a charming young girl? Ludvig has already in his own mind owned he was wrong, and now he hastens to beg a thousand pardons. He presses her to his heart, and is about to assure her of his entire confidence in her—when—he suddenly perceives the costly shawl that is lying, half folded, on the table, and the words die away upon his lips. Suspicion has darted across his mind. “Where could that expensive shawl have come from?” he asks himself. “She could not afford to buy it. Does she receive presents from any one but me? Can she be faithless—false?” His easily aroused jealousy speedily got the better of him, and her guilt was no longer to be doubted.

Lisette had not in the slightest degree observed this sudden change;

she permitted her head to rest affectionately on his shoulder—but he quickly disengaged himself, and pushed her coldly from him.

“What is the matter, Ludvig?” she asked, in much surprise. “Are you out of humour again? What is wrong now?”

“Oh! nothing, nothing! at least nothing of consequence enough for you to care about.”

“What can you mean? Am I not privileged to share your sorrows and annoyances, whether they are great or small? You know you are sure of my sympathy; why, then, should you conceal anything from me? But you have no longer any confidence in me; you love me no longer as you used to do, or you would not treat me thus.”

“These reproaches come well from your lips indeed, Miss Lisette. Certainly you have much to complain of.”

Lisette became angry, for she knew that she was innocent of all evil. Had she not, a few minutes before, vowed not to go so often to the window, when the handsome hussar officer passed? And had she not recently, in fancy, discarded all her suitors, determining to admit and to listen only to Ludvig? And now to be treated so by him! Was her fidelity to be thus rewarded? “Fie, Ludvig!” she exclaimed, with some vehemence. “You are too tyrannical; you have often been hasty, irritable, nay, unkind to me; but I have borne it all patiently, for I knew your unreasonable jealousy; but you are too sharp with me—too cruelly sharp—I have not deserved this from you, and I will not put up with it.”

“Well said! You speak out, at any rate. You won’t *put up with it*, Lisette? Of course you have no need to put up with *me* any longer. There are plenty, I know, who will flatter you, and make a fool of you; but you will not find one who loves you as sincerely as I do.”

“And why not, pray? Perhaps I may though.”

“What do you say, Lisette? Ah! now I see I have been mistaken in you. Farewell! You shall never behold me more. I will not stand in the way of your good fortune. My presence shall never again irritate you for a moment. Farewell!”

He rushed from the room, and Lisette had already the handle of the door in her hand, intending to run after him and call him back; but she stopped a moment to reflect. “No!” she exclaimed to herself, “I will not afford him such a triumph. Let him go! Is he not clearly in the wrong; and must I invariably give in? No; this time he shall wait awhile.”

Lisette is very angry; she paces up and down her room, without so much as casting one look down towards the street to see where he is going. “It is quite unbearable,” she cries. “He teases me out of my life with his ridiculous jealousy. It is a proof of his love, he says . . . Ah, dear! I am sure I would much rather dispense with such love-tokens.” Lisette throws herself into the easy-chair, and commences humming an opera air. Then she begins to rack her brains to discover what on earth could have caused Ludvig’s sudden transition from good-humour to anger and jealousy; but she vainly tries to find a reason for his strange conduct. “I will think no more about him! He does not deserve the affection I waste upon him, nor that I should take his folly so much to heart. Is this love? Not the slightest indulgence will he permit to me; he cannot endure that I should be happy even in dreams! It is my only, only comfort, and he shall *not* deprive me of it.” So say-

ing, she lets herself fall back in her lounging-chair ; at that moment she feels a kind of perverse satisfaction in doing what Ludvig disapproved of.

The force of habit is strong, and she soon falls into her day-dreams again. She fancies she has dismissed all her admirers, and now stands alone in the world. She invests herself with astonishing talents ; no longer wastes her energies in making bonnets and taking in sewing. She has had first-rate masters for every accomplishment under heaven, and every possible branch of education, from moral philosophy down to—hair-dressing. She dances like Vestris—sings like Catalani—and plays like Moschelles. With youth, beauty, and shining talents, she is received into the highest society, and the mystery which hangs over her early days but adds a piquancy to the charm of her numerous fascinations ; for the great world, so monotonous in itself, loves the excitement of curiosity. She soon becomes the cynosure of fashion, adored by all the gentlemen—envied by all the ladies. Still she is not satisfied with mere drawing-room admiration. She will go upon the stage. She comes out in an opera of Scribe, composed by Auber, and arranged by Heiberg. The theatre rings with applause ; bouquets are showered at her feet ; the bright stars of Copenhagen—Madame H., and Mademoiselle W.—have, at length, found a rival, and to this rival a large salary is offered by the manager of the theatre. She has scarcely finished reading his highly complimentary letter when another is brought to her. In haste she opens it, and, casting her eye on the signature, she sees “Sigismond Frederick, Count of R.” She starts with surprise ; the young, the rich, the distinguished count, assuring her that he cannot live without her, offers her his heart, his fortune, and his hand ! But, just then, amidst the glow of her gratified vanity and ambition, a small voice whispers the name of—*Ludvig*. He has been rough and rude to her ; he left her in anger ; he deserves no remembrance from her ; yet—her heart yearns towards him—she feels that she can forgive and forget ; that she can repay good for evil, and can sacrifice everything for him she loves.

Poor Lisette passes into a state of great excitement between the phantasms of her imagination and the real feelings of her soul ; she actually rises to answer the visionary letter, and she writes as follows :

“NOBLE COUNT,—I should be very ungrateful if I did not highly value the honour which you have conferred upon me, in condescending to make me the offer which I had not the slightest claim to expect. I will not repay your goodness by any want of candour, and am, therefore, obliged to confess to you that *that* heart for which you ask is no longer free ; and that love with which you would honour me I am unable to return as it deserves. From my earliest youth I have been attached to a poor artist ; he was my first love, and will be my last. I will venture to indulge the hope that you will receive this open admission as a proof of my sincere regard and high esteem for you, which forbid me to accept the happy fortune that destiny, doubtless, reserves for one more worthy of it than myself.”

Lisette was mightily pleased with this billet, which she considered a *chef d'œuvre* of the romantico-literary style. She had conned it over several times, and was about to fold and seal it, when the striking of a neighbouring clock awoke her to the *realities* of life, reminded her that she had some work to finish, and at once demolished all her *castles in the air*.

The horn ink-stand is put away, the letter is left lying forgotten amidst the shreds of silk ; and the scissors and the needles are once more in full activity. In the meantime Ludvig has returned, and stands by Lisette's side, in a repentant mood. He has come back to try to obtain some explanation about the unfortunate shawl, and to throw himself at her feet, and beg her forgiveness that he had again offended her by his suspicions. But Lisette is angry, and she will scarcely take the least notice of him. She does not, however, hold out long, her naturally kind heart soon becomes softened, she sets his mind at ease by enlightening him on the affair of the shawl ; but, very properly, takes him well to task. Ludvig is in the seventh heavens. He blames himself severely, calls Lisette by all the tender names that language can suggest ; he swears never more to torment her by his suspicions and jealousy, and seizes her hands to kiss them, in ratification of his vow, but, at that moment, he espies some stains of ink on her delicate fingers. "You have been writing ! To whom were you writing ?" he abruptly asks, in a hoarse voice, while his countenance gradually darkens. Lisette colours, and looks perplexed. She is unwilling to confess that she has again been building castles in the air, knowing, as she does, that he has an objection to them ; she stammers, and is at a loss for an answer.

Her embarrassment adds fuel to the flames ; the demon of jealousy is again at work in Ludvig's mind, he utters not a syllable, but darting at her a glance that, if looks could kill, would have annihilated her on the spot, he seizes his hat, and is about to leave her. Lisette is in the greatest consternation. She tries to detain him. "Ludvig—dear Ludvig !—I have—can you forgive ?"

"What *have* you done ? What am I called on to forgive ? you false, deceitful one !" he cries, passionately interrupting her, while he endeavours to break away from her.

"Oh, do not be so violent, Ludvig ! I have been amusing myself with my dreams again. I have again been building castles in the air. Forgive me this once more ! *There* is what I have been writing."

She hands him the letter, and, as he reads it, his stormy brow clears, and his features relax. "From my earliest youth I have been attached to a poor artist, he was my first love, and will be my last." These words, which he reads, and re-reads several times, quickly appease his wrath. "And this is what you were writing !" he exclaims, in a tone of joy. "Oh ! I am so happy ! Now I cast suspicion to the winds ; from this time, henceforth, I bid adieu to all jealousy." In the delight of the moment he communicates to Lisette what had before been hovering on his lips, the unexpected good fortune which had fallen to his share. An uncle, whom he had never seen, had bequeathed him a little fortune, which was large enough to place them in easy circumstances. Lisette is in raptures, and, mingling their joy, they lay plans together for their future life. It is not Lisette alone who now *builds castles in the air*, for Ludvig joins her in this pleasing occupation with all his might ; and yon humble garret becomes, at that moment, a heaven of love and happiness.

NEW YORK—ITS HOTELS, WATERWORKS, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

BY J. W. HENGISTON, ESQ.

NEW YORK has been so often described as to its general features that one is afraid to say another word about the matter; but descriptions never do convey any positive idea; for instance, its bay, its two great rivers—the lowland each side, itself the peninsula between, with its forests of ships, masts, and steam funnels on either side—writers have compared the whole to the Bay of Naples! others to Liverpool—"Very like a whale!"—no, it is like nothing on earth but itself. While in the city itself immense changes have taken place these last twenty years—and go on changing. But we are hauling into the slip of the mail-steamers (our Cunard line are compelled, for want of room, to lay over at Jersey City wharves, on the opposite side of the river).

Our joy at arriving is already damped by the rain; by the confusion and crowd we form, with our trunks on the quarter-deck; knocked about and "not cared for" by either captain, mates, or crew, who are "yo-yoing" at hawsers and ropes lugging her alongside the slip or planked wharf—which, on each side of the city, run in hundreds out like the teeth of a comb—(each two hundred yards long and forty or fifty broad). On this slip appears, to our further dismay, an immense crowd of eager people ready to board us, perhaps divide the spoils of luggage!—just undergoing the ordeal of the Custom-house officials—who I find not at all "mild"—but more minute, troublesome, and vexatious, than at our own Custom-houses—they even broke open some of the small packages and boxes which could not be opened by key, or by the owner quick enough, and insisted on looking into our writing-desks and portfolios. My fellow "cal-lated" that he "liked to see all," as he tumbled all my things about—in the rain! Oh, Captain F—, why did not you warn us? Why vouch for the urbanities of Custom-house sharks? Well, they took nothing—for there was nothing to take, except one's patience! and I was going to expatiate on the beauties of the tug and ferry steamers—the forests of masts and steamers' funnels—or the coasting and river sloops and schooners laden with all kinds of *notions*, including hay, oysters, pumpkins, and staves—on the numbers of ships clearing out and in—on the whole waters in face of the city being alive with white sails, and steam-boats rushing in all directions—on the low Jersey shores to the left as we advanced—and the gentle rise of the long island side to the right—with its suburb city of Brooklyn of 110,000 citizens—of the Battery Point and green, and its trees, which divides the East and Hudson river forests of masts aforesaid—forming the mighty stir of this New World! But no, I must attend to more pressing concerns, and get on shore out of this pelting rain as fast as I can—and not a bit glad or overjoyed at having got across the Atlantic in twelve days and a half—twice before now has it kept me a whole month—but nobody is ever grateful for anything! The rain and the Custom-house jack-in-office had quite upset my equanimity; and now we are fast—the gang-board and the deck invaded by the crowd; the confusion becomes unspeakable; trunks, packages, ropes, ladies and their husbands, children, nurses, officers, porters, touters, searchers, all mix up in an uproar enough to confound and

upset any common stoic. All this is made still worse by the friends of those on board, and even unwashed mob coming on the deck, many out of idle curiosity, some to look for friends expected, others for luggage, and many dispatched to tout from their hotels.

Happily, "time and the hour run through the hottest day." Fighting my way over the gang-board, I land, loaded with part of my traps, fearful of their loss, and rush into one of the Astor House coaches, waiting with others near, and we drove off, over a sea of black mud and rocks, through a crowd of 'busses, carts, drays, and other vehicles, in number equal to those of our own London, swarming in Fleet-street or Cornhill. Several times we were brought to a stand-still before we arrived at this establishment of two hundred and ninety or three hundred rooms, built of a bluish stone, resembling granite; indeed, called here Quincy granite. It forms an immense pile, five or six stories high, situated in the Broadway-street, at the south end of the "Park," an open space of about ten acres, planted with trees, where stands the Town-hall.

The presiding priest (the office-clerk) of this crowded temple, presented me on my entrance with a book in which to insert my name. I was then ushered up several flights of stairs, and through long corridors, to No. 240, where the windows are simply oval apertures between the carved ornaments of the cornice in front of the house. From this hole, getting half my body through, I looked down on the south end of the Park and Broadway-street. I saw interminable lines of omnibuses coming up and down. Their number, running into all the avenues above, seemed truly astonishing; the noise, night and day, was incessant; Piccadilly has hardly a more incessant clatter.

In honest truth, I cannot like these great caravanseries. The only feeling in them is that of discomfort, inseparable from such vast numbers being thrown together. The dining-room is very large and fine. It contains two long tables, at which a parcel of careless, sleepy, Paddy-botheration waiters go through the listless, never-ending employment of feeding all the strange biped animals that present themselves, from "morn till dusky eve." How very tired they must needs be of their labour, and the repetition of the same never-ending, still-beginning process! Our philosophical citizen *feeders* are all Irish; indeed, it is very rare to find white Americans thus employed. As to the native-born, the difference of manners here is sufficiently marked. I already fancy I detect myself in twanging off emphatic words, by way of clinchers to my sentences, or modulating my voice into the invariable sing-song cadence heard on all sides. However the native American resembles an Englishman, there is a certain expression, and peculiarity of dress and carriage, about the "young country serpent," which cannot be mistaken. Perhaps, as just observed, the Americans affect the French fashions most at the present moment. They appear "bearded like the pard." They shave the upper lip in general, and a little of the cheek above the jaw-bone, leaving a straight line right across the face; or else the beard only garnishes the tip of the chin, surmounted by an imperial.

Such is the appearance of the "human face," not rendered more "divine" by these tasteless arts, which presents itself to the stranger newly-landed. The prevalent dress is much like our own, with a smack of the last Parisian novelty. The hotel swells dress in the gayest colours.

I looked in vain into the shop-windows for a black cravat: anything rather than quiet colours or simplicity of costume seems the current taste.

To say anything absolutely novel of New York might well make a stranger despair. I shall confine myself to a few objects which strike those who arrive from England. Peculiarities of language, dress, and manners here, have been dwelt upon until they have become trite and even tedious. The fashions follow London and Paris. Every man has his watch in his waistcoat-pocket, and his guard-chain, seals, and key, hooked to his button-hole. I may add to what has been said, that if America copies Young France a little as to the cut of the beard, the older and best-bred persons shave as we do, or almost as closely. They do not take as much pains at the toilet, perhaps. Still, all are known to be American at a glance, by a certain *je ne sçai quoi*—I do not refer to their tone of voice, phraseology, twang, or emphasis particularly, but there is a total difference in ideas and mode of thinking.

Still raining,—I walked up the Broadway as far as a new stone-built church, a mile from the Park, but still the Broadway, which runs north for miles, a leading avenue, crossed by the numbered streets up to 50th-street or 150th-street, but as yet in only building lots, ready for the go-a-head expansion. The omnibuses were so thick, at their charge of six cents, or threepence, that a continued chain of them was going and returning from all the avenues and northern body of the town, into the extreme suburbs some four miles off. There is a street-railroad opposite the Astor, and I observed two monster-cars upon it, each drawn by four horses. They are a sort of long saloon upon wheels, and were starting I knew not where, but I must needs get in and be conveyed up Centre-street to Cannal-street. They skirt the street upon this rail between the footway and the centre. The most remarkable “go-ahead” things I observed besides were the galvanic telegraph wires, running up the streets on high poles, over the passengers’ heads, crossing and re-crossing it. In one place the pole, too slender, on which the four wires are suspended, leans over the street at an awkward angle. It will some day come down, and entangle a dozen omnibuses.

Generally, the shops, like their houses, are on a larger scale than ours. Their extent is remarkable. So is the great size of the timbers and beams used in their construction. It is true wood is in plenty here. Thickness and strength not being economised as with us. There is a sort of bold novelty in everything the Americans do; a usefulness connected with durability—impossible not to admire. In their newest buildings they beat our houses out and out. Trinity Church is a most noble pile, semi-Gothic; and, within, very like a cathedral. It has rich stained-glass windows, and the whole speaks an almost Greek solidity of construction. The spire is exceedingly handsome, as are all the spires, remarkably so. Several of these rise to an elevation of two hundred and fifty feet. There are more than a hundred and seventy places of religious worship of all denominations and sects.

I walked into Trinity Church, the door being open, and no dean and chapter extorting fees. I felt no small degree of admiration at the simplicity of the interior, and its fine effect as a whole; but it struck me as too sombre; indeed, as positively dark—but the Americans are fond of

this sort of darkness-visible—in their hotels and private houses you can hardly see to read and write, or eat your dinner ! keeping their outer green shutters (*jalousies*) closed. To the left, on entering the church-yard, which is embellished with flowering shrubs and weeping willows, my attention was fixed for a moment on the tomb of Captain Lawrence, who was killed in the *Chesapeake*. The monument and inscription are both in good taste ; indeed, particularly so. There is nothing turgid nor overdone ; a fault sometimes noticeable here. He was really a noble fellow ! Some few other public buildings have fine façades of solid granite ; the most conspicuous are the Exchange in Wall-street, of stately effect, and the Tomb's prison, in Centre-street, is built entirely of granite, with great solidity, in the Egyptian style, the massive gloominess of which is not inappropriate to a receptacle for evil doers.

How much earlier a people our cousins, the Americans, are than ourselves ! At six in the morning, the din of activity was already heard on all sides. In truth, it seemed scarcely to have ceased all night. While we, in London, are only opening our shop windows at eight and nine o'clock, our omnibuses hardly harnessed, and very little stir seen, even the streets scanty of people ; the inhabitants of New York are three good hours before us. At seven o'clock, in the great room of the Irving and Astor hotels, we see a good many people at breakfast. This is continued until eleven or twelve, if you choose to breakfast so late. But as the whole world here, *beau monde* and all, are mercantile, all meals are earlier. At half-past three o'clock, the general dinner, at six tea, and from nine till eleven those take supper who may be inclined to do so. A variety of good things are to be had, but there is nothing allowed to drink, except water, without extra payment, at exorbitant prices. Thus, but for the busy *bar*, one would fancy all the polite world teetotalers ; on these long tables, of hundreds in rows, nothing is seen but water and ice ; or, at rare intervals, a dashing individual ventures on wine. Sherry, port, madeira, or champagne, all alike at eight shillings and ten shillings the bottle (two and two-and-a-half dollars) ! Brandy, rum, and all liquors, equally extravagant ; even the common New England rum and whiskey. Beer in the same way ; our porter and ale at two shillings the bottle. Hotel people are thus teetotalers per force ; the ladies, if any, all together at one end of the table, rarely touch anything but water.

So that the bare living, compared with our hotels, is not at all more moderate, even on water only. My week's bill came to eighteen dollars, or 3*l.* 12*s.*, without a single comfort. But the bachelor mob of American hotels care nothing about comfort of any sort. The hall and bar always filled by spitters, chewers, and smokers. There is a small sitting-room here for the use of 150 men ! it might hold thirty standing ; a smaller room, and a small round table, small inkstand, and no pens or paper, is for writing in—if you can. Another sort of office has the dozens of United States papers fast to desks, which run round, to be read standing ; the one directory is chained to the clerk's office ; you are poked four in one bed-room—quadruple bedded—with men you know nothing of, and who change, it may be, in various relays during your pleasant *séjour* ; a writing on the door warns you to be wary, and lock your door ! which is simply impossible. I had not the pleasure of the most remote acquaintance with the gents who snored round me at night ; all fashionable, if I

could judge by their immense brass-bound, nail-studded trunks. Still, the warning was not pleasant.

The fast young Americans at these hotels, all over the Union, glory in all sorts of silly show and expense, and much resemble our *gents.*, only that they have more unaffected assurance, and take the lead in everything—theatres, concerts, balls, and parties. The old folks are voted slow when they happen to have a “governor” somewhere.

Miss Catherine Hayes is here, and, the papers say, exchanges visits with Mrs. and Miss Fillmore at the Irving-house. She gives concerts at Tripler’s Hall, at one and two dollars the seat; is obstreperously applauded, and has bushels of bouquets (made up in French fashion, and sold in Broadway) thrown at her every evening by all the most enthusiastic gents. This fashion has almost reached its culminating point of absurdity.

I am sick of this great granite Astor, with its columns, and interminable stairs and corridors. The vestibule, always lumbered by trunks going and coming, and their owners spitting in all directions—a row of them sit and enfilade the street, with smoking skirmishers drawn up, three deep, on the steps of the doors, staring at the Broadway *belles*, who run the gauntlet of their cigar and eye fire with a pleased confidence.

The girls look, to my English eyes, as thin as thread papers, but I must wait and see more of them. There are an immense number of French and Germans mixed up with the pure grit Americans. The variety is increased by the niggers and yellow ones of all shades; but I must put on my American spectacles, and not be too hasty in conclusions.

This granite hotel is one of the great guns of New York. It is carried on by a company, like a rail-road, in shares, as most of these giant feeding places are in the United States; a clerk or two presides in an entrance-office, and a head man over the waiters, who marshals them, like a company of soldiers, when all the bipeds are jammed together expectant at table.

A bell sounds—in they march, two and two, bearing covered dishes; another tinkle of bell—halt—each sets down his dish and cover, at *very* remote distances, of vegetables or something nobody is likely to touch, *hors d’œuvres*; another tinkle—uncover. Each waiter divides his squad of hungry cattle off into the sixes or eights he has to feed. Those who see him get first asked, one after another, what they’ll have? for nothing eatable is in sight. The fish, flesh, and fowl, is cut up and served out in another room, or at the extreme end of these great darkness-visible halls. You wait, in vain you turn your head, or try to catch a stray imp to get you something—anything. No; I guess not; you’re in a fix. At last, when some of the first-served have nearly dined—they only take fifteen or twenty minutes—your particular feeder comes in a great hurry and asks you, insinuatingly, what you’d like? The bill of fare has lots of good things; but, one after another, he tells you, after another absence, “there’s none left!” well, in despair, you cram anything you can get down; what enjoyment! I forgot, that first they bring round a vile soup of some kind—mere hot water.

You are slow at feeding, still, don’t trifle; you see the tarts and puddings vanishing; they are put on now, but the ruck are backing out. The dessert has been on from the first, to make a show along the middle

of the tables—the most common miserable fruit to be found in the market—you may munch an apple; no, the whole feed has ended; all cleared out. You are the last man, and are, evidently, a nuisance to the waiters, so, be off. This they call dining.

But, at these places, to talk of comfort of any kind is laughable; it is no more known, or cared for, than in Paris. They affect, now-a-days, to follow this French fashion, of having nothing to help yourself from at their *tables d'hôte*, till cold, and cut up, and brought you to eat, whether you like it or not. But even this is more tolerable in France for twenty or thirty people at table, than for the two hundreds at the American hotels. I give up dining, but I am not even fed; it is worse than poor Sancho in the island of Barataria. Leisure, converse, wine at dessert—pooh!

Twenty years ago, all the tavern and hotel-tables in the States were twenty times more liberal, served in the good old English way. Brandy was even put on the table to help yourself, till the dessert came on; and the servants were not so evidently in a hurry to get rid of you. Delicacies were not rare nor stinted as now; lobsters, terrapins, peaches, oysters, plums, melons, &c., were in profusion, now you rarely see them. The tables affect show and finery, and are more mean; or, perhaps, the shareholders would divide a less dividend. From whatever cause, they have sadly fallen off, in proportion as they have gone on building their great hotels bigger and bigger.

This, in a rich, cheap country. The markets are admirable; every conceivable good thing, at extremely low prices, and in astonishing profusion. I was quite lost in the heaps and loads of things at the great markets—Washington, Fulton, Broad-street, and others I forget the names of—Covent-garden, or Leadenhall, are nothing to them in extent or the luxuriance, not that they can be compared to them, but we have neither so many nor such a variety, even in London, and everything as dear again—I can only except the rarest fruit and flowers with us, but always at extravagant prices. But throughout America, their storekeepers, artists, and others, board by the year at these hotels, at half, or less, than is charged to travellers; thence it is that the tables are bad, to suit their smaller payments, as they form the great body always seated at them.

The breakfasts are a shade better, always excepting the tea and coffee, made in great tin cans, weak as water, and as to taste, very much alike indeed; a decent cup of tea or coffee is not to be had, unless in private apartments up-stairs.

I leave the table in disgust, and up interminable flights of stairs and dark corridors regain my corner of No. 240 chamber. What a treadmill! I see leather hoses are kept coiled up ready along the corridor in case of fire. By crawling out at my window, or hole in the cornice, under the roof, about four feet deep, I can manage in this horizontal position to see what's going on in the Broadway below, in the "Park," and Bowery-street beyond. I see various volunteer corps, and hose and engine corps, with colours flying, and bands at their head are marching about through the streets. These brigades of firemen and volunteers are some of them on a visit from the Jerseys or Philadelphia; travelling by rail in companies to show themselves in their smart uniforms;

they are received and *fêted* by the New York companies. Tamaney Hall is a favourite resort after their marchings about all day. On grand occasions these young firemen (always the dare-devil set in each city) gather bouquets and wreaths, as they march along, from the hands of their fair friends! and parade them from one city to another; for they don't mind either time or expense, and "don't go home till morning;" the whole day passed in treating each other at certain stands or favourite hotel bars.

There is no such thing as a hair-dresser's shop—all are "Barbers' shops," which are always full of beaux, getting some small part of their cheeks shaved; and the charges are very high for this luxury of being stuck in the barber's chair. Every hotel has its barber's shop attached to it near the bar; and a bowling-saloon in the basement too. There are, I find, some few *restaurants*, as they call them; but the favourite places for dining or supping are the oyster-cellars; some of them fitted out very fine and expensively; each table in a recess with curtains in front looped up like window curtains. They charged high for some oyster-soup I called for—poor stuff, very—and yet the profusion of oysters caught down the bay, and along Staten Island, as far as Perthamboy, in the Jerseys, is quite marvellous, quite "a caution," as they have it. Well, I have heard of God sending us good things, and the devil cooks; it never was more true of any country surely than America, from Niagara to New Orleans! Or is it only a matter of taste? but, alas! in a great bowl of oyster-water, I only caught four oysters, after much fishing. I saw it was expected I'd make a call at the bar for a dram as I made my exit: I'm sure they saw I was an Old Country sarpent! The gas in these close cellars is horrid; and gas is everywhere.

I have spoken of the crowds of vehicles in Broadway, and the crowds of people, quite equal to ours in London, in Piccadilly, or the Strand; all the carriages totally different from ours; the 'busses odd-looking things, but more roomy and comfortable than ours, not so packed, and none outside; the horses not so cruelly overworked as ours (to the disgrace of our licensers!) and no outsiders. One of the most pleasing things in the streets is to see the little use made of the whip, and the spirit and sagacity of the horses as they are cared for, spoken kindly to, and not at all overworked in their waggons, drays, hack-carriages—'tis alike remarkable. Their 'busses are painted in flaring colours, on white and yellow grounds, with landscapes and figures; some very well done—the bad taste is nothing; one forgets it in the comfort inside. The contrivance to have no conductors, and each to pay through the hole in the roof, is "first-rate!"

Out of the lofty window of the western corridor I can see the silvery Hudson running north, till lost at the Palisades, covered by shipping; steamers, sloops, schooners, coming down or going up with the tide to the upper parts of this vast State, of which it is the great artery. Beyond the sparkling waters lies Jersey City, and Hoboken, two miles above it on the Jersey shore; ferry-boats cross to both towns every few minutes. The latter place, the only one the New Yorkers have for anything like a romantic or rural walk of a Sunday. The state of Jersey, by the way, has no large city, is very poor and primitive to this day,

and seems to exist only as a level flat, convenient for the great New Yorkers and Philadelphians to whirl across on the two rival railroads! a quiet, religious state; the worn-out land of the lower part raises rye, Indian corn, pumpkins, and lumber, and is famous for its camp-meetings. The Jersey waggons are excellent; so are their cows and dairies; but certain it is, the State (college at Princetown and all) is swamped between these two awful go-ahead neighbours, and is of "no account, I guess!"

In all American cities, as here, one meets with the same every-day character of town things, arrangements, and ways, as among ourselves, only with a go-ahead contrivance or modification, sometimes better, sometimes worse than our own. But the one thing here, and at all their sea-board cities, which claims our unqualified admiration, are their ships and floating vessels of every possible variety—all equally beautiful and perfect in their way! Their build, their masts, their sails, their speed, their everything.

The waters are covered by their small ferry steamers, running in all directions—over to Jersey on one side, or over to Long Island on the other—while the larger ones up the Hudson, or East River, dash through the water like floating palaces, and at a speed beyond all others in the world; while to and from the Atlantic, the great ocean steamers, along their own shores or to Europe, join all the best qualities of sea-going ships to increased size and beauty of form; but it is their numbers which are still more astonishing. The waters and the wharves are alive with them; and the stir, the crowds, the cargoes, and loads, and stacks of merchandise for ever piled on the slips, loading and unloading by thousands of carts and drays, which are darting in every direction, which gives one so overwhelming an idea of the magnitude of the commerce and riches of the States—even our city, and our wharves, and our docks, are sleepy and idle in the comparison. This swarming scene borders the city, on both sides, for two miles; on the East River side lie all the fine sailing ships by hundreds; on the Hudson side the steamers most; but both sides are crammed and jammed in by both sorts at every slip, so full, that the schooners, sloops, smacks, fishing-boats, &c., can often hardly find room to poke their noses in. The slips on both sides, towards the Battery, are reserved for passage steamers, and ferry ditto, canal boats, and coasting craft. It is curious to see the tug-steamers start up the Hudson with a flock of canal-boats fast to her, like a hen and chickens, for Albany, where they take the Erie canal.

Yes, the United States afloat is certainly ahead of all the world—would that I could say, except England. In their floating things one sees every species of capacity and excellence; nor is New York alone in this—it applies to all her sea-board cities, nay, to every village along her coast of two thousand miles, and her rivers of ten thousand miles! But of this immensity hereafter.

Another great object of pride to the New Yorkers is their Croton Waterworks—a stupendous undertaking!—brought into the city from a distance of forty miles north, over valleys and rivers, and giving a supply far beyond their present wants of the purest spring water, and commanding a level higher than their most lofty buildings; we have nothing as a

single work to compare to it, either in magnitude or in the completeness of its excellence—one can but envy, and admire.

How well have our "cousins" treated this much vexed water subject, and so much better and wiser they act than we do. New York has now eight hundred thousand inhabitants, and yet the supply is equal to four or five times the demand. I will linger a moment on this noble public undertaking, which cost twelve millions of dollars. It is called the Croton Waterworks, as it commences at the river of that name, with an aqueduct from the reservoir in West Chester county, five miles from the Hudson river. The bank of the reservoir dam is seventy feet wide at the bottom, seven at the top, and forty high, built solidly of stone and cement. This dam collects a piece of water five miles long, covering four hundred acres, and calculated to contain five hundred millions of gallons of very pure water. The aqueduct is continued by tunnelling through rocks, and carrying it on by embankments over vallies, to the Harlem river, seven miles and a half from New York, and thirty-three miles from the grand reservoir above mentioned. The Harlem river is crossed by a noble aqueduct-bridge of stone, larger than either of the London bridges, or fourteen hundred and fifty feet, having fifteen arches of eighty and fifty feet span, and a hundred and fourteen feet above high-water mark. Before the bridge was erected the water was conducted across the river in a curved iron pipe, concave upwards. The aqueduct is built of stone, brick, and cement, arched over and under, eight feet five inches high, six feet nine at the bottom, and seven feet five inches at the top. It has a descent of thirteen inches and a half per mile. The home reservoir at New York is just thirty-eight miles from the grand receiver, and covers thirty-five acres. It will hold a hundred and fifty millions of gallons. From hence it is conveyed to a third or distributing reservoir, covering four acres, by means of iron pipes. This holds twenty millions of gallons, is constructed of stone and cement, and is forty-three feet high. This distribution is by iron pipes laid too deep in the ground to be affected by frosts; when the plugs are drawn the water shoots out with prodigious force. This I observed from a crack or joint in an iron pipe on one of the slips or broad jetties, which branch straight out on both sides of the city, two hundred yards into the water, and are forty wide, at both sides of which tiers of ships are lashed, as I have said.

How many things I see to muse over and admire as I walk the streets; their breed of mules is very fine, and much prized; so, too, their horses, all thrive and assume their best shapes and good condition under the considerate and gentle treatment, so new to any man coming from that purgatory to our poor dumb brutes of every species—London; where our poor horses are brutally tormented in our omnibuses and killed, and our breed of asses dwindled disgracefully under the never-ceasing lash and goad of our lower orders. Even our cab-horses and government post-office hacks are a disgrace to us—to humanity. The efforts of our Humane Society do very little to check the universal brutality of our people. Here, on the contrary, where there is no legal check, there seems a universal good feeling to feed well, and work their cattle moderately; and they are repaid by the increased activity and docility of the poor beasts; some of this strange paradox is unravelled by the fact that the great body of the drivers here are the owners of their cattle. Another pleasing

thing is the good regulations here, which prevent oxen or sheep being driven through the streets, and goaded into a fever, poor things, as with us, before they reach our infamous cellars and slaughter-houses.

I lounge about the *slips* at the water-side sometimes, and observe the riches floating about the wharves, in the shape of large pine-chips, logs, pieces of wood, empty barrels, none so poor as to fish for them. The man who sweeps the leaves up in the Battery-green, now fast falling, throws his heaps into the water, as not worth keeping for manure. Yet New York is not without its poor; and its scavengers, poorly-dressed and in rags, from their own fault—dram-drinking, perhaps, yet they fly at higher game—are never hungry. There is a tone of saucy carelessness about them, a breadth in their ways and means, which sets one to thinking on the overflowing of the supply of creature comforts in this new land.

Two hundred years ago these shores yielded comparatively nothing. What signified all the Red Indians could produce from the land or sea, their precarious chase in their dense forests—a few fish—a scanty supply either from the sea or river.

Behold the astounding change by the advent of the English race; the riches worked out of, till then grand, savage, sterile woods and wilds; the awful ocean and solemn silent rivers, sweeping onward and unknown, sterile to the seas. All this, be it, too, remembered, in its enchantment, mainly brought about by a wise freedom of action, inspiring each individual of a great community; unshackled by the childish prejudices, laws, abuses, and ignorances of feudal Europe. Even now, with all our increased knowledge, and greater freedom from old absurdities, we do not march on with the intelligent steps of our cousins here; we are behind hand in a hundred essential things. We have a better taste, a higher luxury, for the few; a more sensitive and refined feeling, a higher breeding; but they beat us far in broad, grand essentials; we are hide-bound still, or tied, and chained, and thwarted, and disgusted, by childish laws, monopolies, and abuses; we all know it, and feel it, in and out of Parliament, but nobody mends anything, or so slowly, 'tis imperceptible.

But I must keep my senses wide awake, and attend to things as they are; from the Broadway, which may be said to divide New York in half, whether you walk along the streets eastward, to the wharves, or slips, on the East river—which is the salt water strait formed for 120 miles by Long Island—or where I stand, on these magnificent slips of the Hudson, or west side, including the strands or quays, the whole town is most abominably neglected and ill-paved; one must pick one's way over mud and holes, and patches of loose stones, dug up by the hundreds of one-horse cars and carts, which swarm along the quays and slips, tearing in all directions in the one incessant work of loading and unloading; once on these noble slips, with the ranges of steamers and ships lying in tiers, and everything is admirable. The north, or Hudson river steamers lie above the sea-going ones. They are immense mansions afloat; their exquisite build, their vast size and capacity, their internal fittings and arrangements, are quite inconceivable to a European; but what one equally admires, are the bold and scientific contrivances to strengthen these enormous fabrics. Here lies the *Isaac Newton*, her cabins fitted regardless of expense, the gilding most profuse and extravagant—of her

more anon; but near her lies the *New World*, a still larger boat, the very last turned out from their prolific builders' yards;—she is 366 feet long, and wide in proportion; for it is a mistake to make steam-boats so narrow as we persist in building them; their swiftness and safety lies in their less draught of water, and greater buoyancy.

They were washing her decks with a hose led to one of the numerous pipes (of the Croton Waterworks) along the quays as well as the streets, the water rushing with the force of a steam-pipe; at any rate, giving one the idea of bursting its solid leather hose every instant; out of each joint of which it spirted showers in the air. I could not go on board, as I am not partial to wet feet; but her great saloons—200 feet—are said to be as magnificent as the *Newton's*. These two are but at the head of scores of such floating castles which run to Albany, and on the East river to Providence and the north coast, starting, morning and evening, full of passengers, and light deck cargo forward. Their swiftness is extraordinary, far beyond the sea steamers, ranging, I believe, up to eighteen or twenty miles the hour. The jet, which I have watched from the impetus of the cutwater at the bows, forming a most beautiful fountain-like cascade, as it is sent flying on either side. I will quit them, for the moment, to step on board one of the numerous fast ferry-boats, equally admirable for their purpose, which fly across the Hudson to the Jersey side, with horses, carriages, and passengers, and all sorts of loads, every fifteen minutes; the river here is about three miles across. To Hoboken, nearly opposite the centre of New York, a rural village, forty or fifty years ago the chief ferry, since transferred to Jersey City, two miles lower, a newer and larger town, but still not much like a city;—but it is “growing like Indian corn,” being the terminus of one of the Jersey railways to Philadelphia.

Hoboken, as I have said, is the only comeatable spot for a rural stroll out of New York, such has been the rage for cutting up the whole of their flat peninsula, to the Harlem river, in avenues and crossing streets, up to No. 150; though indeed, as yet, they have only built houses up to 38th street, where the muddy roads end in lots, and the embryo-streets in ruts knee deep; but no reserve park or green; a few squares, here and there, indeed; but it is lamentable, not a garden, not a spot, left in reserve, it is to be all covered with hard brick; may the owners change their minds while yet not too late! Well, we cross in twelve minutes, we land at a primitive jetty; nothing looks neat, or taken care of; but there is a range of fine houses (watering-place looking) facing the water; passing a pretty temple-like office, the footway leads along planks laid down along the whole front—the smaller houses of the town behind—the road leading along the waterside to a rising ground and charming wood in the north suburbs. They were cutting away this pretty hill in the line of the houses; what a rage the Americans have for levelling—quite unnecessary here—and spoiling all; but the stone got out is of use, being a hard freestone, much like granite, on the surface and below all in bolders, rolled round and smooth by the ocean countless ages past.

Turning along a path towards the waterside I entered this charming wood; it has two walks along its length, the lower one is its road close to the waves; this I followed, musing, as far as a flag-staff and kind of coffee-house, where strollers, doubtless, get refreshment—sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps—and sit and admire the noble river upwards to the Pali-

sades, and down to Staten Island, covered, night and day, by countless vessels—a perpetual motion.

The setting sun had gilded all the western face of New York, then the darkening twilight showed the twinkling lights of the houses in a row, while others, moving, showed departing steamers up or down; the solemn stillness of the wood round me, where I found myself quite alone, gave me full scope for thinking—indeed, the vastness and beauty of the river, and of the spot—for admiration; but I began to feel I was a little too much and too far alone in this river-side wood; I might meet with an ugly customer, in the shape of a Rowdie or a Patlander out of work—though robbery, with violence, is rarely ever heard of—so I turned and quickened my pace back by the lower road, where I observed a fine large steamer building. The skirts of the village has its cottages, and villas, and gardens, though neglected. Otto Cottage faced Hoboken Cottage, equally pretty and tasty; but even here no gardener, nobody keeps up that exquisite neatness about any place so indispensable with us; as to a lawn, or close-shorn grass plots, there is no such thing; flowers very few indeed, but it is now autumn, still I see none even of the season, nobody cares, or thinks of them, and yet the rich live here; this is a favourite spot, not of staid Jersey folks or farmers, but tonish New-Yorkers, bankers, merchants; all the flowers are in the Broadway, made up into precise bouquets, French fashion, to be flung at every new singer and lioness who lands at the Empire City!

The sweet spot I had left behind me, this precious waterside wood, juts out into the stream a little, giving it a range of view up and down the river; they call it, I hear, the Elysian Fields; well, the fine name doesn't hurt it much, at any rate.

Another day I range down Pearl-street—the pavement lumbered with bales, boxes, casks, and all sorts of things, put out at the store doors for want of room, or loading and unloading—till I get to the East River slips; or going down Broadway, and crossing the Battery-grove and green, I get into one of the many ferry-steamers to Brooklyn City or Long Island, the distance across to this seeming suburb of New York may be a mile, at this the narrowest part. The fare to the Jerseys is six cents, I think, here it is two cents; indeed, some boats run at one cent (a halfpenny), and the Long Island railroad ones take you across gratis, the terminus passing under a long tunnel under the town, coming out near the wharf.

This Long Island town may well be called a city—it counts this year (1852) 120,000 souls! and spreads upwards along the shore, opposite New York, exactly as fast as the latter spreads upwards—first, to the Navy-yard, which is on this Long Island side, and to the city of Williamsburg, which disdains to be any longer an immense waterside village, so that this East River is crowded by passage and ferry-steamers, and coasters and shipping, so thick, that it requires all their clever address to keep clear of each other. The streets of Brooklyn go up-hill at once, lots of omnibuses ply to take you anywhere and everywhere, like their brothers in Broadway. I got in one, going two or three miles, by the Navy-yard and seaman's asylum, &c., to Williamsburg; which, as I have said, faces the extreme north suburbs and slips, and shipping on the East River wharves of New York. Here, too, the mer-

chants, have their country houses, and less rich citizens live here, as house-rent is not so stunning as in the city itself. Taxes are light, but rents are quite beyond our ideas of extravagance in all the great leading streets of New York—they are a *caution*!

The Navy-yard (where I saw a frigate and line-of-battle ship moored) is painted yellow, its walls, sheds, storehouses, &c., the effect not good. It lies in a cove of shallow waters, parcelled out by long ranges of viaducts, timber jetties, basins, &c., as far as Williamsburg; the yard alone covers forty acres. As we rode along we got at a little bit of primitive America; bad roads and board-houses, painted white, at some of which some of our smartly dressed young ladies got out—they had been over to the Empire City shopping, or paying visits; for there is a great deal of visiting of a morning (eleven and twelve o'clock) among American ladies. The gentlemen are all too busy at their stores, or on 'Change, or at their ships.

We pass the Naval Asylum, a noble building, and standing high—this shore is everywhere greatly elevated, rising at once from the water's edge. Williamsburg is quite a new creation, and going ahead beyond all precedent, even here! I got down at a tavern stand, and as there was nothing beyond a long, straggling, badly macadamised street to see (some of the houses very good), I started back from the next steam wharf, by way of looking downwards on this crowded scene of floating activity, even our Thames sinks in the comparison, if one excepts the packing of our colliers and barges in the Pool. I forgot the Greenwood Cemetery, on Long Island, of two hundred acres in extent, to accommodate the great Empire City opposite, as well as themselves; indeed, all these cities on this south end of Long Island, are created by the wealth and overflowing population of New York, for Long Island itself has nothing but a few villages and its farming people;—indeed, for a long track of its centre it is still a wilderness, only now getting chalked out in lots, and selling in twenty-five dollar shares by sections; tickets are in the market like railway shares.

Though newspapers are quite a drug, and by rooms full, from every town in the Union, yet is it very essential to buy your own paper of a morning—all the hotels have their little barefooted Pats in rags, with bundles of the *Herald*, and one or two cent papers for sale. They are, in fact, part of the lobby or entrance establishment of all the hotels—and funny imps they are, in a transition state, casting their tadpole tails, of sleepy, stupid ignorance, imported from the Emerald Isle, and running like fun on their newly-acquired go-ahead legs! Their wits extra-sharpened, and fast losing their brogue.

"Fait, it's little mudder or daddy cares what I does, it's not the likes ov them as will mind me. Here's for a cent—here's for two—which'll yer have? Mind that chap, sir; he'd steal the teeth out o' your head, he, he, he!"—This, as they rush to you if you make a sign to buy. They work in gangs, and beset the publishers on their own account, as our boys do our offices on their master's account. Thus are they early cast on their own resources, and are as 'cute as 'possums.

Meantime their relations, fathers, mothers, sisters, are for a long time worse off than at home; the town is filled by dirty ragged objects from the mother country, as miserable, as wretched-looking as they ever were,

but not, maybe, so hungry, and they can get whisky for a few cents. Thus they go on, in drunken idleness, and rags and dirt, in all the back slums and alleys, just as in Liverpool or London. As to going to the backwoods or farming! not one in a hundred ever dreams of such a thing; besides, they generally land without a dollar. After years, they get absorbed in the general demand for labour—even idle or half-done work—for nobody will work, except for themselves, with any sort of activity.

The servants of all work in all the great houses are Irish and German—one may imagine the mess they make of it! and as soon as a little trained and decent, they're off with the few dollars they get to a new place, or to get married, and start on their own account; this order of things is invariable. No wonder the Americans adopt the boarding system, such expensive plagues are all sorts of servants. As to style, few attempt it, even in the first houses; some few have niggers, or mulatto footmen, who drive the carriage, wait at table, clean knives, are their masters' valets, and do all other jobs, any how. Often at fine town houses (the scale of their houses is larger than ours, if I except some of our West-end in London) you ring, an Irish Judy comes to the door, dirty as a scullion; you ask for her master or mistress. "Oh, then they'll be in; here, go in there and sit down, I'll tell Mrs. Jones you'll be wanting her." She opens the parlour-door, and you walk into a large darkness-visible apartment, finely furnished. All the *still life* appointments are good and handsome.

From all that I can see and gather, in print and in conversation, the Americans appear to have no idea of humour, nor of wit, in a refined sense. They are good reasoners, when not run away with by excitement and pique; but the chief articles of their journals and periodicals is all supplied by England; of their ten thousand papers all are mere copies of each other, and store advertisements; some of which are certainly original enough. Everything is "first rate" and splendid, like our own puffing, but they even go-ahead of us. In their print-shops I see a wretched attempt to quizz John Bull, who, dressed after the fashion of the last century, is weeping at the success of the clipper *America*. But one sees nothing in the shape of engraving or the fine arts, except English and French known pictures and lithographs. The one thing they excel in is their daguerreotype miniatures; they are capital, and are seen in every shop-window. The whole race are daguerreotyped; the cheap ones, at a dollar or two, are, however, poor things.

New York is the head-quarters of the French; their fashions and their jewellery bear away the palm. There are a great many Germans, too; one hears it spoken a good deal; but, except in an indefatigable smoking, they are not much imitated.

There are not a great many negroes about; one sees more mulattoes, men and women, but seldom better off or better dressed than the slaves in the south; indeed, nothing but the lowest menial occupations are left open to them, except shop-keeping, in which they never rise higher than hucksters, greengrocers, oyster-sellers, and shoeblacks. Sometimes they drive a cart or a carriage, but they make bad masters of horses, or of any of the poor dumb creation—partly from cruelty, partly from laziness.

As yet, I have only been to one of the theatres—Burton's, behind the

State House ; where I saw " *As You Like It* " better played than at any theatre in London. To be sure, all the actors in America are English, with very few exceptions ; but all ours come here first or last ; either to star it, or to change their fortunes. The Park Theatre, the Bowery, Niblo's, and Barnum's Museum, opposite the Astor, together with various halls and concert-rooms, form the great points of the evenings' amusements. They talk of building an immense opera-house.

I have alluded to the larger scale of their houses and shops compared with ours ; but some of the stores and buildings are gigantic—seven and eight stories high, with from sixty to a hundred windows on a side. Stewart's marble store on the Broadway is most magnificent ; it is the Howell and James's of New York, but is infinitely finer and larger, the whole exterior of marble. Indeed, everywhere, as to marble and granite facings, pillars, pilasters, cornices, jambs, sills, door-posts, steps, there is an amazing richness in all the principal streets, and the brickwork of their houses of an inimitable neatness and strength, far beyond our buildings of late years in London. We have nothing to compare to it, except some of our old houses, such as Lord —, in the corner of Hanover-square, and a few others we point to now as curiosities in brickwork.

THE EVE OF ALL-SOULS.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

V.

THE LEGEND OF THE VIA DELLA MORTE.

I WENT forth in the livid light,
 Beneath the spectre-peopled night ;
 I stood, a breathing soul alone,
 Beside the cross of old grey stone,
 Time-stained by lichens overgrown.
 Each phantom turned its passing face
 To look upon the sign of grace ;
 And some came forth and stood aside,
 To tell me how they lived and died.
 One stayed behind, exceeding fair,
 The queen of shadowy beauty there.
 I saw the moonbeam glance and shine
 Through the light hand she laid in mine ;
 Love's accents on the graveyard broke,
 In soft Italian tongue she spoke :
 " Twice sang for me the funeral choir—
 Two deaths, two graves, I knew ;
 The mourners watched me twice expire,
 The shroud twice round me drew.

I slowly sank in fainting sleep—
The pulses paused, the breath
Stole from me—long that trance and deep
Sleep wore the face of death.
They culled for me the whitest flowers,
'Mid summer leaves that bloom ;
Through Florence, in the evening hours,
They bore me to my tomb.
I woke, beneath a chequered beam
Of moonlight cold and dim ;
The silence of my waking dream
Was haunted by a hymn.
Faint straying notes of solemn sound,
Prayers chanted far away ;
Awhile they came, and hovered round,
As breathing faint I lay.
On my damp brow, and braided hair,
White lilies, stained and dead,
Lay flaccid, lank, no longer fair,
A chill weight on my head.
I dare not break the solemn lull,
That quiet's deathly reign ;
My voice seemed muffled, strangely dull,
It came back on my brain.
An icy dew burst o'er my face,
The dread truth on me shone ;
Within that cavern burial-place
I lived—I lived—alone.
Hope died before that studded door,
Those strong bolts' iron teeth ;
The low-groined roof, the rocky floor,
That dankly lay beneath.
The skeletons were ranged along
Against the cavern side,
Like sentinels of death—among
The bones of those who died.
The gleamy track of many a snail
Was on the weltering wall,
I heard the reptile's rustling trail,
The rats raced down the hall.
I burst, for horror gave me strength,
From off that ghastly bed ;
I tottered in my shroud's white length,
I raised my dizzy head ;
I felt the night-wind rushing through
My prison's iron bars,
Up, up to them my face I drew,
And blessed the distant stars.
I prayed, I strove with frantic might,
The stanchion's base lay bare ;
My God! thy mercy heard that night
Mine agony of prayer!

Wild exaltation filled each thought,
 Before those gates I past,
 Where every wonder Jesu wrought
 In deathless bronze is cast.
 The moonlit street I fluttered through,
 In floating grave-clothes clad,
 As near my beauteous home I drew,
 I trembled, strangely sad !
 I kissed each step, I wept, and cried,
 I smote the well-barred gate,
 'My lord, again a white-robed bride
 Thy loving will I wait.'
 My husband made the sign of grace—
 'Thy masses shall be said ;
 Back, blest soul ! to the burial-place,
 Back,' cried he, 'to the dead.'
 And strongly barred the gate he kept,
 I prayed and wept in vain,
 Then to my father's house I crept,
 My childhood's home again.
 'Thou evil thing,' my father cried,
 'I felt the life retreat,
 From the dear heart of her who died
 I told each faltering beat ;
 Avaunt ! her mother closed her eye
 And smoothed each trace of pain ;
 And not till time itself shall die,
 May she come back again.'
 One, one I'd loved in joyous hours,
 The April days of life ;
 I'd hoped amid my birds and flowers,
 I'd prayed to be his wife.
 Since then in crowds we'd often met,
 In glare of festal light,
 His gaze of silent, stern regret
 Fell on me like a blight.
 Oh, often through the kindling eye
 His heart had called to mine,
 I trembled lest too soft reply
 Through all my face should shine.
 A few brief faltering words we said,
 With crimsoning cheek and pale,
 And each the other's secret read,
 And heard the unuttered wail.
 The ground was white with fallen flowers
 Beneath the orange-tree ;
 He wandered in the garden bowers,
 He watched to weep for me.
 Through the dark glittering leaves I past,
 Through roses bowed with bloom,
 Myself before his feet I cast
 In garments of the tomb.

In broken sobs his name I called ;
By happy days gone by,
I prayed him not to shrink appalled,
Besought him not to fly ;
But for the old deep faith in him
Yet living in my breast,
My soul, in stupor vague and dim,
Had ebbd away to rest.
' Art thou a phantom ?' then he cried,
' Oh ! haunt my path for aye !
Spirit or woman, from my side
Oh ! ne'er depart, I pray !
Be what thou mayst, beloved one,
This heart, this breast is thine,
And I will yield thee back to none—
Living or dead thou'rt mine !'
He bore me to his mother's bed,
I lay while death and life
For me, around their boundary dread,
Strove in delirious strife.
His spirit held mine fluttering low
Upon the fatal brink ;
I watched him passing to and fro,
Too weak to speak or think ;
Oh, cure not wrought by gums or balm
That flow where tropics shine,
Not borrowed from the dreamy calm
Of drug or anodyne ;
It came upon those summer hours,
-When through each languid vein,
And thrilling nerve, the flagging powers
Of life flowed back again ;
When his voice pleading in mine ear
Reclaimed me from the dead,
His love made life's return so dear,
And death, ah ! doubly dread.
The people rose, the nobles cried—
E'en stern law set me free,
They cast sweet blossoms o'er the bride,
They blessed my love and me—
For death had loosed the marriage chain,
And I need feign no more,
And I might live and love again
Him loved so long before."

ANNIE LIVINGSTONE.

THE SEQUEL TO "ANNIE LEE."

I.

READER, what is religion? It would be a curious pastime, not perhaps unmixed with matter for grave reflection, to hear the definition of the word religion given by half a score of men of the world, chosen at random. Not two would agree. A well-known talented woman was recently accused by an acquaintance of possessing no religion. "No religion!" she cried, indignantly; "I go to church every Sunday morning." And to "go to church" on a Sunday morning makes up the sum total of the ideas of religion possessed by too many of us in this world. But there is another class who have too much religion—of a certain sort, who spend all their Sundays inside a sacred edifice, and edify themselves four or five times in the week at prayer-meetings besides: and yet *they* know nothing of true religion, save what lies in its name. They are the Pharisees of this world—let us hope the others are the Publicans.

Of this Pharisee-class were Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone, and a most religious couple they were; all the world said so. He a man of wonderful attainments (especially in his own conceit), as an instructor of youth ought to be; most regular in his attendance at divine worship on the seventh day, and a great holder-forth at prayer-meetings; a liberal contributor to public charities, when he made sure the donors' names would be published forth, and as repelling and austere in manner as could be desired. She was a wife meet for such a man. Her faith was different from his, but she was quite as eager in fulfilling all its outward ceremonies and forms: she was a careful housewife, and a strict, unforgiving mistress. Yet, if theirs was true religion, the religion taught by our Saviour, it somehow did not, to the general eye, wear so attractive an aspect as it ought; certainly it was not such that we would be inclined to go to the stake for, and become a martyr. *He* was too good for this world; he verily believed so, or at least that all the rest of its inhabitants were hundreds of degrees below him in sanctity. Both he and his wife were sensitively alive to the faults of others, keen in their reproaches, especially where the culprits were in an inferior class of life, and sure to blazon them forth to the world. Yet a kind word seldom dropped from their lips, nor was a shilling ever bestowed in private charity; with them every sinner deserved punishment, and none forgiveness. A most "respectable" man was Mr. Livingstone, cited far and near as a pattern to all. He was a churchwarden, a poor-law guardian, a tract-distribution-society treasurer, an able stirrer-up of the pockets of his native town in aid of the "Gospel in Foreign Parts," with various other honorary offices; and in his staid, stern wife, owing to some thirty years, who would have recognised the once lovely, once gay and careless Annie Lee?

Yet so it was. And it was a nine days' wonder to all his friends and admirers when the little tolerant Mr. Livingstone, the orthodox churchman, chose a Catholic lady for his second wife, and brought her home and installed her as the mother of his two boys. Little was known of

herself or her connexions, for she was from a far-distant town, and Mr. Livingstone had only made her acquaintance when superintending the embarkation of a party of missionaries, whom he had ostentatiously accompanied to the coast, and who were bound for the North Pole, there to beat about and look out for cannibals to convert, there being none of that sort of work to be found at home. A fair, handsome-looking woman she was, but sad and silent as the grave. It may be that her stern manners pleased the religious man, who thought all mirth a sin; or it may be that the reputation of her fortune attracted him. The latter is the more likely supposition, for these ostentatiously pious men have a great eye for wealth: look through the world, and you will find it so. She had inherited about 1500*l.* from her father, and rather more than that from her aunt, besides plate and furniture.

Annie's disgrace had never transpired, owing to the extreme caution and management displayed by Mrs. Henniker; and the two ladies, Annie and her aunt, had lived on together, the former grave, silent, and growing year by year more careworn, by far too much so for one so young. More than one offer of marriage had been made to Annie, but she had quietly rejected them, assigning no reason. People asked her jokingly if she had made up her mind to die an old maid. And whether it was that Annie began to think she should not like the epithet to attach to her—for there are few women who have the moral courage to embrace *by choice* a single life—certain it is, that when, soon after her aunt's death, she met with Mr. Livingstone, and received from him an offer of marriage, she accepted it without hesitation. That was at Christmas, and Mr. Livingstone, having little time to spare for travelling, was for being married off-hand, but Annie said no; wait for the Easter holidays.

Mr. Livingstone's school bore a high reputation, as how could it do otherwise with so good a man at its head; and it was in general well filled. The boys had re-assembled after Easter when the master and his new wife came home, and Annie was made known to the large household she was henceforth to rule, so far as domestic duties went. She had grown wonderfully like her sisters, Joan and Judith; not in person, but in management. Thrifty, close, exact, the household of the schoolmaster found a wide difference from the somewhat lax rule which had unguardedly crept in during that gentleman's widowhood. She was becoming what is popularly called a "stingy" woman: partly perhaps through the preaching and example of her husband, partly through natural inclination, though in childhood and youth it had lain dormant. It may be doubted if he could have found a wife more suited to him. They both lived for two objects; the one, that of accumulating money, the other, that of doing right in the eyes of the world. They never spent an unnecessary farthing, except in charities; and that was essential, for the sake of public praise. Annie had borne a lesson in her youth: she had been on the brink of forfeiting the world's good opinion then, and ever since it had seemed to her doubly precious. Yet she fell into the very common error of mistaking the sound of its hollow praise for the sweet consciousness of meriting it.

The family dining-room, *not* that used by the scholars, overlooked the playground, and one day, several months after Mrs. Livingstone's marriage, she stood at one of its windows. What was she musing of, her forehead pressed there against the glass? Was it of the dark error

which had overshadowed her early life? Was it of her married career—that its social happiness had scarcely realised her expectations? Her husband was by no means a loveable man; far from it—certainly not one likely to make an earthly paradise of his home. His two children were uncouth, overbearing boys, and they occasionally treated their step-mother with somewhat scant ceremony. Annie's married life seemed to give no promise that it would be blest with children; she was naturally fond of them, and there was at times a strange feeling of vacuum in her breast: when she saw a beautiful boy her heart yearned to it with a tumultuous irrepressible yearning, and she would think, "If my child had lived it might have been like him."

However, Mrs. Livingstone continued leaning against the panes, apparently watching the games of the boys. It was half holiday, and there they were, shouting, struggling, laughing, playing, and fighting: all, save one poor child, who sat away in the sun, his head leaning against the wall, and his eyes following the movements of his companions. Mrs. Livingstone remembered to have seen this same child before, sitting apart as he was doing now, but she did not know his name, for he was only a day scholar.

"I wonder now whether he is sullen," she thought to herself—she was getting to "think," just like her husband: "because, if so, it should be whipped out of him. I think I will go and see."

It was a fine day for the beginning of December, warm and pleasant; and Mrs. Livingstone stepped out into the playground. The boys stopped their noisy mirth at her unusual appearance there, but she passed them without speaking, and most of them resumed it again.

"Why is it that you are not at play with the others?" she inquired, reaching the object of her curiosity.

A bright, transparent colour came into the child's face, at finding himself addressed by the lady. He rose from his position, it would seem painfully, and stood with one leg lifted from the ground, and his cap in his thin hand.

"Are you lame?" she continued, seeing that he did not answer.

A brighter flush still in his cheek, and a gesture, rather than words, spoke in the affirmative.

"What caused your lameness?" repeated Mrs. Livingstone, a gentler tone taking possession of her former one, as she remarked the lad's infirmity, and the look of most sensitive timidity which characterised his gentle features. His countenance could not be mistaken; if the bodily powers were weak, those of the mind were evidently pre-eminent. It is usually the case, the one counterbalancing the other. "From what cause did your lameness arise?" she continued; "it seems to be a permanent affliction."

The lad's face had been flushed before, but what was that emotion compared with the deep crimson which now dyed his countenance—brow and neck were one glowing red; but he did not answer the question.

"Why don't you tell Mrs. Livingstone what it was that made you lame?" exclaimed one of the young Livingstones, who, with five or six more boys, had gathered round: "at least what it was, as the story goes here, I don't know."

Mrs. Livingstone turned to her step-son for explanation.

"His father kicked him, ma'am," proceeded young Livingstone; "they

say that he hates the sight of him ; always did hate it ; and when he was about two years old he gave him a kick, and it lamed him for life."

"Holy mother!" uttered Mrs. Livingstone, involuntarily, "is this true?"

The glowing colour was paling on the child's face, and he burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping as he sank down upon the ground again and let his cheek rest against the wall.

"What is his name?" inquired Mrs. Livingstone.

"William Grainger—they are Roman Catholics—the only Catholics we have in the school," continued Master Livingstone, turning up his nose contemptuously, and then turning it down again when he remembered to whom he was speaking.

"Has he brothers and sisters?" continued Mrs. Livingstone.

"One brother, ma'am : there he is, at the gymnastics, that tall boy. He is fifteen."

"And how old is this one?"

"About thirteen, I think. Bill Grainger, how old are you?"

"He scarcely looks ten," said Mrs. Livingstone ; "but his health may cause that. Who is he in mourning for?"

"His mother. She died lately."

"Don't sob so, my poor boy," said Mrs. Livingstone. "Dry your tears up, and go and play. Does he never play with you?" she added, turning to the other boys.

"Oh, ah, we should like to catch him at that," roared young Livingstone. "Why, he tried one day, and he was buffeted about and kicked like a football : he could not move quick enough. So he watches us now."

"Is he clever at his studies?"

"First-rate for that. There is not one in the school can compete with him. Why, he beats his brother hollow. He is in the first class, baby as he looks."

"Will you not try and play with your companions?" said Mrs. Livingstone to him, soothingly.

"Thank you, ma'am," he sobbed, suppressing the violence of his emotion ; "I am better by myself, and it is sunny here. I am always cold."

Mrs. Livingstone turned to go in-doors, the group of young rebels ran shouting off to their playmates, and the neglected boy sat wearily on alone.

He rose up presently, and limped away to his dreaded home. His father was a brutal, unfeeling man, who treated him with disgraceful harshness, though he was tolerably indulgent to his elder boy. William entered the house silently, dreading to meet his father, and creeping up to his chamber, he sat there until it was time to go to rest, his trembling hands pressed upon his temples pushing back his fair curls, and his aching heart breaking with the wish that he was as other boys are, in health and strength, and had a happy home as they had.

II.

THE winter half-year passed away, and the Midsummer-holidays came round again. When the boys re-assembled, they found but few alterations had taken place with regard to their companions. Some fresh ones had come, and two or three had left. James Grainger, the elder of the

two brothers previously mentioned, had been removed to London, to a house of business, and William, the little lame lad, had come as boarder. The father of these boys, Mr. Grainger, had broken up his cottage-household, and had left for London with his eldest son. He was in no business, but a small income had enabled him to live without it. He stated to Mr. Livingstone that the loneliness of his home, now his wife was dead, induced him to take this step, and he left with him his address in town.

"You are aware," Mr. Livingstone had observed to him in the closing interview, "that when your son William enters my establishment as an inmate, he must conform to its religious observances : so far as joining the scholars in prayers night and morning, and accompanying them to church on Sundays. I cannot permit a boarder of mine to attend a Roman Catholic place of worship."

The man thought to himself that there could be little more harm in a pupil of Mr. Livingstone's attending a Catholic chapel than in his wife's attending one; but he answered, "that he cared nothing for religious forms himself, and did not see that they mattered for his boys ; it was not form, he believed, that took people to Heaven. His boys had been reared to care little whether they went to church or chapel, or to neither ; so William might go to church, and welcome, if the master liked."

"Profane sinner!" ejaculated Mr. Livingstone, inwardly. And he would have said it openly, had the party been taking away a pupil instead of placing one.

The schoolmaster's habits were methodical, and it was his custom to send in his accounts quarterly. When Michaelmas came round, amongst those forwarded was the one for William Grainger. It was sent to the given address in London, but some weeks passed, and no answer was returned. So Mr. Livingstone wrote a polite note of reminder, and in due time this came back to him from the Post-office, bearing the unsatisfactory words, "Gone away."

The master was at breakfast when this was delivered to him. Mrs. Livingstone, his two sons, and Mr. Smith, the head usher, were also at the table. He felt indignant, highly so. He did not exactly fear that he should lose his money ; but that this trouble should be given him, and that Mr. Grainger should have presumed to change his address without giving him notice, aroused all his indignation.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "will you have the goodness to step to the school-room, and order Grainger hither."

Mr. Smith rose instantly. He was a thorough gentleman in mind and manners, though condemned to the ill-required, hard life of an usher. It would have occurred to some people that Mr. Livingstone might have sent one of his boys on the errand ; but no, his sons were part of himself, and Mr. Livingstone's pomposity reflected itself on them.

The lad came in at the door timidly, followed by the usher, who pushed him towards the breakfast-table. His features looked painfully wan and transparent, and a cough, which sounded hollow enough, shook occasionally his frame. Mr. Livingstone addressed him without preparation or preface :

"Pray where is your father?"

Sensitive as ever, the bright colour flashed across William Grainger's pale face as he answered that his father was in London.

"London is a large place," remarked the schoolmaster; "what part of it?"

William replied, giving the address previously left with Mr. Livingstone.

"That is a false direction," asserted the schoolmaster. "He is not there. When did you last hear from him?"

"I have not heard from him at all," faltered William, shocked at the master's words.

"The post brought you a letter some weeks ago," continued Mr. Livingstone.

"Yes, sir," replied William, "it was from my brother."

"And what was said in it of your father?"

"Not anything, sir; James did not once mention him. It was a short letter, chiefly telling me about his new mode of life, and the business he is learning."

"Have you the letter still? I suppose your brother's address is in it? Bring it to me."

William put his hand in the inner pocket of his jacket, and brought forth a well-worn letter. Poor lad! he was isolated from all who could be supposed to love him, and that solitary letter, the only one he had ever in his life received, was read over continually; night and morning, at play-hours, in the dusky twilight, the letter was drawn forth. He knew it by heart, but he read it still.

"Return to the school-room," said Mr. Livingstone, haughtily, gingerly taking the not very clean epistle between his thumb and finger; and poor William limped away, his hand to his side, and coughing violently.

"How he coughs," cried Mrs. Livingstone to the usher, in an undertone, not wishing to disturb her husband, who had retired to the window to peruse the said letter.

"He wants care, madam," replied Mr. Smith, who was rapidly finishing his breakfast.

"How, 'care!'" inquired Mrs. Livingstone.

"He is not the boy to be out at school," returned the young man.

"He requires comforts, and nourishment, and——"

"Do you mean to say, sir," interrupted Mrs. Livingstone, "that the young gentlemen are not nourished here?"

"Dear madam, do not mistake me," returned the usher. "I know that the lads here have everything they want. But Grainger requires a different sort of nourishment; what no boarding-school in England would furnish."

"What we should call 'coddling?'" returned Mrs. Livingstone, coldly.

"What some people might call coddling," assented the usher. "It is a pity his mother died; for if ever a boy wanted a mother's kindness and care, he does."

"What disease do you consider he has, besides the cough?"

"Nothing else," replied the young man; "and that is only the effects of a recent cold. I think if the boy had a happy home, and were well taken care of in it, he would soon grow strong and hearty. But with

his delicate frame and sensitive mind, disease is almost sure to attack him, unless he can be guarded from it by watchful tenderness."

Mr. Smith left the breakfast-room, wondering if Mrs. Livingstone would take the hint, and bestow upon the forlorn boy a tithe of the care that would be lavished upon the young Livingstones if they were ill.

The schoolmaster wrote to James Grainger, demanding the address of his father. The reply was to the effect that Mr. Grainger had left London some weeks since, the boy believed, upon a journey; he did not know for what part, but supposed he would be returning soon.

"It wears a strange appearance!" exclaimed Mr. Livingstone to his wife, "wonderfully, as if I should never get paid. The bill will not be far short of twenty pounds by Christmas."

"Twenty pounds!" reiterated Mrs. Livingstone, holding up her hands; "and to run the risk of losing it!"

Mrs. Livingstone's words were cut short by the entrance of a servant, who said that a person had called to solicit charity.

"How dare you bring such messages here?" demanded the schoolmaster, his brow reddening. "No one begs but idle, good-for-nothing people."

The servant explained, observing that she had told the applicant it was nearly as much as her place was worth to take in the application. It was Martha Davis, she said, the widow of their late gardener. She wanted but the loan of a trifle; it would prevent her goods being seized, and keep a house over her head, and she would punctually pay it back again within a given time.

"She wishes to be allowed to speak to you herself, sir," concluded the maid.

"I have all my life made it a rule," said the schoolmaster, sternly and pompously, "to give nothing in private charity, and I never will do so; it encourages the poor in indolence. Tell Martha Davis that next board-day—it will be on Friday—she may apply at the house, and I can no doubt get her admitted. While there is so blessed an asylum provided for the poor, they need not trouble us about distress."

"What could have induced that Mrs. Davis to apply here?" wondered Mrs. Livingstone, as the maid withdrew.

"My high character," replied the pedagogue, consequentially. "Between one thing or other, Mrs. Livingstone, I am quite at the top of the tree."

"They were saying the other night at the missionary meeting that you would most likely have a piece of plate publicly presented to you—your general character for sanctity, and all that, is estimated so highly," rejoined Mrs. Livingstone.

"Ahem!" said the schoolmaster, drawing his back in, and complacently settling the folds of his white cravat. "By the way, Mrs. Livingstone, have you bargained for the making of my new shirts?"

"Ah, a deal of trouble I have had about them," returned the lady. "They wanted half-a-crown a shirt."

"Half-a-crown a shirt, madam!" uttered the startled pedagogue. "I limited you to a shilling."

"No one will undertake them at that price."

"Why, they are made in London for threepence and fourpence per shirt!"

"For the common coloured ones, I fancy, Mr. Livingstone; not for such as yours, which are of the finest quality, and require the best work."

"To give more than a shilling will be a dead robbery, madam," he growled, "and I will never countenance such extortion. What is that?" continued the schoolmaster, abruptly breaking off his sentence, and looking towards the door,

His wife advanced, and opened it. She stood for a moment silently contemplating something outside, and then uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What in the world brings you here? Mr. Livingstone, it is Grainger!"

"What?" said the master, sternly casting his eyes upon the pale, afflicted boy, who stood there trembling.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he uttered, "it was not my fault for intruding here; Mr. Smith sent me."

"Sent you *here*?"

"I am very ill, sir," continued William, bursting into tears. "I fell down just now in the school-room; I was giddy and sick, and my head burnt, and, when I got better, Mr. Smith said I must come to you. He said, perhaps you would like me to see a doctor, lest it should be a fever or any infectious illness coming on that the school might catch."

"Have you the money in your pocket to fee a doctor?" sneered Mr. Livingstone, "or do you think I shall add that to the bill? Do you know that you are a burden upon my charity now, and have been ever since Midsummer?"

They were cruel words, doubly cruel to one of his sensitive temperament, and he drew away, and felt as if his heart were breaking.

"Is anything to be done about Grainger?" inquired Mrs. Livingstone, after a pause. "I really think we should not be justified in going to the expense of a medical man for him?"

"Come, Mrs. Livingstone, don't talk such nonsense," was the schoolmaster's reply. "When boys, such as he, get ill, they must get well again."

The child crept to his bed, sent by Mr. Smith, and lay there many days. But there was no tender mother to soothe his pains, no attentive nurse to wait upon him. It seemed but an illustration of the words of Mr. Livingstone—when boys got ill, they must get well again. Mrs. Livingstone paid him two hurried visits during the time, and ordered the servants to make him some barley-water, and she sent him up a dose or two of the school medicine—a delectable mixture of salts and senna. But whether the servants did make the barley-water she never inquired, and never knew. After a time he resumed his place in the school; but his illness had left upon him so great a degree of debility that it was a most improper place for him. Cough, cough, cough! it was never ending. There he would stand, pressing his thin hands upon his side, his white face becoming almost purple with the exertion, while his more fortunate schoolmates would rail and swear at him, and not unfrequently kick him, telling him to go further off, and not disturb them. He would then

glide away, and stand in the open air, no matter how inclement the weather, and give full vent to his distressing malady.

In this manner things went on until the breaking-up week, when a letter arrived for William from his brother, James Grainger. It stated that he had received news of their father; that he was in America, and that he, James, did not think he seemed likely to be coming home speedily. No instructions had been received from him about William.

To represent the passion—if the anger of so religious a man may be described by that appellation—of Mr. Livingstone would be difficult. It was one of his highly-prized “board-days,” when he sat in state, laying down the law, displaying his own dignity, and disposing of paupers by dozens. “I’ll send him to the workhouse!” he declared to himself, taking a sudden resolution; “as true as that this shameful imposition has been practised upon me, I’ll consign him to the workhouse!”

Yet never did the schoolmaster wear a more bland appearance than on that day, when he joined his fellow guardians; and as he listened to the hum of approbation that greeted his approach, his self-satisfied smile was the very essence of everything good and genuine. Before entering upon the general business, he introduced the story of his wrongs, representing them in pitiable colours, and obscurely intimating—at least, such might be gathered from his words—that the workhouse ought to relieve him of William Grainger forthwith.

The guardians were rather startled, and a discussion ensued. Some suggested that the boy might be apprenticed out, but others hinted an objection to saddling the parish with an unlooked-for expense. One, who happened to know Grainger, expressed his doubts as to the boy’s being able to work at all, and the board determined to send for the lad, and see him. They, therefore, despatched an emissary, who returned with the astonished boy.

He came in, coughing violently, the effects of his walk. The board looked on, some through their glasses, some over them, and some without any glasses at all, an expression of surprise being discernible on their countenances.

“Why, bless my soul,” exclaimed a portly gentlemen, “the boy’s a cripple!”

“It is a child, not a boy,” remarked another; “it is not an apprenticing boy at all, Mr. Livingstone. I thought you said he was fourteen. Might be in petticoats for all the good he is likely to do out of them.”

“Draw nearer,” cried Mr. Livingstone, authoritatively, “and stop that coughing.”

“How old are you?” demanded one.

“Fourteen, sir.”

“Is there no mistake? You do not look more than ten.”

“I am fourteen,” William answered. “He remembered,” he added, “many circumstances that happened ten years ago.”

“Tolerable evidence that! Were you born lame?”

“No, sir.”

“What caused it, then?”

“An—accident—when—I was a little child,” stammered William, the soft bright colour spreading itself, as usual, over his delicate features.

"So your father is gone to America it seems, and has left you here a burden upon Mr. Livingstone."

William shivered, and could only falter forth a hope that his father's return would be speedy, so that all obligations on his account might be discharged.

"Do you think you could work?" was the next inquiry.

"Not yet," William answered. Perhaps when he was more recovered from his late illness he might be able to do a little—not much.

"It is a perplexing case," observed one of the guardians to the rest, after dismissing William. "I declare I don't see what is to be done with the boy. You see, Mr. Livingstone, the father, who has always paid his way well hitherto, may be speedily back, as the lad observes; and the workhouse is scarcely a fit place for him."

The schoolmaster saw what was expected of him. His character for humane charity was certainly at stake; so he made a merit of necessity, and announced, in a flowery speech, his intention of continuing to shelter the boy himself, at any rate for the present. And he was rewarded—rewarded in the adulation that came pouring in upon him.

"This laudable act of yours, sir, will go forth far and wide."

III.

"MR. LIVINGSTONE, what is this that I hear about Grainger?" exclaimed his wife, her fretful tone betraying how greatly the subject annoyed her.

"There was no help for it," answered the schoolmaster, testily. He knew well enough to what she alluded.

"No help for it! It is not a light matter, Mr. Livingstone, to have a boy saddled upon us for the holidays. When the boys are all here the difference he makes would not be felt so very much, but——"

"I tell you there was no help for it, madam," interrupted the master, in a stern tone. "And who is going to suffer *him* to make a difference? Not I, I can assure you."

"He must eat and drink," persisted Mrs. Livingstone, giving way to her ill-humour. "An additional mouth to feed makes a difference, I believe, in a small household."

"Let him fast," growled the master. "It is enjoined in your religion as a penance, is it not? and his sins are weighty enough."

"Were he to fast from now for twelvemonths, he could not expiate the anxiety and annoyance he gives us," resumed the lady.

"Madam, is fasting enjoined in your faith as a penance for wickedness, or is it not?" questioned the master.

"It is enjoined," replied Mrs. Livingstone.

"And accepted as an expiation?"

"Yes."

"Then to make *him* do so will be the kindest course that could be pursued towards him. And my orders are that the boy shall FAST. Let no more food be given him than is absolutely requisite to sustain life, and let him be subjected to discomfort. You will let the household know, Mrs. Livingstone, that it is a course of expiation for his sins."

"It is a pious resolution," she assented. "By what right has this boy to thrust himself upon us to be sustained and fed? He is a disagreeable

boy ; a wicked boy ; and unless he make atonement, his soul must suffer. But the penance will avail little unless his hard heart can be brought to accept it gratefully."

Oh, the crimes that are committed under the name of religion ! Here was the staunch Protestant man, the zealous Catholic woman, dooming an innocent child to a bitter existence, than which, in his suffering state, death would be preferable, and justifying their conduct under the plea of religion ! when they both knew in their heart of hearts that they were hypocrites—ay, they did ; more especially he. There was a little voice whispering, though they drove it back, that if the child had possessed money to pay *them*, they would never have thought of his sins or their expiation. He was costing them money, and hence they punished him. It may never have occurred to the master to imagine one of his own boys placed in a like situation, or to her, had she been blessed with a child ; otherwise it might have caused their treatment to be less harsh towards William Grainger. She had called him a disagreeable boy ; she did not really think him so ; she had been attracted to him at first by his gentle manners and fair features ; but, since then, he had been thrown upon them for bed and board, so she resolutely steeled her heart against him.

The Christmas holidays were dreary ones to him ; he would get up in the morning and find his way to the school-room ; the weather was bitterly cold, but the grate was bare, bare day after day : it was part of the "expiation." Mrs. Livingstone would pass by the school-room windows, and see the child sitting in the rays of the sun, which fell there for an hour in the afternoon, his feverish hands supporting his aching head, or pressing his side as he coughed—that sad cough, which nobody tried to soothe or cure—while his wan, mild face, grew day by day thinner, and his blue eyes larger. For days together would no human being, save a servant, exchange a word with that helpless boy. And the servants—what words did he hear from them ? Those of anger and insult, that he should be the cause of one moment's unnecessary trouble to them. He would watch his master's sons go out for their walks and rambles, sometimes alone, sometimes with companions ; and he would sit waiting for their return, and envy their light steps and glowing faces. He could hear them tear off their superfluous coverings as they rushed into the parlour to the cheerful fire, and to their savoury and substantial meals. He knew they had a large fire in the parlour, for he saw it every night and morning when he went in to prayers : and he thought a great deal about that fire, more, probably, than other boys would ; but his ill health and lameness caused him to be most sensitive to cold.

He watched the preparations for the Christmas dinner, and his heart beat hopefully as the thought would intrude, that surely they would invite him in to dinner on that day. He had heard the two boys talk about the plum-pudding, and he had seen a large turkey brought to the house. Oh, surely they meant to ask him, and Christmas-day seemed very long in coming.

But it came at last, and William went in, as customary, to prayers. He had been thinking all the while he dressed himself what he should say when he wished Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone a happy Christmas. He stood a moment in timid hesitation as he entered the dining-room : if there had been one kind word or look directed towards him, he would have taken courage and spoken ; but there was not. Mrs. Livingstone

looked cold and cross at him, as usual, and the schoolmaster commanded him to draw further away into the distant corner behind the servants, for his cough was not heard so annoyingly there. So the boy felt that he dared not wish them a happy Christmas, and nobody wished him one.

Prayers were over, and William, taking a last look at the blazing fire and the comfortable breakfast-table, went to the school-room, where he shivered away nearly an hour. Then he heard the breakfast things removed, and, limping to the kitchen door, stood just inside it, whilst the cook poured out a cup of what *had been* tea, and handed him a dry slice of bread. She scraped a bit of salt butter over it, but that was against orders. He took his breakfast in his hand, and limped back again to the dreary school-room.

He was very thirsty—the constant fever made him so; and before he tasted the bread, he had finished the cup of tea. He then bit a piece, but, poor child! in his weak state of health, and with his delicate appetite, it was unfit food for him. He could not swallow it, and for many, many mornings, it had been the same. He had such a dryness in the throat, he said to the servants, when they railed against him for being nice. His mouth felt as parched as it did before he drank this precious tea, and he thought he might dare to ask for another cup of it: he knew it could not cost much, for it had neither milk nor sugar. So, cup in hand, he was entering the kitchen, when Mrs. Livingstone, carrying the key of the wine-cellar, came behind him, and asked him what he wanted there.

His answer was confused, but she gathered its purport, as did the cook, who stood by.

"Is not that cup enough for you?" demanded Mrs. Livingstone.

"I was very thirsty, ma'am," he whispered. "I always am so."

"So much the better," said Mrs. Livingstone. "When you experience the thirst you can reflect upon all your wickedness, and enjoy the painful feeling. There is no more tea I believe, cook?"

"Not a drain in the pot, ma'am," replied the cook, "and I have just filled up the kettle. If his thirst's bad, as he says, he can go to the pump and quench it."

William stepped silently away, and Mrs. Livingstone proceeded to the wine-cellar to put out the wine for dinner.

He watched them out that morning, Mrs. Livingstone to chapel, and the family to church—he had not gone since his illness—and he watched them in again. Soon afterwards the cook called him, and gave him his dinner, the bread he had left at breakfast, and a bit of cheese. If he wanted anything to drink, why, as the cook had said, there was plenty of cold water in the pump. Whilst he was trying to eat it, for he was very hungry, the youngest of the two Livingstones looked in.

"What's that you're eating?"

"Bread and cheese," answered William.

"Oh; your dinner, isn't it?"

"I don't know," replied William, his heart throbbing painfully as he thought of the invitation he expected.

"You don't know! What do you mean by that, you beggar? Do you think that because it's Christmas-day you are going to dine with us? Do you hear what this fellow expects, ma'am?" he called out to Mrs.

Livingstone, who was arranging the dessert in her store closet close by; "he thinks he's going to be asked to dine with us because it is Christmas-day."

"Your heart must be grievously sinful to allow itself to give way to such thoughts," exclaimed Mrs. Livingstone, coming forward, her stern countenance bending angrily upon him. "Have you forgotten that this is your season of expiation?"

William did not know how to answer. He had never quite understood what there was to expiate; so he looked meekly down at the bread and cheese in his hand, and was silent.

"How can you for shame think that you are fit to make one in a festal meeting?" continued the lady. "That food which you are eating is infinitely more than you deserve; and you would not have that but for the humane compassion of myself and Mr. Livingstone. I see that you add ingratitude to your other offences. You will do well to pass the afternoon reflecting upon all you owe us; upon your deeply sinful nature, which shines out more and more continually; and in praying for repentance."

It was about half-past four when the visitors began to arrive, some ladies and gentlemen, and a whole bevy of gleeful boys and girls; for Mr. Livingstone always kept up Christmas; his father had done so before him.

Such a delicious dinner William had never smelt before. Roast-beef, turkey, ham, sauces, mince-pies, plum-pudding: to one who, like him, tasted the bitter pangs of long-continued hunger, the desire to partake of it must have been almost irrepressible. And even up to the last moment, in spite of the chilling words of Mrs. Livingstone, he had still thought that perhaps they might remember his loneliness, and invite him in, in pity—so strong is hope in the human heart. But when all was taken in, and the dinner begun, when no shadow on which to build hope remained, he crossed his arms together on one of the desks, and leaning his face upon them, sobbed aloud.

The time wore slowly on, and it struck seven. No one had brought him any refreshment, or come near him; the servants were by far too much occupied to think of him. He heard them bustling in and out of the dining-room, whence came a sound of mirth and laughter, chiefly that of young people. He wished he might go to bed, but did not dare to do so without permission. Could he see one of the young Livingstones, he would get them to ask for him—he might get warm in bed, and perhaps go to sleep. Knowing there was no chance of their coming near him, and not daring to go to the part of the house they occupied, he stole into the play-yard, for one of the dining-room doors opened to it, and he thought he might, by good luck, encounter them.

There was a little opening in the crimson curtains, and he pressed his face silently against the window. What an elysium that room seemed to him! The glow of light shedding its brilliancy over the scene, the plentiful dessert, cake, biscuits, oranges, almonds and raisins, nuts, sweetmeats, intermingled with the glittering of glass upon the table, and the rich, luscious wine! How he longed for a glass of it: not for the wine in itself, but that it might assuage his burning thirst. And the large, bright fire, throwing its heat around: the cold that William was shiver-

ing in seemed doubly piercing from the comparison. He did not envy the gambols of the children, joyous as they were, for his weakened spirits and health caused such things to be of little moment to him now. Had they given him a stool in the chimney-corner, so that the rays of the fire might have warmed his shivering limbs, it had been all-sufficient.

He lingered at that attractive scene longer than he should have done ; the night air was intensely cold, and, when he at length went in, he shook in every limb as if he had the ague. And he began to think—or perhaps to hope—that if the servants knew how cold and ill he was, they would suffer him to stand for a few minutes by the kitchen fire. He took a desperate resolution—that he would go and ask them.

The kitchen looked very comfortable, and the servants too—they were making themselves so. A black bottle on the table, a strong smell of gin, and two or three smoking tumblers, with slices of lemon swimming in them, told what their pastime was.

"I think I'll take some more, cook," cried one of the damsels, finishing the contents of her tumbler. "These cakes and nuts make one feel dry."

"Hoist the kettle here, then," answered the corpulent personage addressed, as she drew the glass towards her.

The girl was in the act of taking up the kettle, when a slight movement by the door caused her to turn her head that way. Letting the kettle fall back suddenly, she seized the black bottle, and, quick as lightning, smuggled it under the cook's ample petticoats.

"You confounded little scamp!" was her exclamation, when the form of William Grainger became distinctly visible, "what on earth brings you here? Be off."

The cook, startled beyond measure by the extraordinary movements of her fellow-servant, snatched a brass ladle that happened to lie near, and hurled it at the intruder's head. It missed its mark, struck the wall opposite, and clattered down upon the brick floor, whilst William shrank away again, as quickly as his crippled limb would permit.

"May I pass this night a watchin' in the churchyard," uttered the relieved housemaid, "if I didn't think it was one of them prying articles from the parlour! A precious mess we should have been in, if they had gone and told missis or their pa."

Secluded from the parlour, driven from the kitchen, William Grainger returned to the school-room, and taking the ink-stained old green-baize cloth from Mr. Smith's table, to wrap round him, he sat down upon a low deal box. He hid his thin hands in the cloth's folds, and laying his aching head against the wall, thought over all his misery. His eyes were fixed upon the candle, the remains of one given him the previous night ; it had been happy for him could his heart have broken there and then. He had heard other boys speak of loving parents, and happy homes ; he had never known either. His remotest recollections could not call up one kind word or beaming look addressed to him ; his harsh, cruel father, his overbearing brother, even his mother, was always cold to him. Buffeted, ill-used, and trampled upon, he had lived : mind and body had known but pain. He was not well acquainted with his Bible, for none had taught and encouraged him to read it ; but he knew that that same Jesus, whose feast the world was then celebrating, was full of love and

mercy, and he dared to hope that He would look down upon his many trials, and take him from them to a home in Heaven.

It was about nine o'clock, that Mrs. Livingstone, passing by the school-room, thought she perceived a smell of burning, so she opened the door and went in. The candle had burnt down to the socket, and had set fire to the brown paper placed there to make it fit in. She blew it out, and then, by the light of her own candle, looked at Grainger.

He had fallen asleep. His ailing leg stretched out to the full extent, its most easy position, was about the only part of him visible, except the face, he was so wrapped up in the old green table-cover. His lips were partly open, and his eyebrows drawn together, imparting the idea that he went to sleep in pain. Mrs. Livingstone was about to arouse him, when a sudden idea flashed upon her, that she had somewhere seen a face very like his. She stood and looked at him, and the more she looked, the firmer became her conviction that it was no ideal resemblance, but that she had some time been familiar with some one very like him. She tried to think when and where, but it seemed useless, and, beginning to find the cold atmosphere anything but agreeable, she pushed him with her foot, and called to him.

He awoke on the instant, like most invalids, and, starting up, heard the harsh tones of Mrs. Livingstone, demanding, with unnecessary words of anger, if he had gone to sleep on purpose to set the house on fire.

He was sorry for his carelessness, he answered, meekly : sleep took him unawares. Perhaps Mrs. Livingstone would kindly permit him to go to bed, for he felt very ill—indeed he did.

"Oh, the sinfulness of the human heart!" uttered Mrs. Livingstone. "Had I not heard your request with my own ears, I never had believed you could wish to go to rest on this night, before joining in family prayers; your sleep must have caused you to forget that they are not over."

William looked up, with tears in his eyes. "He would say his prayers by his bed-side," he said, "he would be sure to do so."

"I hope you will," was her reply. "Ask God to forgive you the many offences you are guilty of, and let me hear no more of these profane requests. Prayers will be later than usual to-night—in about an hour's time from this, and you can go to bed when they are over."

Mrs. Livingstone hurried back to her guests and her warm room. She was not a rigid Catholic, and she joined, outwardly at least, in the family prayers. And when she knelt down by the side of her husband that night, surrounded by her visitors and servants, and heard the long, complacent, self-satisfying extempore prayers offered up by Mr. Livingstone, she frowned at the sinful, pale boy, far away in the corner, and probably thought that herself and the partner of her goodness were worthy to be named of the very elect.

IV.

AGAIN the school re-assembled after Christmas, and, almost close upon it, an unpleasant surprise awaited Mr. Livingstone. It was nothing less than news of Grainger's father, and to the effect that he had sailed from America for California, hoping to pick up gold, like so many others. He sent no money for, and no instructions about William; and he was not "obligated" to do so, he intimated, for the boy was none of his.

"This is disgraceful!" uttered the schoolmaster, pacing the room with indignant strides; "the boy must be illegitimate."

"Disgraceful indeed!" reiterated Mrs. Livingstone.

"And to think—to think," he stammered, the drops of perspiration breaking out upon his brow, "to think that he has been brought into contact with *my* sons! Mrs. Livingstone, this is indeed a blow."

"And all hopes of the money *gone*!" bewailed Mrs. Livingstone.

"Gone—gone!" he lamented in unison, the indignant drops extending themselves over his neck and arms. "We have been keeping him for nothing all this while—nourishing him at our expense!"

"He ought to have gone to the workhouse when the measure was first proposed," she answered, sulkily. She had never quite forgiven the schoolmaster for having been so "yielding" on that day.

"True, true; but he shall go now," was the reply. "This very day shall witness his departure."

Mr. Livingstone was as good as his word. Before the afternoon had well begun, an order came for William Grainger's admittance to the workhouse. The news soon spread through the school. The astonishment of the boys was excessive, but it speedily gave way to ill-feeling; and they asked by what right had they been made to associate all this time with one who was a parish pauper. But they would have a bit of revenge.

With one universal yell of execration and insult, they set upon the ill-fated boy, shouting, bricking, and driving him before them, the two young scions of the house of Livingstone foremost of the mob. Mrs. Livingstone was sitting in the oft-mentioned dining-room, and, upon hearing the noise, she opened the door communicating with the playground, to see what could be the matter. Panting, breathless, and terrified out of his senses, William Grainger slipped past her for refuge. The rest drew back at sight of Mrs. Livingstone.

"I cannot permit this disturbance," she said; "what are you all about? If you pursue these outrageously noisy games, it must be at a distance from the house. Go further off, now."

She closed the door behind her, and advanced into the dining-room. He had sunk down on the ground, by the sofa, and was curled up something like a ball; but he rose up when she accosted him, though he trembled violently.

"What is the meaning of this uproar, Grainger? And how dare you come into the house?"

He threw himself before her, and clasped her knees; he passed by her questions as though he heard them not: all his senses, all his prayers, were but directed to one point—that she would not send him into the workhouse to die.

She was taken by surprise, and for the moment did not answer.

"I know that death must soon come to me," he sobbed; "I have known it long. But if you send me to that dreadful place I feel that I shall not live even my allotted time."

"You sometimes say that you suffer much," was her answer; "death may relieve you of the ills you have experienced in life."

"Let me tell you why I wish to live," reiterated William, forgetting all his habitual timidity in the excess of his emotion, and utterly inca-

pable of weighing his words; "it is that perhaps I may find my mother."

"You are losing your senses," exclaimed the lady. "Your mother died before I was—before I came here."

"Mrs. Grainger died," he answered; "but she was not my mother. She told me so upon her death-bed."

"Then who is your mother?" exclaimed Mrs. Livingstone, aroused to curiosity.

"She did not tell me," he replied; "she said she did not know. Oh that I could find her, and tell her how I have yearned for her. It is the thought of her that has borne me up through my wretched life; it is this secret that has caused me to work and toil, and render myself, in learning at least, worthy to be her son. I know I am but a poor cripple, yet when she shall find how good I wish to be, how I strive to do every right thing for her sake, perhaps she will forget that I am not strong like other boys, and love even me. I think sometimes—but it may be it is only a wild dream—that if I were to find my mother my happiness would be so great, I should not die. Oh, madam!—Mrs. Livingstone! shorten not the little span of life that seems to be left me, for it may be in that time I shall find her."

"I cannot help you," she answered, coldly; "and I believe the messenger has even now arrived to convey you thither."

She *could* have helped him—she knew it then, and she will remember it all through her after-life. Had she chosen to exert her influence with Mr. Livingstone she could have helped him; but she did not, and William Grainger was consigned to the workhouse to die.

It was a very little time after—not a fortnight—Mr. Livingstone was sailing majestically forth to take the lead in some meeting, with a pious name at its head, when one of the union officials came up to him, touching his hat. It was a person who occasionally discharged the duties of master of the workhouse during the governor's absence.

"That 'ere boy's gone, sir," he began; "died this morning."

"What boy?" inquired Mr. Livingstone, for his thoughts were running on other matters.

"Him as came from your house, sir; the little impostor, as we've called him. I suppose he had been reared with other notions, or perhaps it was his learning, but he never held up his head from the hour he came in; and as to eating, I'm blest if I think he swallowed a crumb all the time. The doctor did for him what he could, and he was put into the infirmary-ward; but it was of no use, they said his heart seemed broken."

"What a lesson this should be to us!" exclaimed the schoolmaster, turning up his eyes till nothing of them was seen but the whites; "what a lesson not to impose upon our fellow men! That boy swindled me out of a shameful sum of money, and—you see what his reward is. Good day, my friend."

Meanwhile Mrs. Livingstone sat at home alone. But not long had her husband departed when a servant came to say that a gentleman waited in the drawing-room.

"I do not expect Mr. Livingstone home these two hours," she answered. "You had better say so."

The servant went, and returned again. The gentleman sent in his card and his compliments, with a request that, as her husband was out, he might be permitted to speak to Mrs. Livingstone. He had just arrived by the train from London, and wished, if possible, to return that night.

Mrs. Livingstone rose to comply, and glanced at the card. "Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas Stanley." What strange emotion wrung her bosom as she read it, causing her to sink back in her chair again, and her features to assume the hue of the grave.

"It may not be," she uttered, after awhile, composing herself as she best might. "Yet *his* name was Thomas too."

She took the way to the drawing-room, and saw who it was at the first glance. Face to face they stood, gaze was riveted upon gaze, and for the first time since they had parted in youth, Captain Stanley and Annie Lee met. He knew her instantly. Though entirely unprepared to find *her* there, and though the once-winning face wore a look of sourness, and the shining ringlets he formerly thought so lovely were soberly braided under a close cap, yet still he knew her. For himself, he was greatly altered. His figure was much spread, his fair complexion had turned copper-coloured, and his hair was grey. All that remained of him were his handsome features and his fascinating voice.

It was a most painful meeting—the more so from its want of preparation. But the deep emotion which shook them both was suppressed as speedily as it might be, for they felt that from henceforth they must be to each other as strangers.

"I had no conception," he said, speaking with acquired calmness, "that I should find *you* in the wife of Mr. Livingstone. But, as it is so, you doubtless guess the object which has brought me hither."

She looked at him for explanation.

"I came to see the child," he continued, in a low tone, "and to make arrangements about him for the future."

"What child?" she asked, her face flushing crimson.

"The child," he whispered, "your—*our* child."

"The child died at his birth," she answered, faintly, for this recurrence to former events brought a sudden sickness over her.

"Annie," he rejoined, unconsciously calling her by her Christian name as of old; "is it possible you are still ignorant that the child did *not* die—and you the wife of Mr. Livingstone?"

"I do not understand you," she faltered.

"A short time before your aunt, Mrs. Henniker, died," proceeded Captain Stanley, or rather Sir Thomas, for he bore that title now; "she wrote to me in India, stating the child lived, but that you had been kept in ignorance of it. She said she had hitherto paid for the support of the child, and that he had been brought up respectably. But, anticipating her speedy death, she consigned him to me for the future, giving me at the same time all necessary information and references. It was a charge, Annie," continued Sir Thomas, with some emotion, "that I was ready and willing to undertake. I am married, but Providence has given me no offspring; and though I cannot act the part of a father to him openly, I shall be only too glad to do so in secret. I have thought over my plans; I had ample time to do so in coming from India, whence

we have but just arrived, and the boy will be represented to the world as the legitimate son of a deceased and valued friend. Do you not approve of this?"

"Your words bewilder me," she gasped forth, confused with the puzzling thoughts that pressed upon her brain. "How came you here to look for him? My aunt told you truth when she said I knew nothing of the child."

"Annie," he said, seating himself on the sofa, by her side, and taking kindly her hand, "I ask you again if it is possible you are *still* ignorant of his being your child? He is under this same roof with you—he has been placed with Mr. Livingstone."

A wild, horrible idea rushed to her mind; a ghastly vision of a mild, unresisting child, trampled upon and starved, rose before her as if in a sea of flame: she drew her hands from Sir Thomas Stanley, and wrung them in agony.

"His name, his name?—they have not called him by mine."

"I have had some little trouble to find him," continued Sir Thomas, not understanding the cause of her strong emotion, and proceeding to explain deliberately. When Mrs. Henniker's letter reached India, I was up the country, as we call it, and moving about from place to place, so that there was a delay of months in its reaching me. When at length it did so, I knew that I should soon be leaving for England, and I did not write to the boy's guardian: I thought it better to let the matter rest until I should be over myself. But again a delay took place: our passage home was engaged, and all arrangements were completed, when my wife was seized with a long and dangerous illness: so that some twelve-months have been, as it were, lost. Upon my arrival in England I found that the man who passed for his father had sailed for some distant port; but I saw his son in London, and learnt that——"

"His name? his name?" reiterated Mrs. Livingstone, unable to bear the protracted explanation.

"He was christened William Lee, I find, but has always gone by the name of his reputed parents—William Grainger."

A low wail, as of pain, burst from Annie. If ever the pangs of retribution were felt by a human being, they were felt by her then. A thousand remembered coincidences rushed to her mind in the lapse of a moment, carrying conviction with them. Every cruel word, every inhuman action, every insulting neglect inflicted upon that child by her, rose to her remembrance, one by one, and remained there, graven in letters of fire. Her own, own child—the child whose death she had deplored—the child her heart had secretly pined after, *even unto that hour*, and who had whispered to her that his only hope and aim in life was to find his mother, and tell of his deep love—how had she requited him?

Mrs. Livingstone pressed her hands upon her burning temples, and endeavoured to collect her thoughts. How she explained matters to Sir Thomas Stanley, she never quite knew. He asked few questions: he comprehended the case in a glance; that the unfortunate boy had been looked upon by the schoolmaster as a pauper, and so was consigned to the parish workhouse. But he did not know, *and perhaps never will*, the harsh treatment his ill-fated child had been subjected to.

"I will go thither at once," he said, in a subdued tone. "I feel my anxiety now to see him stronger than that I have hitherto experienced. This workhouse, is it far off?"

"Not five minutes' walk," was the rejoinder.

He was going to leave the room, but he turned again, and spoke.

"Annie, will you accompany me?"

"Yes—no—no—yes—yes—no—yes," palpitated her heart; but nature was strong within her, and prevailed. She yearned to clasp him to her bosom, to cover his poor wan cheek with kisses, and to whisper that if he could forgive the past she would henceforth be a loving mother to him, though the precious secret must be confined to their own two breasts.

She left the house with Sir Thomas Stanley. Scarcely a word was spoken on their way; only, as they drew near the gates of the union-house, Sir Thomas observed that he should withdraw the child at once.

"He can come back to us," was her eager rejoinder. "Your declaring yourself to be a friend of his father's will be perfectly satisfactory to Mr. Livingstone."

"Then be it so, Annie. I will amply discharge all obligations."

"We wish to see the child, William Grainger," said Mrs. Livingstone to the officiating master, upon that person coming forward.

"See him, ma'am?" hesitated the man.

"To see him, and alone," added Sir Thomas, in an authoritative tone.

"But you are aware, ma'am——"

"We are aware of all," interrupted Mrs. Livingstone, imperiously, wishing to prevent any details the man might be about to enter upon; "and we would see him at once. This gentleman is a friend of his late father's."

The man bowed, and turned away; the visitors followed: they were both agitated, Annie in particular, and paid no attention to what their conductor was saying; it was something about a "shed," and its being the "custom of the house."

It was indeed a shed to which he guided them, though it was closed in; and, opening gently the door, he waited till they had entered, and then retired, remembering their request to be left alone.

Nothing was in the room, nothing, save some trestles and a coffin, and the dead body of William Grainger, his white face worn to a skeleton, and his fair hair dishevelled.

Mrs. Livingstone's nerves had been fearfully tried, and this shock completely overcame her. The retiring master was called back by a shrieking as of one in agony, and opening quickly the door, he found Mrs. Livingstone was in strong hysterics, the gentleman supporting her.

"How could you dare to usher us in here without a word of preparation?" exclaimed the latter to the dismayed official; "don't you see the effect it has had upon this lady?"

Ay, and on him, too; for his lips were white as ashes whilst he spoke.

"The lady stopped me when I was going to tell her, sir," was the man's deprecating answer; "she said she knew all; and I surely thought she did, for I told it myself to Mr. Livingstone an hour ago, and I supposed you came here from him."

V.

ANNIE returned to her desolate home, and threw herself upon her knees before the crucifix in her chamber, but with a stinging consciousness that prayer, just then from her, was little less than a mockery. Yet she did pray, earnestly and imploringly, in her agony. What was she praying for? That God would forgive her early sin? Ah! no; she was praying for that most rare of all gifts, a charitable heart; she was imploring forgiveness for the deep guilt of her conduct in these years lately passed: she, the religious woman, who palmed herself upon her freedom from sin—but it had come terribly home to her now.

Never was retribution felt more keenly. How she had deplored her child's imagined death—how clung towards it, even when she thought it had been gone for ever! She recalled, with a shudder, the tales she had heard of William Grainger's unhappy childhood, and she had pitied him as she listened, yet when he became an inmate of her house she had increased his misery fourfold. The tears of unavailing repentance streamed from her eyes as she recalled the day he had prayed her not to send him into the workhouse to die, but to suffer him to stay with her a little longer that he might find his dear mother. How could she have failed to discover that it was *herself* he was like, when his resemblance to some one struck her on that ever-to-be-remembered Christmas night?—the night she was making merry with her friends, whilst he who was dearer to her than all, *had she known who he was*, was left alone, neglected and famishing, with no companion, save the fear of her cruelty, and the illness she had never sought to alleviate. She knew now that with common care and kindness she might have saved his life, and he would have lived on for years to bless her. But she had chosen a different part, and urged on her husband; they had stopped to calculate the cost of his nourishment; how much it would take from the riches they were daily laying by: and oh, deep, deep sin! they had cloaked their inhumanity under the name of religion. She felt now that she could never make atonement; she felt that these remembrances could never be blotted out, never, never—from that day for henceforth, day and night, would that wan face be present to her as she saw it in its pauper's coffin.

Reader, may this history read no lesson to you? Not a word of it is fiction. Be assured that cold-hearted selfishness is a sin more prevalent in the world than the unobservant would suspect. Should the opportunity be given *you* of hesitating between petty selfishness and genial kindness, take to your bosom the latter; hug it closely, and never permit it to quit you, lest its persevering rival usurp its place. Begrudge not the bit and the sup to those who want it: though it is a sin that abounds, yet be not you guilty of it. It may take a trifle from your stores of gold, yet remember that the time is fast approaching for you, for us all, when this same gold shall take to itself wings and flee away.

L I T E R A R Y L E A F L E T S.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. IV.—WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER.

THE readers of Mr. Derwent Coleridge's memoir of his brother Hartley, found in the following passage something to "give them pause," and set them speculating on the possible subject of it: "I have myself known a man . . . of the very largest natural capacity, whose whole moral and intellectual nature had been dwarfed and distorted by the treatment which he had met with at school. His genius, which it was impossible to quench, kept smouldering on, till life and it went out together." We know how poor Hartley's school-experiences embittered his thoughts—how he suffered from an "instinctive horror of big boys—perhaps derived from the persecution which I suffered from them when a little one"—a horror so stern and predominant that we find him declaring, of the aforesaid "big boys," "They are always at me in my dreams—hooting, pelting, spitting at me—oppressing me with indescribable terrors." His physical peculiarities disqualified him for sharing in the commonest sports of boyhood, so that little sympathy could *he* have with Cowper's lines :

We love the play-place of our early days ;
 The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
 The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
 The very name we carv'd subsisting still ;
 The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,
 Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd ;
 The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
 Playing our games, and on the very spot ;
 As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
 The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw ;
 To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
 Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat"—

to say nothing of the big boy's profligate

— skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise,
 In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays,*
 What shifts he used, detected in a scrape,
 How he was flogg'd, or had the luck t' escape ;
 What sums he lost at play, and how he sold
 Watch, seals, and all.†

The parallel, or analogous instance, alluded to by Mr. Derwent Coleridge, turns out to be that interesting and ill-starred scholar, the late William Sidney Walker, of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose poetical remains have recently been edited, with a touching memoir prefixed, by his friend and fellow poet, the Rev. J. Moultrie, of Rugby.‡ Like

* Hartley had, however, a passion for spouting, which, he says, "had I not been conscious of a diminutive and ungainly exterior, might have tempted me to try my fortune on the boards."

† Tirocinium; or, a Review of Schools.

‡ The Poetical Remains of William Sidney Walker, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited, with a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. J. Moultrie, M.A. John W. Parker. 1852.

Hartley Coleridge, he belongs to the category of "foiled potentialities." Physically and intellectually, there was much in common between them. As, at school, Hartley paid "the usual penalty of helpless oddity;" so, in the Etonian career of Walker, "his defective eyesight, the awkwardness and oddity of his manners, his extreme slovenliness in dress and person, were peculiarities such as are certain to incur ridicule, and the last of which provokes inevitable persecution at the hands of schoolboys." But he was not a speechless martyr, nor an unprotesting sufferer; for a sarcastic humour, and a dogged temper, and an even aggressive war of words, distinguished him among his fellows, and provoked on their part a system of chronic persecution, which otherwise might have taken the form of acute but fitful and intermittent bullying. Nevertheless, his present biographer declines to ratify Mr. Coleridge's view of the radical damage wrought on Walker's whole being by this unrelenting persecution, and doubts whether he sustained lasting injury, either morally or intellectually, from the annoyances in question, which do not appear ever to have penetrated much more than skin deep. "Certainly, they neither crushed his spirit, nor materially, if at all, retarded or distorted the development of his genius." And so far from entertaining, like Hartley, a distressing revulsion from the remembered associations of his school-days, he ever looked back upon them with a fondness not to be marred by their darker shadows, and numbered Eton among his "Goshen spots, aye bright with spiritual sunshine," and furnishing only pleasant imagery to his dreams, and sweet music to his voices of the night.

Born at Pembroke, in 1795, William Sidney Walker (so named after his godfather, Sir W. Sidney Smith), too soon and too prominently became notable as a precocious child. At eighteen months repeating *ore rotundo*, a host of nursery rhymes; at two years giving a semi-public reading of the history of England at Liverpool; at five, a veteran adept at history in general; at six, applying to his tailor for the exegesis of a hard line in Milton, and, on being assured by the perplexed *sartor* that he knew nothing about such things, making rejoinder, "I am so sorry you do not know about such books, they would make you so happy." Henceforth the petticoated moralist must have cordially acquiesced in the philosophy of Queen Elizabeth's greeting, as the legend goes, to a deputation of eighteen tailors: "Good morning to you, gentlemen *both!*" But seriously, these premature fruits of the child's inner life have only too evident a relation to the apples of Sodom; and could he have then shared in his tailor's serene opacity of vision in matters critical, he might have turned out a more robust and healthy and effective thinker. At ten years old, Sidney goes about with exuberantly stuffed pockets, which attract attention by their unseemly plethora, and are found to contain "many translations of the odes of Anacreon, and very ably done." In a few months he sets to work at an epic poem, and his nerves have a grand crash. Anon we find him at Eton, carrying off prizes and scholarships, more than are good for his constitution. Dr. Keate has to invent a new class of "impositions," with a special reference to this lad, who knows every line of Homer by rote; and Sir James Mackintosh, ironically proposing the "Court Guide" as a subject for Greek verse, is taken at his word, and a page of the work is presented in unexceptionable iambics for

immediate inspection.* At seventeen, he publishes by subscription the first four books of his epic, "Gustavus Vasa," with select translations from Homer and Klopstock. Next year he is figuring away at Trinity College, Cambridge, deep in the classics, in Byron, in reviewing for the *Quarterly*, and in penning *vers de société*, odes, epigrams, and what not. Here, too, he becomes recognised as a "Sim," as the adherents of the late Mr. Simeon are called at Granta. But notwithstanding the influence of Mr. Simeon, and eke of Mr. Wilberforce, and of other members of what Sir James Stephen styles the Clapham Sect, poor Sidney is not long in becoming a confirmed and *prononcé* sceptic.

Of this hereafter. Meantime, the slender narrative of his subsequent life-history claims our notice. In 1819 he took his B.A. degree—narrowly escaping plucking, from his mathematical deficiencies; although soon after vindicating his scholarship, as a ripe and good classic, by the brilliant *éclat* which marked his triumphant competition for a Fellowship at Trinity. That Fellowship he resigned, when compelled to "elect" between resignation and clerical ordination. While he held it, his unbusiness-like habits seem to have made it of little benefit to him, and his yearnings after married life only rendered his collegiate seclusion a kind of *dignitas sine otio*: deep and reverential was his sentiment towards womankind; but how to evince it, how to turn it to account, was past finding out; for his "diminutive stature—his very perceptible defects of vision—his awkward gait—his uncouth address—his eccentric manners, conveying, to those who knew him not, the impression of insanity or idiocy—his slovenly dress—his neglected person—presented to the female eye a *tout ensemble*, to overcome the effect of which, required an appreciation of moral and intellectual excellence rarely found, except in the highest order of female minds." And even his intellectual gifts were disadvantageously exhibited, or rather concealed; he had no conversation whatever—his gestures were awkward and uneasy—his tones hesitating and tedious. "Incapable of choosing a profession, or of engaging in any regular and systematic course of study, he frittered away and exhausted his noble powers, for years together, in employments utterly unworthy of them; in minute verbal criticism for obscure periodicals; in occasional essays, for the most part on trifling subjects; in burlesque imitations of, and parodies upon, Greek, Latin, and English authors." A tutor of his college predicted that he would live all his life a bookseller's drudge, and at last be run over and killed by a hackney-coach, while passing from one shop to another. Among his more important occupations were his superintendence of the progress of Milton's "De Cultu Dei" through the University press, his editorship of Knight's "Corpus Poetarum Latinorum," and his notes on Shakspeare, still in MS., which are very copious, and for the publication of which, under the care of Mr.

* Even had young Sidney no other offensive characteristics, *this* was amply sufficient to make him an object of profound disgust to the general run of school-boys. We remember how odious to *our* class was the very name of the English opium-eater, because our Pædagogus was constantly quoting him as one who could, ere he had nearly reached *our* age, translate the newspapers into Greek as he went along: it even became a source of savage regret to us that Mr. de Quincey had not gone a little farther and fared a good deal worse in his laudanum doses. It was a moot point that we should tell him as much, with our compliments, in a round robin.

W. N. Lettsom, many eager expectants are on the alert. Mr. Moultrie tells us that a very large mass of Walker's miscellaneous criticism is still waiting for an editor, and goes so far as to intimate that his friends are justified in anticipating in his behalf, the eventual reputation of a Hermann or a Porson in English literature. When the time came for him to resign his Fellowship, on conscientious scruples, a dreary lot remained; his pen was his only bread-winner, and its swiftest, strongest service realised but a hard crust. Mental derangement crippled his powers. His high-hearted friend, W. Mackworth Praed, generously and most delicately redeemed him from utter destitution. His days were now passed chiefly in London, in squalid lodgings; though at intervals he re-visited Cambridge, Eton, Rugby, and other abodes of his past friendships and present friends. His tormenting consciousness of his physical peculiarities kept him within doors for weeks together, and hallucinations of painful intensity and variety preyed on his every-day life. Like Socrates, he had his demon, but one of more baleful presence. A distressing bodily malady attacked him, and, being neglected, made irreparable inroads on his constitution. His days grew darker and darker unto the perfect night. Just before the last scene of all, a brief though right pleasant solace cheered him, in the shape of a handsome pecuniary donation, designed for him by a Mr. Crawshay. This was in 1846. But before the whole of the proposed change in his circumstances could be effected—a principle feature in which was his removal to the house of his benefactor—William Sidney Walker was, as we say, no more. As his life, so his death was that of one disquieted and unresting—of one tossed with tempests, and not comforted. For he wasted away, and died in the dank cell of Doubting Castle, if not by the club of Giant Despair himself.

Scepticism was in many respects the bane of his existence—the head and front of his offending. And in him we have one more instance of the possibility, by many still doubted, if not denied, of the co-existence of a strong sceptical tendency with whatsoever is lovely and of good report in the moral life—with purity of heart, and even a pervading presence of devout religious principle. His biographer, a man of undisputed orthodoxy, observes that Walker, “like some of the most distinguished heresiarchs of the present day, combined with a highly sensitive conscience, and with deep and pure religious affections, a morbidly sceptical understanding.” Whatever laxity of creed may have been his, it produced “no external change of conduct.” His morals as a free-thinker were not in any wise those of a free-liver. “Never was scepticism more involuntary,” and never, we are assured, would a cordial conviction of the orthodox system have been more gratefully welcomed than by this outcast from its pale. Saith Sir Thomas Browne, “There are, as in philosophy so in divinity, sturdy doubts, and boisterous objections, wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us. More of these hath no man known than myself. . . . It is impossible that, either in the discourse of man, or in the infallible voice of God, to the weakness of our apprehensions there should not appear irregularities, contradictions, and antinomies: myself could show a catalogue of doubts, never yet imagined nor questioned, as I know, which are not resolved at the first hearing; not fantastic queries or objections of air; for I cannot

hear of atoms in divinity."* To some minds this array of antinomies presents a far more imposing and hostile front than to others; the catalogue of doubts is stereotyped in their book of life; and this in spite of an incessant longing for riddance of the negative, and for full assurance of the positive. John Stirling and William Sidney Walker are types of this class. It has been observed† that there are many, especially men whose business makes them much conversant with the world, to whose minds a scepticism like that of Voltaire is not only a natural element; but one in which they feel contented, and out of which they seek not for escape. Not to this order belong the sceptics of whom we speak—far less to the coarse scoffing ribalds of militant infidelity, the unclean spirits of aggressive materialism. Nor ought they to be confounded with such, as they sometimes are. Charles Lamb remarked that the impediments and the facilitations to a sound belief are various and inscrutable as the heart of man; some believe upon weak principles, others cannot feel the efficacy of the strongest. How does Tennyson meet the sweeping assumption that doubt is devil-born? "I know not," he replies—

"I know not : one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true.
"Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."‡

A thoughtful writer has said, that while there is a temper of mind inventive of doubts, the cleverness in which it originates being as dexterity of finger without wisdom of heart, there is on the other hand a scepticism arising inevitably in a life of right endeavour and desire, and that *this* is one of the best moral indications, though to pass through it be one of the most painful moral processes.§ It is Mr. Moultrie's own remark, that a mind so subtle and speculative as Walker's could hardly by possibility avoid, during the course of its development, the passage through a fiery trial of doubt or unbelief; "few, probably, of his most intellectual contemporaries at Cambridge—very few certainly of the academical generation immediately succeeding his—escaped altogether from the same ordeal." The reasonings of some of these dubitators were such as Wordsworth describes :

Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds,
Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day
Her titles and her honours. . . .
. . . till, demanding formal proof,
And seeking it in everything, they lost
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,
Yielded up moral questions in despair.||

They were nothing if not critical; ill at ease except when breaking

* "Religio Medici," § xix, xxi.

† *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1850.

‡ "In Memoriam." § Lynch's "Theophilus Trinal." || "The Prelude," book xi.

up their own doctrinal system, and shattering their own intellectual constitution. Not that they loved to see the desire of their eyes taken away with a stroke, and that the stroke of their own restless arm ; not that they exulted in the ruins of a conflagration lit by their own torch ; for these dissolutions of creed and credit cost them many a bitter pang, and out of these divisions came great searchings and sorrowings of heart. But inquirers of Walker's type came of a gentler and more tender sort, and felt more keenly the penalties of a sceptical tendency, and struggled more earnestly against its withering influence, and had less disposition to subject every suspected tenet, every *antilegomenon*, to the ordeal of touch. They were more patient, hopeful, loving. While the others passed judgment in hot haste on every dogma which to them seemed barren, demanding that it should be cut down, and no longer cumber the ground—*these*, at least, pleaded for a respite, for farther trial, when, if the doomed tree should bear fruit—well ; but if not, then, after that, let it be cut down. If sceptics they must be, it was not because they loved to have it so ; and to them there was anguish in the self-communing cry, "What wilt thou do in the end thereof !"

Ἄπιστ' ἄπιστα, καὶδὰ, καὶδὰ δέρκομαι.

Ἐρερά δ' ἐφ' ἔτερων

Κακὰ κακῶν κυρεῖ.*

Designed, for the most part, for the ministry of the Church, their difficulties had a special and *exigent* penalty. What were they to do ? "This surely was a miserable man," says Nathaniel Hawthorne, of a clergyman, who, yielding to the speculative tendency of the age, had gone astray from the firm foundation of an ancient faith, and wandered into a cloud region, where everything was misty and deceptive, ever mocking him with a semblance of reality, but still dissolving when he flung himself upon it for support and rest. "His instinct and early training demanded something steadfast ; but, looking forward, he beheld vapours piled on vapours, and behind him an impassable gulf between the man of yesterday and to-day ; on the borders of which he paced to and fro, sometimes wringing his hands in agony, and often making his own woe a theme of scornful merriment."† Could such a prospect be endurable by one of Sidney Walker's sensitive conscientiousness ? And yet, on the other hand, a common prescription by grave and experienced doctors of the Church, as the panacea, or, at any rate, the only medication, in such abnormal cases was this—to take orders in spite of scepticism, and by dint of active parochial duty work off its mischievous humours. "Why stand all day idle in the market-place ? Why not go work forthwith in the vineyard ?" Surely *that* would dispel the crotchets of hours of idleness. Such was the advice of some good men ; and by some troubled consciences it was adopted. John Sterling adopted it—we know with what results. Hundreds of others have adopted it—sometimes with seeming success, sometimes with notorious failure. Sidney Walker did *not* adopt it ; and he, we think, was wise in his resolve. For, although there are situations where the advice is unquestionably sound, cases of "embarrassed thought" when the only cure must be

* Eurip. Hecuba.

† "The Christmas Banquet."

sought in practical duty, not in closet contemplation; yet, as a living writer has put it, there is a distinction to be drawn between spiritual and simply historical religion—between doubts arising from spiritual obtuseness, and those which are due to want of historical light. Mr. Keble recommended Arncliffe to take a curacy as the best means of clearing up Trinitarian difficulties; but whatever sanction this particular case might appear to lend to the counsel of that truly devout poet and able divine, there is only too real a truth in the comment of heterodoxy, that this was viewing “orders” as a kind of spiritual backboard, which, by dint of obliging a man to look as if he were straight, end by making him so; and however the scheme may answer in the case of a curved spine, its application to a warped faith or a crooked creed involves at the best a species of self-dissimulation, a latent, underlying sham. Hence our conviction that in the casuistry of his own difficulty as to ordination, Walker’s resolution was wise as a judgment as well as honourable as a sacrifice; and that here too, whatever expediency might suggest, honesty was the best policy.

As to his position as an author, the future rather than the present must pronounce. Professedly, his writings of most mark and likelihood remain to be published. The “Poetical Remains” comprise many agreeable and tender verses—some quaint and humorous—recalling now the manner of Hartley Coleridge, now of R. C. Trench, and now of Moultrie, or Sterling, or Milnes, but ever “with a difference.” Nor does he probably equal any of the minor poets just mentioned; certainly not the first or the last of them. It is rather by a musical interval, an isolated passage here and there, than by any sustained excellence of thought or style, that he wins the ear, and occasionally whispers to the heart. He never whispers an *o’erfraught* heart, to bid it break; never stirs it with a trumpet note; never startles it with revelations of its own hidden mystery, nor thrills it with echoes of its secret wailings, nor agitates it with a dramatised revival of its dearest ancient memories, nor wrings it with electric suggestion of thoughts too big for utterance, too deep for tears. It is a left-handed compliment to the poet, if we bid the reader construct an affirmative out of these negatives, and thus gather what he is from learning what he is *not*. Yet the poet has his merits—pensive fancy, mild contemplativeness, and snatches of soothing melody. And his verses garner at least the harvest of a quiet eye, though innocent of the eye in a fine frenzy rolling. To append specimens of sufficient longitude, our own latitude now forbids. And it may seem absurd, or unjust, to wind up with one or two shreds and patches, as illustrative of the robes whence they are rudely torn. Yet, at this risk, and with this proviso, we annex a fragment from the poem headed “Wandering Thoughts,” a favourable instance of his serious mood:

O Stella! golden star of youth and love!

In thy soft name the voice of other years

Seems sounding; each green court, and archèd grove,

Where, hand in hand, we walked, again appears,

Called by the spell: the very clouds and tears

O’er which thy dawning lamp its splendour darted,

Gleam bright: and they are there, my youthful peers,

The lofty-minded and the gentle-hearted;

The beauty of the earth—the light of days departed,—

All, all return ; and with them comes a throng
 Of wither'd hopes, and loves made desolate ;
 And high resolves, cherish'd in silence long.
 Yea, struggling still beneath the incumbent weight
 Of spirit-quelling Time, and adverse fate.
 These only live ; all else have passed away
 To Memory's spectre-land ; and She, who sate
 'Mid that bright choir so bright, is now as they—
 A morning dream of life, dissolving with the day.

The following *Vindiciæ Margaritanæ* may be given in evidence of Walker's more sportive manner ; the lines are such as one might look for, on the same subject, from Elia,* or Leigh Hunt, or Hartley Coleridge ; and with them, and with reference to them, we utter our *Vos plaudite* :

Sweet name ! that, utter'd or remember'd, brings
 Before the thoughts a thousand lovely things ;
 Bright clustering pearls, and flowers of rainbow dyes,†
 And dearer visions of beloved eyes ;
 Charming alike, whatever shape thou wear—
 Whether thou put on Peggy's rustic air,
 Or smile from merry Meg's familiar face,
 Or glide along with Marjory's ancient grace,
 Or frisk as Madge, wild, mischievous, and sly.
 Or tower in Margaret's courtly dignity ;
 Hail to thee still ! and may the wretch profane,
 Who blurs thy spotless fame with ribald stain,‡
 Fall prone before the name he dares despise,
 Unpitied victim of some Margaret's eyes ;
 And vainly penitent, with suppliant tongue
 Retract his scorn, and mourn his slanderous wrong !

* Nor do we forget his (Lamb's) sweet stanzas to Margaret W——, "in happy hour,"

——Christen'd from that humble flower
 Which we a daisy call.

† The China-Aster, called in French, *La Reine Marguerite*.

‡ Let the galled jade wince. *We* love the name too well to be touched by the poet's curse. Nor did we ever hear the name maligned but once, and that was by a lady—a fair and wise one too, and herself a Margaret, "pearl of great price."

A GARLAND OF GERMAN POEMS, OLD AND NEW.

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY JOHN OXENFORD.

THE ROYAL PAIR.

THEY lov'd each other dearly,
The prince and princess fair,
But ne'er could come together,
So deep the waters were.

"Oh, canst thou swim, my dearest?
Then swim across to me;
To guide thee as thou comest
I'll kindle tapers three."

A wicked nun o'erhearing,
Who soundly seemed to sleep,
Blew out the burning tapers—
The royal youth sank deep.

He lay beneath the waters,
The maiden's grief was sore,
And straight she hasten'd weeping
Unto her mother's door.

"Oh, mother, dearest mother!
So sadly aches my head,
That I must go a-walking
On yon sea-shore," she said.

"Oh, daughter, dearest daughter!
Alone thou must not be;
So call thy youngest brother,
And he shall go with thee."

"Oh, mother, dearest mother!
My brother is a child;
The birds he's always shooting
That on the heath run wild."

"Oh, daughter, dearest daughter!
Alone thou must not be;
So wake thy youngest sister,
And she shall go with thee."

"Oh, mother, dearest mother!
My sister is a child;
The fow'rs she's always plucking
That on the heath grow wild."

To church then went the mother,
To the sea the royal maid;
And till she came to a fisherman,
Along the shore she stray'd.

"Quick, cast thy nets, good fisherman,
For great shall be thy prize
If thou the prince wilt catch me
Who under the water lies."

He casts his net in the water,
And into his boat she's gone,
And they fish, and they fish till they bring
him.

To sight—that good king's son.

Then in her arms she clasp'd him,
And his pallid lips she press'd;
"Dear lips, if you could speak now,
What joy would fill my breast."

She clasp'd him to her bosom,
And sprang with him into the sea:
"Good night, dear father and mother,
No more you'll see of me."

The bells were heard a-ringing,
There was many a doleful cry:
"A royal youth and maiden
In death united lie."

Popular Old Ballad.

THE BEE

Once a maiden saw a bee
Who was humming merrily;
As it hither, thither flew,
Sweetness from the flowers it drew.
"How is this?" inquir'd the maid:

"Deadly poison is in some,
Yet to all alike you come!"
"Nay," the busy insect said,
"Sweetness I can ever find,
But the poison leave behind."

GLEIM.

THE RECOGNITION.

The music sounds, the youths and maids
Dance round the linden-tree,
And there's a couple no one knows—
They seem of high degree.

They move their feet in fashion strange,
As up and down they go,
Exchanging smiles and nodding heads;
The lady whispers low:

"My gallant youngster, in your hat
An ocean-flow'r I see,
Which plainly shows you are not one
Of Adam's family."

"A water-sprite you are,—to win
Some village-belle you wish.
I knew your teeth at once—they're like
The backbone of a fish."

They move about in fashion strange,
As up and down they go,
Exchanging smiles and nodding heads;
The youngster whispers low:

"My lady fair, pray tell me how
Your hand so cold could get,
And why the border of your gown—
Your snow-white gown—is wet?"

"I recognised you at a glance,
With all your sportive tricks;
Like me, you are no child of man,
But my good aunt, the Nix."

Politely they exchange adieu,
The dance at last is done,
They know each other far too well,
And would each other shun.

HEINE.

A PERUVIAN HYMN TO THE GODDESS OF RAIN.

Lovely goddess!—heaven's daughter,
With the brimming water-pitcher,
Which thy brother sometimes shatters;
Then come forth the fearful tempests,
Lightning—thunder.
Lovely goddess!—royal offspring,
Sometimes, too, thou givest showers,
Softly falling, or thou strewest
Airy flakes and weighty hailstones.
Thus ordain'd the Mighty Spirit,
Great world-ruler, Viratocha,*
That thou shouldst perform thine office.

HERDER.

THE BOHEMIAN FEAST.

Bohemia's king once gave a feast.
On golden tables many a dish
Was plac'd, and tow'ring o'er the rest
A huge *fool's nest*—a giant fish.
The monarch carv'd the monster gravely.
When, dress'd in ancient Hebrew style,
Out leap'd a little fellow bravely,
And said that he was Jonas; while
He kiss'd the hand with grateful air
Which freed him from such sorry durance;
So apt and smart his answers were,
The king was pleas'd with his assurance.
"My clever little man," said he,
"I'm very glad that you have come;

* The supreme deity of the ancient Peruvians.—J. O.

What sends you hither, pray, to me?
 What country do you call your home?"
 "By trade," he answer'd, "I'm a fool,
 And find a home where'er they pay.
 With you, until my wit grows dull,
 I'll stop, and then I'll walk away.
 With Herr von Limburg long I stopp'd;
 Too soft was he, I too severe,
 So his acquaintance, sire, I dropp'd,
 And like a hero, ventur'd here."
 The monarch calls the fools at court
 To try this little forward chap,
 And thinks it will be famous sport
 If he can catch him in a trap.
 Two ancient blockheads hobble in,
 With motley coats upon their backs,
 Who with their heavy tongues begin
 Their pointless, spiritless attacks.
 They touch him not, do all they can;
 They hate this contest of their wits,
 While the unsparing little man
 With ev'ry answer smartly hits.
 The dwarf checkmates the clumsy pair;
 A prophet in a foreign land,
 His heart is light and free from care,
 He does not know how matters stand.
 The dullards cannot speak a word;
 The king takes off their swords of wood,
 And says, "The dwarf has gain'd the sword,
 You ancient fools for nought are good.
 You may retire; the man in red,
 Be certain, all arrears will pay."
 They both depart with looks of dread;
 Their spoils the joyous dwarf array.
 He pelts them off with one more jest,
 Joke begets joke of Attis savour;
 Never so long endur'd the feast,
 Ne'er had the wine so fine a flavour.
 The king gives all to understand
 That such delight he never found.
 He and the dwarf seem hand in hand!
 How apt is each reply! how sound!
 From all the jester drives dull care,
 Gives sage advice to statesmen grave;
 Quoth he, "I've found a country, where
 A host of friends I'm sure to have."
 At last he sees the red man bring
 A charger closely cover'd over;
 With looks of spiteful joy, the king
 Just lifts, and then puts down the cover.
 The dwarf, grown bold beyond compunction,
 Dares through the opening to peep,
 Regardless of the king's injunction,
 And then begins to cry and weep.
 "Two human heads I plainly saw,
 With broken accents thus he spoke—
 "What wretch, whom no respect could awe,
 Has dared your anger to provoke?"
 "Nay," was the monarch's cool reply,
 "I ow'd that couple no ill-will.
 They've grown too old for me, thought I,
 And are not fit their place to fill.
 Those are the fools whom you so feastly
 With your surpassing wit o'erthrew;
 Thus you have seal'd their fate completely—
 What with such blockheads could I do?
 A wise man who has lost his wit
 Serves among fools to waken mirth;
 But silent fools can ne'er be fit
 For any purpose upon earth."
 The dwarf feels something cold as snow
 Down to his very vitals dart,
 And then his cheeks begin to glow,
 And thus he speaks, with heavy heart:
 "The fiend may here be fool for me;
 If e'er my life I meant to lose,
 A hero, not a fool I'd be,
 Great folks with nonsense to amuse.
 So I'll return into my fish.
 A jester's blood all spirit cools;
 The patrons who for young fools wish,
 Must not put out the ancient fools."

A. v. ARNIM.

AUTUMN SONG.

Across the meadows flew the bird,
 And in the sun his notes I heard;
 They spoke to me with magic tone:
 "Adieu, adieu—at last I'm gone.
 Far, far away
 I haste to-day."
 Such strange emotions then I had,
 I felt so pleas'd, and yet so sad;
 With painful joy, with joyous pain,
 My bosom rose and sank again.
 Heart, oh,—my heart!
 Breaking with pleasure or pain thou art.
 But when I saw the leaves fall sore,
 I said, "The autumn now is here.
 Away the birds of summer hie,
 Perhaps like them all love may fly,
 Far, far away,
 With the passing day."

But soon returned the summer sky;
 Again the little bird was nigh,
 And, looking on my bitter tears,
 Sang, "Never love the winter fears—
 Never, never—
 It lives as the light of spring for ever."

LUDWIG TIECK.

SHEPHERD SONG.*

Go, my sheep, to pasture go,
 Where the fragrant zephyrs blow,
 There you'll find a banquet rare,
 There the clearest waters are.
 There the brook which coolly flows,
 Through the sweetest pasture goes;
 Cool your throats, delay it not,
 For the noontide sun is hot.
 Go, my sheep, where'er you please,
 I will follow at my ease.
 Go, you cannot be a prey
 To the savage wolf to-day.
 While the fields you ramble over
 You may crop the sweetest clover.
 Phylax is a guardian sure,
 And your path will be secure.
 When you see bright Hesper rise,
 Glitt'ring in the evening skies;
 When more deep becomes the shade,
 Seek the place your shepherd made.
 But whene'er you hasten home,
 Mind with choicest milk you come.
 Roam about where'er you will,
 But be sure my pails be fill.

ZACHARIAS LUND, 1836.

ANNO, 1839.†

That I may pour my life away,
 On some broad plain, oh! let me lie;
 Within this narrow, trading world
 Let me not suffocate die.
 They eat and drink with appetite,
 They love th' existence of the mole;
 The crevice of the poor-box lid
 Is just as spacious as their soul.
 Their breeches-pockets hold their hands,
 And in their mouth is the cigar,
 Though their digestion's always good
 Most indigestible they are.
 Let me but see some awful crime,
 Some mighty, grand, colossal vice,
 But not this flat morality.
 This virtue which has got its price.
 Take me from hence, ye clouds above,
 Whither ye go I do not care—
 To Lapland or to Africa,
 To Pomerania—anywhere.
 Oh, take me hence—they do not hear,
 The clouds above are far too wise;
 Each flying o'er this town accurst
 Hurries its passage through the skies.

HEINE.

* Surely the shepherd who sung this was made of porcelain.—J. O.

† Probably written in Paris.—J. O.

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS MOORE.*

THE last memorial of England's greatest lyric poet comes before the world under unusually advantageous circumstances. Instead of being ushered in, as in olden times, by some lowly tribute to a lordly patron, the biographer of the poet is himself a nobleman and a statesman. Thomas Moore confided to Lord John Russell (having obtained his kind promise to undertake that service for him) the task of forming some sort of publication out of his papers and journals which might afford the means of making a provision for his wife and family. Happily the intention of the poet is so far anticipated, inasmuch as Mr. Longman at once offered for Mr. Moore's papers such a sum, on condition of Lord John Russell undertaking to be the editor, as with the small pension allowed by the Crown, would enable Mrs. Moore—the sole person for whom death left provision to be made—to enjoy for the remainder of her life the moderate income which had latterly been the extent and limit of the yearly family expenses.

And most gracefully has Lord John Russell fulfilled his trust. His picture of the poet, of his gifts and genius, and of his bright talents and warm heart, is a tribute alike to the man, to the poet, and to human nature; to that nature, to understand and to interpret whom, is alike ennobling to the peasant and to the prince.

The papers and journals left behind him by Thomas Moore comprise a memoir extending to when he was nearly twenty years old, happily continued in his letters, more especially to his mother, and finally carried out in a journal which begun in 1818, extends to the years 1846-7. Moore's life is thus, as his noble biographer remarks, represented in his own account from infancy to decay, whether in the shape of memoir, letters, or diary. "There will be seen his early progress as a schoolboy; his first success as an author; his marriage; the happiness of his wedded life; the distress arising from the defalcation of his deputy at Bermuda; his residence at Paris; his popularity as a poet; and lastly, the domestic losses which darkened his latter days, and obscured one of the most sparkling intellects that ever shone upon the world. His virtues and his feelings, his happiness and his affections, his popularity as an author, his success in society, his attachment as a friend, his love as a son and a husband, are reflected in these volumes."

Thus rendered so complete and yet so varied: presenting as a whole, a continuous narrative, yet as if intentionally and for purposes of art, thrown into the various moulds of memoir, correspondence, and journal, so as to present the poet to us in the different phases of daily life, of domestic, confidential, and public or literary correspondence, and of a more calm and serious autobiography; still, ever elegant, scholarly, imaginative, and agreeable; there will not be, perhaps, a more valuable biography, looked upon simply as such, not for the positive importance and merits of the individual portrayed, so much as for the completeness, the literary perfection, the subjugation of details to individual portraiture, that is thus made to pervade throughout, and to work in unity towards producing one great result—in the whole range of English literature.

* *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P. London: Longman and Co.

"The most engaging," remarks Lord John Russell in his prefatory biographical essay, "as well as the most powerful passions of Moore were his domestic affections. It was truly and sagaciously observed of him by his friend, Miss Godfrey, 'You have contrived, God knows how! amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone; and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all.'"

"Twice a week during his whole life, except during his absence in America and Bermuda, he wrote a letter to his mother. If he had nothing else to tell her, these letters conveyed the repeated assurance of his devotion and attachment. His expressions of tenderness, however simple, and however reiterated, are, in my estimation, more valuable than the brightest jewels of his wit. They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoilt by the world, and continue to retain to his old age the accents and obedient spirit of infancy. In the same stream, and from the same source, flowed the waters of true, deep, touching, unchanging affection for his wife. From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent had always been a time of exertion and of exile; his return restored him to tranquillity and to peace. Keen as was his natural sense of enjoyment, he never balanced between pleasure and happiness. His letters and his journal bear abundant evidence of these natural and deep-seated affections.

"His affections as a father were no less genuine, but were not equally rewarded. The deaths of some of his children at an early period, of his remaining daughter and of his sons at a more advanced age, together with some other circumstances, cast a gloom over the latter years of his life, which was never entirely dispelled."

We cannot pass over the preface without quoting Lord John Russell's estimate of the rank held by his friends among poets.

As a poet, Moore must always hold a high place. Of English lyrical poets he is surely the first. Beautiful specimens of lyrical poetry may indeed be found from the earliest times of our literature to the days of Burns, of Campbell, and of Tennyson, but no one poet can equal Moore in the united excellence and abundance of his productions. Lord Byron writes, upon reading one or two of the numbers of the *Irish Melodies*, then recently published, "To me, some of Moore's last *Erin* sparks, 'As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters,' 'When He who adores Thee,' 'Oh! blame not,' and 'Oh! breathe not his Name,' are worth all the epics that ever were composed."

When we remember that to these early *Irish Melodies* were added so many numbers of *Irish Melodies*, *National Melodies*, and *Sacred Songs*, each full of the most exquisite poetry, it is impossible not to be lost in admiration at the fancy and the feeling of which the spring was so abundant, and the waters so clear, the *chiare, fresche, e dolci acque*, which seemed to flow perennially from an inexhaustible fountain. In mentioning fancy and feeling, I have mentioned what appear to me the two qualities in which Moore was most rich. His was a delightful fancy, not a sublime imagination; a tender and touching feeling, not a rending and overwhelming passion. The other quality most remarkable is the sweetness of the versification, arising from the happy choice of words, and the delicacy of a correct musical ear. Never has the English language, except in some few songs of the old poets, been made to render such melody; never have the most refined emotions of love, and the most ingenious creations of fancy been expressed in a language so simple, so easy, so natural.

Thomas Moore was born of humble parentage at the corner of Little Langford-street, Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779; and he appears, like many others who have risen to distinction, to have had his abilities mainly drawn out as a child, and his mental powers moulded and cultivated by a mother's well-directed sensibilities. This is signally attested in the "Memoirs."

Two paramount fancies declared themselves, according to his own account, when very young, one was for rhyming, the other for acting. The commencement of his career in rhyming was so very early as to be beyond the reach of his memory. But the first instance he could recal of an attempt at regular "versicles" was a subject which, oddly enough, enabled him to give the date with tolerable accuracy; the theme of his muse having been a certain toy very fashionable about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a "bandalore," and in English a "quiz." To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy for this toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that as his own very young doggrel described it,—

The ladies too, when in the streets, or walking in the GREEN,
Went quizzing on, to show their shapes and graceful mien.

Mr. Moore adds, on the authority of Lord Plunket, that the Duke of Wellington (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley?) was playing with one of these toys the whole time of the sitting of a committee.

In 1795, Thomas Moore became a student of Trinity College, Dublin, and although this gave him a sort of *status* in life, and instead of *Master* Thomas Moore, as he had been designated the year before among the "Anthologian" subscribers, he now read himself Mr. Thomas Moore, of Trinity College, Dublin, still he never appears to have entertained that affection or regard for his *alma mater* that he did for his real mother. In a letter dated June 9, 1800, written to the latter, on the occasion of his publishing the "Anacreon," he says: "I have written a Greek ode which is now before the tribunal of Dr. Lawrence, and if he approve of it, I shall have it prefixed to the 'Anacreon.' This, I hope, will astonish the scoundrelly monks of Trinity, not one of whom, I perceive, except the provost and my tutor, have subscribed to the work. Heaven knows they ought to rejoice at anything like an effort of literature coming out of their leaden body! I can do without them; but tell Phipps that I will not put F. T. C. D. after his name, as I should be ashamed of the world's observing that but one of the fellows of the university where I graduated gave his tribute to a classical undertaking of the kind. They are a cursed corporation of boobies! and if it were not for my friend the provost, the public should know my opinion of them."

It is remarkable that Moore was not taught to play on the piano—an instrument on which he became afterwards so proficient as to electrify his friends when accompanying one of his own unrivalled melodies—but he took a fancy voluntarily to the task, he says, and began to learn himself. His career of college honours terminated with a premium and a certificate at the end of the first year; and he acknowledges that, after some unavailing efforts (solely to please his anxious mother) and some memento of mortification in finding himself vanquished by competitors whom he knew to be dull fellows, he resolved in the second year of his course to give up the struggle entirely, and to confine himself to such parts of the

course as fell within his own tastes and pursuits. He succeeded better then, and got a copy of the "*Travels of Anarcharsis*," the first gain he made by the pen destined to be his chief support through life, and a premium. "*Propter laudabilem in versibus componendis progressum.*"

After failing as a candidate for a scholarship, and getting somewhat involved with the United Irish Societies at that time in vogue, for one of young Moore's acquaintances was no less a personage than Emmet, the conspirator, he took his degree of bachelor of arts, and started for London to keep his terms as student at the Middle Temple. He had, it is to be observed, made considerable progress in his translation of the "*Odes of Anacreon*," previous to his own translation to the great metropolis—the scene of his future successes.

From the period of leaving his mother and sisters, always so dear to him, his letters are far more lively and ingenuous than the "*Memoirs.*" His journey to London was so far marked by adventure that he met with a travelling companion in the stage-coach whom he appears to have had good reason to believe to belong to the swindling fraternity. The story is told in the "*Memoirs*," as also in a letter to his beloved parent: we prefer the latter version.

I will tell you (he says, after describing his lodgings, which were at 44, George-street, Portman-square, and his economical mode of living) one or two anecdotes of my journey, by which you may conjecture how a novice like me was annoyed, and which will account for the gloomy letter which I wrote to you from Chester. We came into Holyhead at night, after a most tedious and sickening passage. The first thing to be done was to get a place in the Chester mail of next morning. The mail was full, but a gentleman told me that he would wish to resign his place, and that if I chose I might personate him, and answer to his name. I accordingly paid him, and when the names of the passengers were called over, answered to his. Before I went to bed, Mr. Patrickson represented to me strongly the danger of such counterfeiting in times like the present, which you may be sure prevented me from much sleep that night, but in the morning I contrived to have my proper name inserted. Well, when I was at Chester, I felt myself particularly unpleasant. Alone, and as sooty as a sweep, I wandered like a culprit through the streets, though conscious that nobody knew me. While I was at breakfast in the inn (for you know I stayed there a day), a frantic fellow came in, who had just ridden post from Warrington, and after chasing the maids all about the house, and beating them, came into the room where I was, sat down with me, told me that he had just escaped from a strait-waistcoat, boasted of having killed a woman and child the night before in the theatre of Warrington, and finally, as he had never been in Chester before, he would wait for me, and we should walk through the streets together! Well, well! with some difficulty I got rid of this dangerous gentleman, and met very soon with one still more so, for a sharper is surely more dangerous than a madman. The mail set off from Chester with only two passengers; we took up two more at Northampton, one of whom, though a young man, soon appeared to be, what my father calls, an *old stager*. He had been on the Continent lately; talked of his hunters (though rather shabby in his appearance), and was going to London then only to get rid of a little money. When he knew that I was going to the Temple, and had never been in London before, he thought he had found a *nice subject*, and paid the most servile attentions to me. "He would show me the pleasures of the metropolis, we should go to the play together, dine together," &c. By-the-by, it came out in conversation that he had been up all the night previously playing cards. In fact, he forced me to put up at the same inn (when we arrived) at which he did; was so *glaringly civil* as to offer to carry my portmanteau for me; ordered

a room for himself and me; and bid the waiter take my coat, and brush it well, while we were at breakfast. When I mentioned my wish to go to a friend's in Manchester-street, who, I expected, had a lodging provided for me, he advised me to devote two or three days to seeing London. Observe, he said that he had sent his portmanteau before him, but, strange to tell, *it had not arrived!* He cursed the fellow that he gave it to—and what could he do? He could not go out without a clean cravat and shirt. Hints upon hints demanded the loan of them from me. I, however, did not open my portmanteau. When I was resolved to go to Manchester-street he accompanied me, and extorted a promise that I should meet him in a couple of hours. Well, well, well! now came another embarrassment. The first question almost Mr. M. asked was, "What have you done with your luggage?" "Left them at the inn." "Did you give them in charge to the master of the house?" "No." "Did you get them booked?" "No." "Have you the key of the room?" "No." Off he sent me in a hackney coach; and, to be sure, I was not a little trembling for my portmanteau. Well, well, well, well! I got my luggage, left word for the kind gentleman that it was not in my power to meet him, and I have never seen him since. This one circumstance will make me believe all that I shall ever be told of the schemers of London. There were a thousand other little traits about him, which I have not time to detail, but they confirmed me in his character. Give my love to my father; *mille choses à Catherine et Ellen.* Yours to eternity.

Moore had several good letters of introduction with him, and he was at first disappointed with the results; but this was very momentary. Lord Moira acted as a friend towards him from the onset of his career, and the eccentric Lady Peshall gave him many good introductions. He notices Sir Martin Archer Shee as among the serviceable class of friends who asked him to dinner! Having gone through the forms of his initiation at the Temple, and arranged that Stockdale, of Piccadilly, should publish the "Anacreon," he returned to Dublin, afterwards paying a visit to Donington Park on his way back to London.

This was, of course (he says in his "Memoirs") at that time, a great event in my life; and among the most vivid of my early English recollections is that of my first night at Donington, when Lord Moira, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighted me, himself, to my bedroom; and there was this stately personage stalking on before me through the long-lighted gallery, bearing in his hand my bed-candle, which he delivered to me at the door of my apartment. I thought it all exceedingly fine and grand, but at the same time most uncomfortable; and little I foresaw how much at home, and at my ease, I should one day find myself in that great house.

After his return to London, Moore's progress in society appears to have been unusually rapid and brilliant. This must be as much attributed to his musical as to his other social talents. He evidently had a turn for the society of the gay, the fashionable, and the clever, at the onset: Of one of his early friends, the Honourable Mrs. Gardiner, he says: "She is an English woman, but has an *Irish heart.*" Another early acquaintance was a Mr. Biggin, from whom he said the coffee biggins took their name, who took him to the Opera, and at whose house he learnt thorough bass from Mrs. Birom, whom he describes as a charming woman, and the most exquisite performer he had ever heard on the piano. He was also introduced to the Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Fitzherbert; through the latter of whom he probably obtained his introduction to the Prince of Wales. He had at this time a serious attack of sickness—no less than an abscess of the liver, for which he was attended

by the celebrated Dr. Baillie ; but youth, good spirits, and a good constitution soon triumphed over sickness, and he wrote to his mother on his recovery :

May 14, 1800.

* * * I am just going out to dinner, and then to two parties in the evening—Mrs. Harwood's and Dr. Grant's. This is the way we live in London, no less than three every evening. *Vive la bagatelle!* "Away with melancholy."

This is followed by the first notice of getting the Prince of Wales's permission to dedicate the translation of the "Odes of Anacreon" to him.

Saturday [no date].

My dear Mother,—I have got the prince's name, and his permission that I should dedicate "Anacreon" to him. Hurra! hurra! Yours ever.

The introduction to the prince, which followed soon after, is equally characteristic :

August 4, 1800.

I was yesterday introduced to his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales. He is beyond doubt a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him, he said he was very happy to know a *man of my abilities*; and when I thanked him for the honour he did me in permitting the dedication of "Anacreon," he stopped me and said, the honour was *entirely* his, in being *allowed* to put his name to a work of such merit. He then said that he hoped, when he returned to town in the winter, we should have many opportunities of *enjoying each other's society*; that he was passionately fond of music, and had long heard of my talents in that way. Is not all this very fine? But, my dearest mother, it has cost me a *new coat*; for the introduction was unfortunately deferred till my former one was grown confoundedly shabby, and I got a coat made up in six hours: however, it cannot be helped; I got it on an economical plan, by giving two guineas and an *old coat*, whereas the usual price of a coat here is near four pounds.

All the letters written at this happy period of life speak of nothing but successes. One boasts of six invitations a night; another records a ticket for the Ancient Music following him about town; a third, that young Lord Forbes and another young nobleman dine with him; a fourth, speaks of a *petit souper* with the prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert. Amid such intoxicating success the young Templar declares himself to be happy, careless, comical—everything he could wish—not very rich, nor yet quite poor. These were the balmy days of "Anacreon Moore."

They were interrupted by an appointment to a registrarship in the Bermuda Islands. Upon this subject, Lord John Russell remarks that it was unfortunate for Moore that he ever entertained expectations of advancement and competency, if not wealth, from a patron. Lord Moira, who assumed that character, seems to have meant kindness, and perhaps to have done all in his power to help the rising poet, but his attempts were not altogether successful. He procured for Mr. Moore an office in the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda, which produced the only great pecuniary embarrassment from which he ever suffered. Moore's own feelings towards Lord Moira appear to have been of the most grateful description. In one of his letters home, he says: "Poor Lord Moira met with a disagreeable accident the other evening. As he was leaving the judge's dinner at Leicester he fell in going down stairs and hurt his back—I think very seriously; for he has been in very great pain ever since, and cannot rise

from a sofa without assistance. It is a pity that hearts like his should be perplexed by such common casualties of life, which should be only reserved for every-day pedlars of this world. He is indeed most amiable." And elsewhere he says: "These are Englishmen! without any profession or ostentatious promises, but with a soberly liberal readiness to help the man who is worthy of being helped. Oh! the *gold mines* of sweet Ireland!"

Moore does not appear to have parted from what he justly termed the "frippery follies" of his London life with regret—pleasing as they must have been to his vanity, he still saw them in their true light. "A fair breeze and a loud yo-yo-ee!" he said, "were all that were wanting to set him afloat." "Hope sings in the shrouds of the ship that is to carry me." The Bermudas did not at first win from the poet those expressions of admiration which we should have anticipated. This may have been a great deal owing to the disappointment he experienced at his appointment, which he at once found out was not worth his remaining in exile on the Atlantic to enjoy. He admits that the islands form one of the prettiest and most romantic spots that he could ever have imagined, and the descriptions which represent them as like a place of fairy enchantment, to be little beyond the truth. Then, again, he writes: "These little islands are thickly covered with cedar groves, through the vistas of which you catch a few pretty white houses, which my poetical short-sightedness always transforms into temples; and I often expect to see nymphs and graces come tripping from them, when, to my great disappointment, I find that a few miserable negroes is all 'the blooming flush of life' it has to boast of."

Although Moore's political sympathies in early youth were deeply and ardently engaged on the side of those who excited and partook in the Irish Rebellion, the sight of democracy, triumphant in America, soon disgusted him. Of New York, he writes to his mother: "Such a place!—such people! Barren and secluded as poor Bermuda is, I think it a paradise to any spot in America that I have seen. If there is less barrenness of *soil* here, there is more than enough of barrenness in intellect, taste, and all in which *heart* is concerned." So severe were his strictures, that the noble editor appears to have deemed it wise to omit part of this letter; but it should be remembered that this was written in 1804, and that the great cities of the States have much altered since that time, and contain now as much intellect, taste, and heart as many a city in the mother country. In another letter, dated Baltimore, June 13, 1804, he writes:

Baltimore, Wednesday, June 13, 1804.

I am now, dearest mother, more than three hundred miles from Norfolk. I have passed the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the Occoquan, the Potapsio, and many other rivers, with names as barbarous as the inhabitants: every step I take not only *reconciles*, but *endears* to me, not only the excellences but even the errors of Old England. Such a road as I have come! and in such a conveyance! The mail takes twelve passengers, which generally consist of squalling children, stinking negroes, and republicans smoking cigars! How often it has occurred to me that nothing can be more emblematic of the government of this country than its *stages*, filled with a motley mixture, all "hail fellow well met," driving through mud and filth, which *bespatters* them as they *raise* it, and risking an *upset* at every step. God comfort their

capacities! as soon as I am away from them, both the stages and the government may have the same fate for what I care. I stopped at Washington with Mr. and Mrs. Merry for near a week: they have been treated with the most pointed incivility by the present democratic president, Mr. Jefferson; and it is only the precarious situation of Great Britain which could possibly induce it to overlook such indecent, though, at the same time, petty hostility. I was presented by Mr. Merry to both the secretary of state and the president. * * *

I hope, my darling mother, that all I write to amuse you may meet your eye, and find your heart in a mood to enjoy it. Oh yes, be happy, my own mother! be *you* but well and happy, and no sorrow can come near any of us. I know, in saying this, I speak for *all*; for my dearest, beloved father, and the sweet, good girls; we all hang on you equally. Never did Heaven form a heart more kind than I have found in Mrs. Hamilton of Norfolk, and she has caught the way to my heart by calling herself my *mother*. She sends a pair of ear-rings by me to Kate with the sincerest affection possible: she loves you all through me. I shall leave this place for Philadelphia on to-morrow, or the day after. I shall see there poor Edward Hudson, who, if I am rightly informed, has married the daughter of a very rich bookseller, and is taken into partnership by the father. Surely, surely, *this country* must have cured him of republicanism. Farewell, my sweet mother; Heaven preserve you to me, and to the dear ones about you, who have always my heart and soul with them. Yours and theirs for ever.

In a postscript he adds: "I have seen Edward Hudson; the rich bookseller I had heard of is Pat Byrne, whose daughter Hudson has married; they are, I believe, doing well. I dine with him to-day. Oh, if Mrs. Merry were to know that! However, I dined with the consul-general yesterday, which makes the balance even. I feel awkward with Hudson now; he has, perhaps, had reason to confirm him in his politics, and, God knows, I see every reason to change mine." His reception at Philadelphia was, however, so flattering, that he wrote the little poem beginning—

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rovd,

in commemoration of the kindnesses he met there, but also, as he avows, chiefly in allusion to a very charming little woman, Mrs. Hopkinson, who was extremely interested by his songs.

The dark woods of the Mohawk and the falls of the Niagara aroused to their full extent all those poetic sensibilities which are far more subdued, in his general correspondence, than would have been anticipated from so sensitive and so impulsive a being—one of whom, his noble editor says, "views of great scenes of Nature made him weep." Moore acknowledges to this weakness on approaching Niagara; and Lord John Russell says: "I shall never forget the day when I hurried him on from the post-house in the Jura mountains to get a first view of the Alps at sunset, and on coming up to him, found him speechless and in tears, overcome with the sublimity of Mont Blanc." This exquisite sensibility to happy and affecting emotions, especially from sublime scenery, is, we suspect, more common than people are generally willing to acknowledge to. Moore's description of Quebec is quaint and original. "I am at length," he writes, "upon the ground which made Wolfe immortal, and which looks more like the elysium of heroes than their death-place. If anything can make the beauty of the country more striking, it is the deformity and oddity of the city which it surrounds, and which lies hemmed in by ramparts,

amidst this delicious scenery, like a hog in armour upon a bed of roses."

On his return to London, Moore made a resolution that the charms of society should not seduce him from what he justly designates his "virtuous resolutions;" but, alas! to some, society is irresistible, and especially to those who shine in it. Only a few nights have elapsed ere we find him recording the "Prince's" courteous compliments paid to him at Lord Harrington's. Courtiership is catching; and we find the poet avowing now to his spending the day "beating his brains into gold-beater's leaf wherewith to adorn and bedaub the Honourable Mr. Spencer." The fact was, that he could not help, at most times, regretting that the flowers strewed before him had so little *gold-leaf* in them. "It is strange," he would write, "that people who value the silk so much, should not feed the *poor worm* who wastes himself in spinning it out for them." It was this feeling, and also his father's advice, that induced him unluckily to retain his Bermuda appointment, and to have the duties thereof performed by deputy. About this time, also, began the correspondence with Miss Godfrey—herself evidently a most "spirituel" letter-writer—and the tone of these new epistles is, as may be imagined, much more elaborately poetic than the simple and affectionate domestic letters we have hitherto had to deal with. As in the latter, however, he disclaims against the thralldom of London society. "I wait," he says, "but for the arrival of the *Edinburgh Review*, and then a long farewell to my greatness." "London shall never see me act the farce of gentlemanship in it any more, and, like a bright exhalation in the evening, I shall vanish and be forgotten. Say how and when I am to go to you."

This "I wait but for the arrival of the *Edinburgh*," was far more pregnant with importance than Moore had fancied when he penned the words to his amiable and intellectual correspondent. The *Edinburgh Review* did come; but not, Moore tells us, before he had joined the Donegals at Worthing, and contained that caustic and personal critique of his "Odes and Epistles" which led to his sending a challenge to Jeffrey on his return to town. The account of the duel with the *Edinburgh* critic is well told in the "Memoirs." The critic and the poet were walking to and fro chattering and joking whilst the seconds loaded the pistols. Bow-street officers, despatched by a friend, interrupted further proceedings, and nothing but the unlucky circumstance of one of the pistols having been found bulletless prevented the whole affair (and for being engaged in which Moore writes himself to Miss Godfrey, "ever your Tom Fool till death") being summarily and satisfactorily hushed up.

A "forty pounder" for his Sallust, to use his own words, discharged the poet at one single shot to Dublin, but the "muses," or ambition, as speedily recalled him to Donington Park (Lord Moira's). "The people of Dublin," he says, in a letter to Miss Godfrey, "seemed very sorry to lose me; but, I dare say, by this time they treat me as the *air* treats the *arrow*, fill up the gap, and forget that it ever passed that way." At Donington, a new resolution came over the poet; it was to study law and politics, and be called to the Irish bar. "He felt himself," he says, even in the midst of dissipation, "'armed for either field,' for folly or for thought, for fiddlers or philosophers." And in another letter, written about the same time, he adds, "If I am to be poor, I had rather be a

six miles of town. His father having a short time previous to this lost the situation of barrack-master, which Lord Moira had obtained for him, Moore nobly sacrificed the interest of two-thirds of the profit in "Lalla Rookh (2000*l.*)" for his parent's comfort. Still he felt it a heavy blow. "Thus," he says, in one of his letters to Lady Donegal, "am I doomed to be a poor man for the remainder of my existence, as I must share my crust with him as long as he lives." A transient visit to Paris, a return to Hornsey, and the loss of a second beloved child, were followed by a final remove to Sloperton Cottage, to which Moore's attention was first directed by Lord Lansdowne.

The "Diary" is by far the most amusing and anecdotal portion of the Biography. It commences in the year 1818 (Aug. 18th), when Moore went to Bath, on his way to "Leamington Spa" (railroads not in existence then), for the purpose of consulting Mrs. Lefanu, the only surviving sister of Sheridan, on the subject of her brother's life. Aug. 20th, "Found Mrs. Lefanu—the very image of Sheridan, having his features without his carbuncles, and all the light of his eyes without the illumination of his nose." Here also he met with Dr. Parr. "While I was there, and talking of Sheridan, Dr. Parr entered in full wig and apron (which he wears as prebendary of St. Paul's, and not unwilling, of course, to look like a bishop)." "Though it was then morning, he drank two glasses and a half of wine; and over that, when he was going away, a tumbler of the Spa."

On the 4th he dined at Bowood. "Found Lord Lansdowne in the garden, with Vernon (the Archbishop's son) and a Frenchman, a tall, talking, twisting, and gesticulating fellow, with a small dandy French hat on the top of his head. Was told, to my surprise, by Vernon, that he was a judge come to study our jurisprudence, &c. Very unlike our Ellenboroughs and Abbots." After dinner he relates: "Bowles, who cannot speak French, holding a conversation with the judge, and bellowing out to him, as if he was deaf—highly amusing—asking him 'did he know *Nancy*?' pronouncing it in the English way."

After this a trip to London. "Called with Scully on Johnstone, who told me that Sheridan one night came to Drury-Lane tippy, when the 'School for Scandal' was acting; went into the green-room when it was over, and asked what play it was. Wroughton gravely told him. 'And who was it,' he said, that 'acted the old fellow—Sir Peter what-d'ye-call'm?' 'Mathews, sir.' 'Never let him play it again; he looks like an old pastry-cook.'"

On his return we have more sparkling dinners at Bowood. "Miss Edgeworth there—delightful, not from display, but from repose and unaffectedness; the least pretending person in the company." The life of Sheridan does not appear to have been pleasant labour amidst such gaiety. On the 25th he records: "At my Sheridan task from ten till three; so hard to narrate familiar events eloquently. I often wish Sheridan, Miss Linley, and Major Mathews at the devil. This would have been a day for poetry—not tame, dull, business-like prose; and yet thus have I lost all this most poetical summer."

A considerable portion of the diary in 1818 is taken up with anecdotes of Sheridan, Moore being at that time engaged in writing

his life. At Holland House, where he was often latterly, Lady H. told him he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always—the *former* alone intended for use. In the morning he breakfasted in bed, and had a little rum or brandy with his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two, and pretending important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the Adam and Eve public-house for a dram. "There was, indeed, a long bill run up by him at the Adam and Eve, which Lord H. had to pay." Addison, also, according to the tradition of Holland House, used, when composing, to walk up and down the long gallery there, with a bottle of wine at each end of it, which he finished during the operation.

Memoirs, letters, and diary alike, not alone enable the reader to form a thorough estimate of the personal character of the poet, but the character of the lady, who made the home of Moore the abode of conjugal happiness, comes out also in the most clear and distinct manner. It is absurd to say that the editor should have forestalled these results—that he should have saved the reader the trouble of wading through such a mass of material to arrive at a correct knowledge of the strength of Moore's affections, and the extent of his domestic happiness; these are just the things that must be so certified, and which we cannot take upon trust, or believe even from editorial *dictum*. It is just the point upon which Lord John Russell himself says, in his preface, that he had chosen to encounter blame, rather than lose the individual likeness by softening or obliterating details. Some of the letters are touchingly descriptive of the amiable, pious, charitable disposition of Mrs. Moore. Here is a more amusing illustration of the latter always active feeling:

A man had come in the morning, a young Irishman, and said his wife had been delivered of twins on the road, and was lying without any comforts for them at a house in Sandy-lane: never could he have found Bessy in a tenderer mood for such a story. She had a large jug of caudle made instantly, which she gave him, with two little caps and two shifts out of the stock she keeps for the poor, a pound of sugar, some tea, and two shillings; one of which was *my* gift, because he was an Irishman.

Our Irish friend did not bring back the pitcher as he promised. Suspicions began to arise; walked to Phipps's; called at the cottage where the fellow said his wife and twins were lying; found 'twas all a cheat. Sad hardeners of the heart these tricks are.

The dinners at Bowood furnish, however, the best contributions to the diary.

At dinner sat next to Lord Auckland. Talked of Bowles and extempore preachers: the broken metaphors to which they are subject. Mentioned that I remembered, when a boy, hearing Kirwan talk of the "*Glorious lamp of day on its march*;" and Conolly, a great Roman Catholic preacher, say, "*On the wings of Charity the torch of Faith was borne, and the Gospel preached from pole to pole.*" Lord A. mentioned a figure of speech of Sir R. Wilson at Southwark, "*As well might you hurl back the thunderbolt to its electric cradle.*" This led to —'s oratory; mentioned I had heard him on the trial of Guthrie, and the ludicrous effect which his mixture of flowers with the matter-of-fact statement produced; something this way: "*It was then, gentlemen of the jury, when this serpent of seduction, stealing into the bowers of that earthly paradise, the lodgings of Mr. Guthrie, in Gloucester-street, when, embittering with his venom that heaven of happiness, where all above was sunshine, all below was flowers, he received a card to dine with the Connaught*

Bar at the Porto-Bello Hotel," &c. When I told Curran of the superabundant floridness of this speech, he said, "My dear Tom, it will never do for a man to turn painter, merely upon the strength of having a pot of colours by him, unless he knows how to lay them on." Lord L. told a good story of his French servant, when Mansell, the Master of Trinity, came to call upon him, announcing him as "Maitre des Cérémonies de la Trinité." Talked of the "Pursuits of Literature," and the sensation it produced when published. Matthias's Italian poetry : Mr. Oakden said he had heard Florentines own he came nearer their poetry than any other foreigner had done, but that still he was *but* a foreigner at it. I mentioned a translation, by W. Spencer, of a song of mine ("The Wreath you wove") into Italian, which passed with me and others for legitimate, till one day I repeated it to Buonaiuti, and when I came to "Un foglio inaridito" (one faded leaf), he said, "Wrong : foglio is the leaf of a book ; the leaf of a tree is *foglia*." This annihilated it at once, for *una foglia* would not suit the metre. Talked of the unlucky number thirteen at dinner. Mentioned that, at Catalani's one day, perceiving there was that number at dinner, she sent a French countess, who lived with her, up-stairs, to remedy the grievance ; but, soon after, La Cainea coming in, the poor moveable countess was brought down again. Lord L. said he had dined once abroad with Count Orloff, and perceived he did not sit down at dinner, but kept walking round from chair to chair ; and he found afterwards from Orloff it was because the *Narishkin* (I think) were at table, who he knew would rise instantly if they perceived the number thirteen, which Orloff would have made by sitting down himself. Lord L. said that blackguard was a word of which he could not make out the origin. It had been said it was from a guard of soldiers in black, who attended at the execution of Charles the First ; but the word was, he believed, older than that period ; and, besides, it did not appear that any such circumstance took place.

At a subsequent dinner at the same place :

I mentioned Lord Holland's imitation of poor Murat, the King of Naples, talking of Virgil, "Ah Virgile, qu'il est beau ! C'est mon idole ; que c'est sublime ça,—*Tityre tu patula recubans*," &c., &c. Lord L. mentioned a translation of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" by a foreigner, whom I remember in London, called the Commandeur de Tilly, and the line, "As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away," was done "Comme la mer détruit les travaux de la taupe." I told an anecdote mentioned to me by Lord Moira, of a foreign teacher of either music or drawing at Lady Perth's in Scotland. As he was walking round the terrace with Lord M., the latter said, "Voilà le Château de Macbeth." "Maccabée, milor," said the artist. "Je crois que c'est Macbeth," modestly answered Lord M. "Pardon, milor, nous le prononçons Maccabée sur le Continent ; Judas Maccabéeus, Empereur Romain !" Talked of the egotism of foreign writers. The Abbé de Pradt begins one of his books "Un seul homme a sauvé l'Europe ; c'est moi." The best of it is, he read this in a company where the Duke of Wellington was ; and, on the Abbé making a pause at the word l'Europe, all eyes were turned to the Duke ; but then came out, to their no small astonishment, "C'est, moi !"

We shall return to these charming volumes next month.

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COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

In the JANUARY NUMBER was commenced,

THE FLITCH OF BACON:

OR,

The Custom of Dunmow.

A TALE OF ENGLISH HOME.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

SUN.

HARRISON AINSWORTH *redivivus*! Yes; and restored to his admirers under the happiest auspices—by the commencement, with the new year, of a good old English tale founded upon a good old English custom. It has been the good fortune of our author to hit upon—or rather we should say it has been wonderfully to the credit of his judgment that he has selected—some of the most admirable subjects for fiction ever chosen by a contributor to our national literature. What, for instance, could be happier as a selection than that famous one of “The Tower of London?” What again could be more felicitous than the notion of repopling from the Past, in like manner, the gorgeous fane and verdant haunts of “Windsor Castle?”—an idea further developed afterwards in regard to the town dwelling of our monarchs—“St. James’s.” Victor Hugo had celebrated in this way the Cathedral of Paris in his masterly fiction of “Notre Dame”—and Harrison Ainsworth did the same by the Cathedral of London, in his “Old St. Paul’s”—enhancing the interest of the story, by recounting in it the horrors of that Plague and Fire which successively devastated this metropolis in the seventeenth century. Happier still was our author’s choice of a subject in “Guy Fawkes,” and happiest of all, to our mind, that of “Crichton” the Admirable! In this manner, upon various occasions before now, he has continued to create a soul under the ribs of death, by reviving some dim old legend, or doubtfully remembered story, in the picturesque guise of a living and attractive romance. It is with the like skilfulness of selection that Mr. Ainsworth has taken now as the theme of his new domestic tale of life in England, “The Flitch of Bacon; or, the Custom of Dunmow.” Having rendered his readers familiar at once with the Old Inn and the Custom of Dunmow, Mr. Ainsworth loses no time in introducing the principal personages destined to figure in the narrative. Besides the garrulous and uxorious old landlord, Jonas Nettlebed, and the third wife of Boniface, Nelly Nettlebed—we have already become acquainted with Carrotty Dick, the ostler, and Peggy, the pretty chambermaid, with Dr. Plot, the mysterious, and Mr. Roper, the crabbed; but most agreeably of all, with Rose Woodbine, the heroine, and Frank Woodbine, the hero—doubtless the future and successful claimants of the Dunmow Flitch of Bacon. It is in this fashion that the new story opens—a story which, we trust, may shed fresh lustre on the *New Monthly Magazine*, and impart new popularity to the already popular name of Harrison Ainsworth.

MORNING HERALD.

“The Flitch of Bacon” is the title of a new work of fiction which Mr. Ainsworth has begun in the January number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and which, although a serial, we depart from our usual custom to notice, on account of the abundant promise it holds out of equalling in interest any of the previous romances which its popular author has produced. The “Custom of Dunmow” has so long been associated with the pleasantest of England’s traditions, that a full illustration of the gamesome test of connubial felicity cannot but be received with welcome. The story, though only just begun, has already a stirring plot toward and a number of lively characters on the scene, not the least important personage being Dr. Plot, whose peculiarities appear likely to be brought out to great advantage as the narrative progresses. Some glimpses of the supernatural are also glanced at, which indicate the revelation of that never-failing attraction a ghost story, which, in Mr. Ainsworth’s practised hands, we may be assured, will prove a good one. It therefore behoves the lovers of domestic fiction to look out for the monthly visitation of “The Flitch.”

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE FLITCH OF BACON:

OR,

THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW.

A TALE OF ENGLISH HOME.*

BY THE EDITOR.

The Bacon was not set for them I trow,
That some men have in Essex at Dunmow.

CHAUCER. *Wife of Bath's Prologue.*

PART THE SECOND.

The Gamekeeper's Cottage.

I.

HOW DOCTOR PLOT VISITED THE OLD PRIORY CHURCH OF DUNMOW.

DOCTOR PLOT found it bitterly cold.

The wind seemed to come from "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," and penetrated to his very bones, through his roquelaure and muff. Besides, he could scarcely keep his feet, owing to the slippery state of the road, which in some places was covered with ice. The steward, however, had a strong arm, and to this the old gentleman clung for support, and so kept himself from falling. Thus he toiled on, slipping and swearing, and grumbling incessantly at the severity of the weather, but exhibiting no inclination to turn back.

Mr. Roper found it very cold too, but he was well buttoned up, and had it not been for the wind, which caught him at corners, and threatened to blow off his hat and wig, he would have cared nothing about the weather. To secure himself against mishap he tied his handkerchief over his head, and then bade lusty defiance to the hyperborean blast.

They had quitted the main town, and crossing the bridge over the frozen Chelmer, were slowly mounting the ascent leading to Little Dunmow—a work of some labour and difficulty to the old gentleman.

*  NOTICE.—The Author reserves the copyright of this Tale in France, and the right of publishing a French Translation of the work; as provided by the Treaty.

Before they got half-way up the hill, night had come on; but the moon had arisen, and there was a brilliant array of stars in the firmament. The frosty particles on the hedges glittered like diamond spray. Very lovely was the scene around them in spite of the rigour of the season; and indeed, the sharp frost rather contributed to the beauty of the landscape than diminished it. The wind had dispersed the mists usually hanging over the marshy grounds in the valley, and an uninterrupted view was obtained of the course of the Chelmer for miles through the lowlands, its frozen surface sparkling in the moonlight. In other respects the country was beautifully undulating and diversified: in parts well wooded, and though the trees were robbed of their foliage, they formed fine dark masses on the hill sides. At some distance on the left, crowning the heights, might be discerned Stansted House, a noble mansion, belonging to Sir Gilbert de Montichet. It was surrounded by a park, and an enchanting effect was produced by some clumps of timber on the slopes, and a few large single trees in the hollows. Cottages and granges were scattered about at intervals; and nearer to Dunmow and by the river side, were grounds and works showing where the woollen manufactures were carried on, for which the place had long been noted. Dunmow itself looked unusually picturesque in the magical light of the moon, which gave a kind of spiritual beauty to every object it fell upon; and a cheerful hum arose from the little town as if the inhabitants were all making merry.

A ruddy gleam burst from the windows of most of the cottages they passed, giving the little tenements an air of such comfort, that Dr. Plot was more than once tempted to stop and warm himself at their fires. Mirthful voices and laughter generally resounded from within. But this was not the case with a forlorn-looking and solitary hovel, that stood by the road-side. No smoke issued from its chimney; no sound of cheerfulness arose from it; only a faint light struggled through its frosty panes. Its appearance was so miserable that Dr. Plot's compassion being aroused, he peeped in.

He beheld a wretched-looking object in female attire crouching before a few decaying embers. A farthing candle burnt on the table beside her, and revealed the forlorn condition of the place. A sad picture altogether.

Dr. Plot felt it terribly cold just then. The wind was keener than ever. It cut him like a knife.

He was raising his hand to knock against the door, when the steward stopped him.

"What are you about to do, sir?" Mr. Roper said. "She does not deserve your charity, A bad, mischievous woman, sir."

"Mischievous or not," Dr. Plot rejoined, "I cannot see her sit there and starve on such a night as this."

So he knocked. With slow and tottering steps the woman answered the summons. A ghastly-looking creature: prematurely old: with haggard features, and grizzled hair. Dr. Plot appeared to recognise her; he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and bethought him of the steward's caution. But he had gone too far to retreat now, so hastily thrusting a piece of money into the woman's hand, he departed.

Not unseen nor unnoted, though. The woman had recognised him, also. She staggered back and sank into a chair; and it was long ere she regained her senses. On recovering, she fancied she had beheld a phan-

tom. But a piece of gold was in her hand ; so it must have been a living person she had seen. She looked at the gold long and steadily, and then laid it down upon the table muttering :

"He is come back to judge me—he is come back. Reparation must be made before I join her in the grave."

Meantime, Dr. Plot and his companion toiled on. Thoughts of other days and other scenes, with which that haggard-looking woman had possibly been connected, passed through his mind, and he became perfectly silent, and self-engrossed. The wind might blow as keenly as it listed now. He felt it not. An icier breath than that from the north chilled him.

The summit of the hill was at length attained, and before them stood the old Priory Church of Dunmow. All that remained of it at least, for the little structure they beheld, with its grey walls bathed in the moonbeams, its three round-arched windows, its solitary buttress, its tiny belfry surmounted by a quaint extinguisher-like roof, was the mere fragment of a vast and stately pile ; that in its time had formed part of a range of monastic buildings, covering many a rood around. The ragged state of the masonry at either end of the church showed the devastation that had been committed, and the rude and imperfect character of the repairs. Within, one aisle and part of the choir were all that remained of the original fabric. Of the long rows of columns that once supported the high-arched roof now few continued standing ! The hand of the Destroyer had fallen heavily on the fane ; hurling down solid walls, and buttresses built in defiance of time ; toppling the tower from its base ; desecrating the shrines ; stripping off the ornaments ; tearing up the tombs ; and shaking the pile to its foundations. Yet some little had been spared. Underneath a low-browed arch, encased like saintly relics in a coffer, lay the hallowed bones of the Lady Juga, by whom, early in the Twelfth Century, the Convent was founded, and dedicated to Our Lady. Of the various monastic edifices reared and endowed by the pious Juga, all were gone, save this fragment of the church : not a stone to mark their site : and the holy men whom she appointed to abide there, were gone likewise : their very graves unhonoured and unknown. But her ashes had not been disturbed ; as if some good spell guarded them.

Would that the same benignant power had preserved from mutilation the tombs of the Fitzwalters ! Eleven generations of the house were buried here. An antique sculptured monument, bearing date 1198, covered the founder of the line, Sir Walter Fitzwalter and his dame. Base hands and barbarous were those that shattered the fine recumbent figure of the old warrior, and 'twas pity he could not rise to strike down the sacrilegious wretch ! Between two pillars, near him, lay his granddaughter ; erstwhile, as fair a piece of clay, and as free from dross, as ever death, before its time, gave back to native dust. The alabaster figure on the tomb strove to shape forth the fatal charms of the hapless Matilda Fitzwalter ; fatal to herself, inasmuch as they roused the passions of the ruthless John, by whom she was poisoned because she resisted him. Other graves were there belonging to the same ancient family, though not so noticeable as these ; but most of them were reft of their memorials ; the inscriptions defaced ; the brasses torn from the stones. Little else was left, unless it might be the Old Oak Chair

devoted to the winners of the Flitch, wherein, as we have seen, it was Jonas Nettlebed's ardent desire to be enthroned. This was kept here, though seldom called into use. The venerable monastic fame had dwindled into a little parish church, with whitewashed walls, and a few pews enclosing its pillars.

Having walked up to the churchyard gate, Dr. Plot, whose feelings had evidently undergone some change since he had seen the haggard tenant of the hovel, expressed a strong wish to enter the little structure. The request seemed strange and ill-timed; but the steward, who by this time had apparently become acquainted with some of the old gentleman's peculiarities of character, raised no objection, but at once proceeded to a cottage hard by, and obtained the key from the sexton.

Armed with this, Dr. Plot left his companion beneath a row of limes in the churchyard, and hobbling up to the porch where he nearly stumbled over the sharp stones on which the fortunate couples were required to kneel while reciting their vow of conjugal felicity, he unlocked the door, and closed it after him carefully as he went in.

Why does he go there alone, and at such an hour? We may not disclose the dark secrets of his breast; but we can follow him, and see what he does.

After a step or two he pauses, overcome by emotion. A chill as of death falls upon his heart. The moonbeams are streaming upon the tomb of the first Fitzwalter and his dame, and very ghostly the statues look. The old man advances towards them slowly, as if fascinated by their stony regards. He is talking to himself aloud, but in hollow, broken tones. What words are those he utters? We dare not repeat them. They are such alone as the dead should hear.

No human eye he fancies can behold him; no human ear hear him. His gestures become more frantic; his language more wild and incoherent. No one, who had lately seen him, would recognise him now. His features have assumed a wholly different expression; very fearful to behold. Notwithstanding the deathlike chill of the place, thick damps gather, like heat-drops, on his brow.

The fit passes off, and he grows calm; but so pale, he might pass for one of the marble group before him.

Then he staggers towards the arched recess, beneath which the saintly Juga is deposited, and kneeling before the sepulchral cist, appears to pray. His hands are raised in supplication.

Why does he start back so suddenly? What sounds are those he hears? Can they be echoes of his own sighs and groans? They seem to issue from the very depths of the shell before him. He would fain speak, but his tongue is stayed with wonder and terror. He listens intently for a recurrence of the sounds. In vain. All is silent as the grave. He can see nothing; for the moon having momentarily withdrawn her lustre, the place is buried in darkness.

He puts forth his hand, and encounters only the lid of the sepulchral chest. He touches it reverently. Beyond this, he meets nothing but the stone wall forming the back of the recess.

He shakes off the terror that has numbed him, and asks, in a voice that seems to break harshly upon the stillness of the spot, "Who is there?" No answer. He repeats the question, more loudly and pe-

remptorily. Still, the same result. At last, he quits the church, in fear and perplexity.

He finds the steward pacing up and down beneath the little avenue of leafless lime-trees leading to the porch, and questions him. Some one must have followed him into the church—or have been hidden there when he entered it? Mr. Roper declares this to be impossible. He has never quitted his post for a moment. No one could have passed through the door without being perceived; and as to any one hiding in the church at such an hour without special reason, it is idle to think of it. What can have happened to occasion these inquiries?

But Dr. Plot does not think it necessary to explain,—and the steward, who, before this, has begun to suspect that the old gentleman is not quite right in his upper story, is now confirmed in the impression.

So, though his curiosity is considerably excited, he relinquishes all idea of gratifying it for the present, and takes back the key, without further remark. This done, they set off in the direction of the young game-keeper's cottage, and speedily arrive at it.

II.

A PEEP AT THE GAMEKEEPER'S WIFE.

A PRETTY cottage. Just the spot for humble love to dwell in. No turtle doves could choose a nicer nest. So Dr. Plot thought, as he approached it.

Roses and honeysuckles adorned its whitened walls in summer, and crept round its little windows to meet the thatched roof above. The garden, too, though small, was tastefully laid out, and full of fragrant shrubs and flowers. Odour or bloom, they had none now; but they were there still, and ready to put forth new beauties and blossoms with returning spring. The holly hedge and the ivy on the wall alone showed any symptoms of verdure or vitality.

A light was shining through the little diamond panes of the window, and as the curtains were not drawn across it, one might easily look in. The temptation was too strong for Dr. Plot. He laid his hand on his companion's arm to impose silence, opened the gate with care, and walked noiselessly along the frozen walk.

He did not require to be told whom he beheld. It could be no other than Rose Woodbine.

Her back was towards him, but the perfect symmetry of her figure was distinguishable: the slender waist, the spreading shoulders, the slim neck, and finely-shaped head, with the fair abundant tresses gathered behind it. Nor had he to wait long before her features were fully revealed. The clock struck seven; and laying down the needlework on which she was engaged, she arose to prepare her husband's evening meal. She was taller than Dr. Plot expected. But what a lovely countenance! Her features were cast in the softest mould of beauty. Sweetness was their characteristic expression: sweetness that hung upon the lips, fashioned like Cupid's bow; that shone from the dove-like blue eyes; that sat upon the dimpled cheek, tinted like the China rose; that reigned throughout her whole demeanour. Sweetness in every look; gentleness in every move-

ment. Fair she was : very fair : locks light as a summer cloud, and skin of snowy whiteness.

Dr. Plot had come prepared to find fault ; but he could perceive nothing to object to. Her beauty was undeniable. Judged by any standard, it would take high rank ; and the sweetness of look, previously noticed, heightened the effect of her charms. Apparently, there were no drawbacks in manner and deportment. Her movements were full of natural grace and modesty. Her dress, though simple, was the most becoming possible. No court dame, masking her charms in rustic guise, could have chosen her attire better : not half so well, probably. If she only proved as amiable as she looked, Dr. Plot could have nothing to say against her.

So far satisfied, he took a survey of the room. Though plain and unpretending, and consistent with the young gamekeeper's station, it was remarkably clean and tidy, and there was an air of great comfort about it. The furniture was substantial and well arranged, and there was a total absence of any vulgar ornament, either in the way of tawdry pictures, or otherwise. Indeed there was evidence of some little mental cultivation on the part of the inmates, afforded in three or four bookshelves laden with goodly tomes. But the walls were chiefly occupied with the implements belonging to Frank Woodbine's calling ; guns of various sizes and make were hung against them, nets, landing-nets, fishing-rods, and tackle : all the apparatus, in short, of the angler and the sportsman. There were the gamekeeper's mud-boots, oilskin hat, and waterproof jacket for fowling in the marshes. Stretched before the fire, which was blazing cheerfully, was the large retriever who had accompanied his master on his first visit to the Dunmow Flitch.

The snowy napkin was spread upon the table, and the pigeon pie and cold ham set on it, with the white loaf and the brown jug ready to be filled with frothing ale on his arrival. Rose glanced at the clock. Five minutes more were gone. He couldn't be long now. She smiled while thinking how she would welcome him.

Pity to dash that smile with tears !

Rose sat down again, and as she plied ner needle, she sang some snatches of a simple ballad, in a voice so sweet that its tones thrilled through the old gentleman's heart. It was like listening to a nightingale.

Dr. Plot was so transported that he quite forgot himself, clapped his hands, and called out in applause. Both the singer and the retriever were disturbed by the exclamation, and the latter sprang to his feet, and advanced, growling, towards the door. At first, Rose thought it was her husband, but the anger of the hound instantly undeceived her. Dragon would not bark at his master.

The steward now thought it necessary to advance, and secure their peaceable admission. Accordingly, he tapped at the door, and announced himself, and Dragon being silenced and sent back to his place on the hearth, Mr. Roper stepped in, followed by Dr. Plot, whom he introduced to the fair mistress of the house.

III.

DR. PLOT GIVES REASONS FOR HIS DISBELIEF IN CONJUGAL FELICITY ; AND RELATES THE PARTICULARS OF AN UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE.

IF Rose Woodbine's voice was sweet and musical, her manner was no less charming.

She received them very kindly, motioning them to seats, and addressing the steward, presumed that he came to see her husband, with whom she knew he had some business, though she was not aware of its nature ; adding, that she expected Frank home every moment. Mr. Roper bowed, as if in assent to the remark. Refreshments were then offered them but declined. As, in introducing Dr. Plot, the steward had mentioned his professional connexion with the late family, who dwelt at the Old Hall at Dunmow, Rose regarded the stranger with interest. Something in his features struck her as familiar, either in look or expression ; but she could not exactly tell what. She inquired whether he had been in the neighbourhood recently ?

"Not for upwards of twenty years," he replied.

"Then I cannot have seen you before, since I was not born at that time," she rejoined with a smile. "And yet I seem to know your face."

Dr. Plot exchanged an almost imperceptible glance with the steward.

"I see what it is now," Rose continued more quickly. "With that smile playing upon your face, you remind me of—whom do you think?"

"I can't guess, ma'am. Mr. Roper, perhaps?"

"My husband."

The old gentleman's smile immediately vanished.

"A compliment, I presume, is intended," he said, gravely ; "and I accept it. But I have no desire to be thought like a gamekeeper."

"Nay, now I look again, you don't resemble him at all. Frank always looks good-natured."

"And I am not always so, you think. Well, there you are right, my dear. I am generally considered a cantankerous old fellow, and people don't care much about my society, in consequence. I don't blame them. I am dissatisfied with the world, and the world is naturally dissatisfied with me. So we are quits. If people abuse me, I can rail at them in return. And, best of all, I can shun them. I am what they call a misanthrope, my dear."

"Perhaps you have had good reason for your quarrel with mankind, sir?"

"I have, or think I have. I have to complain of violated friendship ; of perfidy ; of wrong—deep, irremediable wrong ; of dishonour. Some men can bear these things without wincing ; or, if they writhe under the infliction for a time, wholly recover. I am not one of the class. But I do not want to trouble you with my griefs or my resentments."

"You do not trouble me, sir. On the contrary, you interest me deeply, and I sincerely wish I could be of any service in softening the asperity of your feelings, and restoring you to a good opinion of the world."

"I fear it is impossible, my dear. I have been too harshly dealt with.

When I have found in the softest words—falsehood—and in the sweetest smiles—betrayal: when the hand, that grasped mine, plunged a dagger into my breast, I am not likely to forget, or to forgive. From that hour I abjured the world. I have no part in it. I have forsworn my own kin. I have no ties, no affections, no sympathies. I am alone—yes, utterly alone.”

“I pity you from the bottom of my heart, sir. I can easily understand that your faith in the goodness of human nature should be severely shaken by what you have endured; but I cannot—will not believe it has been utterly destroyed.”

“Well, not utterly, perhaps; but nearly so.”

A slight pause ensued. It was broken, at length, by Rose. With a look of sympathy, she observed to the old gentleman, “Your unhappy case puts me in mind of what I have heard related of Sir Walter Fitzwalter and his ill-starred lady.”

The steward was about to interpose and divert the conversation from the turn it had now taken, but Dr. Plot checked him.

“All such cases are alike, madam,” the old gentleman said, “except in their consequences. Wrong on one side; wretchedness on the other: nay, wretchedness on both sides. Woman will be false, and man will be her dupe to the end of the chapter. My history is not Sir Walter’s only; but the history of a hundred families besides. I could give you a long catalogue if I chose, for I have them at my fingers’ ends; but I will spare you the recital. Most men are patient under injury, or feel it not: some few avenge themselves fearfully. Sir Walter was among the latter. He wiped out the stain upon his house in blood—in the blood of the villain who wronged him; and his wife—his guilty wife—expiated her offence by poison, self-administered. I know Mr. Roper entertains an opinion different from mine upon this tragic affair; but so it occurred.”

“I know the unfortunate Lady Juga to have been innocent,” the steward remarked.

“That makes it doubly distressing,” Rose said. “Alas! poor lady.”

“Alas! indeed, if it be true,” Dr. Plot exclaimed, with something like a groan. “And alas! for Sir Walter, if he yet be living, and should have this proved to him. It would be his death.”

“I hope not, sir,” Mr. Roper said.

“It would, I tell you. And what is more, he would deserve to die; and I should not care if he were hanged like a dog. No, not like a dog, for I would *not* hang a dog; but like the blood-stained murderer he must be.”

“You look very ill, sir,” said Rose, rising in alarm; “let me bring you a glass of water.”

“No, my dear—no, thank’ee,” Dr. Plot rejoined, faintly. “I am subject to spasms of the heart. They will kill me, I dare say, some day; but the pang is past now. We have talked too much about this inhuman Sir Walter.”

“I do not think him inhuman, sir,” Rose rejoined; “for, though I gladly believe in the lady’s innocence, as asserted by Mr. Roper, and should wish to see it established, even after this long lapse of time, and when it can only clear her name from reproach; still Sir Walter must have been deluded by false statements of her criminality; and therefore the real guilt cannot rest with him, but with the author of the direful charges.”

"On that head be it then," Dr. Plot rejoined, with another groan. "But, supposing Mr. Roper to be right, nothing can be said in excuse for Sir Walter, except that he was of a suspicious nature, and easily aroused to jealousy. An irritable man moreover; odd in speech; odd in his ways; and difficult to please. Humorsome, exacting, imperious. You knew not where to have him, for he slipped through your fingers like an eel; and when you thought to please him best, you were most likely to give him offence."

"You describe him skilfully, sir," Rose said; "but you give only the dark side of the picture. Let us look on the bright side. He must have had some good qualities to redeem the bad."

"Perhaps he had, my dear; but I could never find them out. Some people said he did good, but it was in an odd way, and to please himself; so there was little or no merit in it. Some few thought him generous; but most people called him close-fisted, and they were nearer the mark. Originally, I believe, he had kindly qualities, but they were early soured; just as his personal appearance was destroyed by bodily infirmity. He was lame, my dear—lame like myself—lame on the same leg—and it was this circumstance that made him take a liking to me. It would have been well if I had never seen him, for he inoculated me with some of his peculiarities and prejudices, and I should have been better without them."

"You disparage him somewhat, I think, sir," Rose remarked. "To my eyes his character appears full of interest—deep and painful interest."

"If what I have said has produced that effect, so far from disparaging him, I must have spoken more favourably of him than he deserves. There was little interest about him, I assure you. A very common-place personage who might have passed through life, without attracting any observation, if he had been differently circumstanced."

"There I cannot agree with you, sir," the steward observed. "Sir Walter was no common-place person."

"You knew little of him, Mr. Roper. His faults were more numerous than his virtues—that I maintain. He was a sceptic—not on religious matters; on those he was a bigot: but, having no faith in himself, or in his own goodness, he distrusted his fellows. He thought them like him. He had little belief in man's honesty, less in woman's; valued professions of friendship lightly, and even sneered at them; fancied motives where none, perhaps, existed; and often took offence when no offence was intended. His manner alienated his acquaintance, and resentment at their conduct prevented him from seeking fresh society. Thus, he had no friends. Yes, I forget; he had one—one, who remained with him."

"Yourself, I suppose, sir?" Rose hazarded.

"No. I was his worst enemy. He had one friend whom he believed deserved the title truly; who stood by him, when others fell off; who seemed blind to his defects. For this friendship Sir Walter was not ungrateful. His friend became as a brother to him; nay, his second self. He had no secrets from him. Better he had cut out his tongue than have so betrayed himself!" Dr. Plot cried, with an expression of rage. "He was nourishing a viper. But to go on. Unlikely as it would seem that a breast like Sir Walter's should entertain any tender passion, love found entrance to it. It not only found entrance, but lighted up a flame that threatened to consume him. He was driven to despair, for he

dreaded refusal worse than death, and had no hope of success. His friend soon became acquainted with his state, and bade him take courage. He furthered the suit, with a dark design, as afterwards appeared; and in the end, Juga Baynard became Lady Fitzwalter. For awhile Sir Walter thought himself the happiest of men. His doubts disappeared. He had found a true friend, and a loving wife. Fool! fool! to be thus deluded," the old man exclaimed, gnashing his teeth. "His happiness was brief. Well it might be, for it had no real foundation. Lady Juga was very handsome, and somewhat wilful. She claimed admiration as her right. She loved society as much as Sir Walter disliked it. On this point they first disagreed. The friend espoused the lady's part, and she gained the day. The Old Hall was crowded with guests, and the unwilling host driven to his own chamber for quiet. His lady did not like his odd ways, his eccentricities of manner and speech, and rallied him upon them. Quarrel the second. Again his friend took part against him, and joined the lady in her ridicule. This was hard to bear; but Sir Walter bore it as he could. Trifles, I have said, irritated him; trifles at which other men would laugh, but which he magnified into importance. Their next quarrel was about a trifle—so mere a trifle that what it was—a frown—a gesture—an inadvertent word—has escaped my recollection. But on this occasion his friend sided with him. The change of tactics did not escape Sir Walter, and his suspicions were awakened. He began to watch his friend narrowly. Blind dupe that he had hitherto been, he now detected a hundred grounds for jealousy! His breast was a prey to anguish inexpressible. He saw, or thought he saw, that all were laughing at him—that his very household mocked him. But he did not put an end to this state of things. He let it go on; nourishing his rage in secret. He could have easily closed his doors upon his friend; but this did not suit him. He meditated revenge. Whatever his plans might have been, they were delayed by a circumstance, which would have calmed his fury, had he not seen in it addition to his supposed wrongs. Lady Fitzwalter gave birth to a child, and her husband traced its parentage to his false-hearted friend. If he wronged her by that suspicion—for he had no proofs beyond the doubts engendered in his own mind—then Heaven forgive him!"

"He *did* wrong her—most cruelly wrong her," the steward said, in a severe and emphatic tone.

Dr. Plot made no reply. He did not even raise his eyes to meet the other's gaze; but was visibly a prey to great emotion. After awhile, he proceeded:

"I now approach the darkest part of my story, and would willingly leave it untold; but I must end it, since I have begun. Sir Walter's manner, by this time, was wholly changed. He was no longer odd. He had become moody, morose, savage. Bitter in his taunts to his lady; fierce when contradicted. His friend was still his frequent guest, but he saw little of him. The lady was left to his society, and they could dispense with that of the husband. Sir Walter could not be prevailed to look upon the child which he did not believe to be his own; and on this score his lady felt, or feigned, great distress; shedding many tears to move him; but he continued inexorable. One day she suddenly invaded the sanctuary he had chosen, and before he could prevent her, placed the infant in his arms, bidding him look upon its innocent face.

Sir Walter did no such thing. A sudden transport of fury seized him. With a dreadful oath, he dashed the infant on the ground, and amid his lady's shrieks, rushed out of the room."

"Was the child killed?" Rose inquired, with a cheek blanched with emotion.

"By miracle, not even injured."

"Heaven be praised for that!" Rose fervently ejaculated. "I feared Sir Walter might have that crime on his conscience; and if so, he were indeed lost to man's pity, and to mercy hereafter."

"Providence, for its own wise purposes, turned aside his deadly hand," Dr. Plot responded, "and he was spared that guilt. But let me hasten to the conclusion. Enough had been done to separate Sir Walter entirely from his wife. She could never forgive him this last act of barbarity. In fact, her health suffered severely from the shock she had sustained by the frightful circumstance. Sir Walter reproached himself bitterly, as well he might; he pitied his lady's sufferings, and was more disposed to listen to reason. A reconciliation was attempted to be brought about between them by his insidious friend, whose purpose it was, not to leave them disunited; and it might have succeeded, if Sir Walter had not surprised a letter, addressed to his lady, and written by the traitor himself, which confirmed his worst suspicions. It referred to events that showed the wretched husband had been long their dupe, while it urged the necessity of keeping up appearances with him, and ended by appointing a secret meeting for that very evening. Sir Walter thought it a pity to baulk them of the appointment. But he resolved to be there, too. The letter was resealed; delivered to the lady; and an answer sent by her. Night came, and with it came the gallant. He was privily admitted by a confidential woman. Fiends take her! but women are all alike. This wretch was doubly treacherous; and now betrayed her mistress, as she had before betrayed her master. Scarcely was the villain housed, when Sir Walter burst into the room: fury and vengeance in his looks. He found his wife and her lover seated together; the lady in tears. At sight of him she had injured, she uttered a cry, and her lover started to his feet, and laid his hand upon his sword. Protestations of innocence were passionately uttered by the one; explanations more calmly attempted by the other. Sir Walter would listen to neither. All that wrath could supply of injury and scorn he heaped upon their heads. The affrighted lady clung to his arm—to his knees: but he cast her off. He struck his detested rival a blow upon the cheek with his clenched hand; and but for her, who held back their hands, the apartment would have been dyed with the blood of one or both of them. They parted to meet at earliest dawn; and Sir Walter's sword passed through his adversary's heart."

"A terrible history, indeed!" Rose said, heaving a deep sigh. "And oh! if Sir Walter were wrong, I pity him more than his victim."

"Say rather victims, for two perished by his instrumentality. Have I not hinted at Lady Fitzwalter's fate? Her husband never saw her more. He did not even return to his own house after the fatal duel. He became a wanderer, and he has been one ever since—if he yet exists. He made no inquiries after his lady; nor was it till some time afterwards, that he learnt how her death had occurred. She had taken poison."

As the old gentleman concluded his narrative, there was profound silence for a few moments. Mr. Roper then spoke.

"The worst part of the tale yet remains to be told," he said. "Sir Walter was throughout the dupe of his own suspicions. His friend was true to him, and so was his wife. Before she died, the Lady Jugg drew up a statement of her innocence which is still preserved, and which can be confirmed in all its circumstances. The letter, intercepted by Sir Walter, had no criminal significance whatever; and the object of the meeting it appointed was to bring about a good understanding—or at least an appearance of good understanding—between the unfortunate pair. Alice Aggs, the wretched woman who belied her mistress, bitterly repented of her share in the sad transactions, and yet lives to confess her culpability, and exonerate Lady Fitzwalter."

"I saw her to-night—a wretched creature, indeed!" Dr. Plot remarked, with a shudder.

"Her offence has not gone unpunished," the steward continued. "Ever since that day misfortune has tracked her, and she rightly attributes her misery and sufferings to her ill conduct."

Dr. Plot seemed lost in deep and painful reflection. His head fell upon his breast.

Rousing himself as if by a great effort, he said: "We must see to this, Mr. Roper. Justice must be done."

"It must, sir," the steward rejoined, with stern gravity.

"You have not mentioned what became of the child of the ill-fated lady?" Rose inquired.

"I know nothing about it," Dr. Plot replied, evasively.

The steward also shook his head, to intimate that he was in equal ignorance of its fate.

"In speaking of Sir Walter's friend, you gave no name," Rose remarked to the old gentleman. "If you desire to keep it secret, let it be so. Otherwise, I would venture to inquire if allusion was made to Sir Gilbert de Montfichet?"

"How came you to guess it?" Dr. Plot demanded, sharply.

"Because I have heard that he fell in a duel," Rose replied. "I know something of his son—the present Sir Gilbert."

"True, he left a son. He was a widower when he visited at the Hall—when the events I have mentioned occurred. But what do you know of young Sir Gilbert?"

"Not much," she replied, blushing.

"I must explain," Mr. Roper interposed. "Rose knew him as a suitor for her hand. It was talked about in Dunmow of course, for Sir Gilbert made no secret of his attachment, or of his refusal."

"Strange indeed!" the old gentleman muttered. "But how came you to refuse so good a match, my dear? Is not Sir Gilbert handsome? His father was considered particularly so? He is rich, and could have given you a title besides."

"Sir Gilbert is all you have described, sir," Rose answered, with a smile; "he is young, rich, titled, handsome. But I had the best of all reasons for refusing him. I loved another."

"Pity the other could not offer you as much. You made too great a sacrifice, methinks."

"I made no sacrifice at all," Rose returned, earnestly. "Happiness,

as you know, is not to be purchased by rank or money, and I have gained that inappreciable blessing with my husband."

"I am glad you have spoken out so heartily, Rose," the steward observed. "Amongst his other heresies, Dr. Plot is an entire disbeliever in conjugal felicity. Unfortunately, he has some reason for his incredulity, as he has shown. Now, I hold the contrary doctrine. I believe there is no perfect happiness except in the married state. My opinion is grounded on my own experience, and I uphold it. I do not consider," he added, with a slight laugh, "that Mrs. Roper and myself are quite qualified to claim the Flitch; still, in spite of some little differences, we have for many, many years entertained a warm attachment for each other, which time has strengthened rather than impaired. Mine is a mere example of every-day life; but yours I consider a peculiar case, Mrs. Woodbine. And I have taken the liberty of bringing Dr. Plot with me, that he might receive from your own lips confirmation of what I have asserted; that here, at least, a loving couple may be found."

"On all accounts I am glad you have brought him with you, Mr. Roper," Rose replied; "and if I am able to give him a better impression of human nature than he has hitherto entertained, I do not think he will regret his visit. That I am happy is no merit of mine, for I am blest with the best and kindest of husbands; but I, at least, know how to appreciate Frank's goodness, and strive in every way to deserve his affection. It may seem strange, and perhaps bold in me to affirm so much; but I do not think we *could* quarrel. No cloud has ever come across our union since we were first joined together. Having entire confidence in each other, doubts and misgivings are impossible. When the heart is full of love it can admit no meaner passion; and I believe there is a sanctity about Wedded Affection, when it is perfect and unalloyed, that will repel all unworthy feelings. Love's brightness cannot be sullied by a speck. You, sir, have mentioned," she continued, addressing Dr. Plot, "that Sir Walter Fitzwalter's earliest disagreements with his lady were occasioned by trifles, and I can easily understand that such might be the case, because graver matters would naturally be viewed with corresponding seriousness. But trifles do not disturb our harmony. Love's music is so well attuned with us that not a note is out of order, or jars upon the ear. My husband, no doubt, has made great allowances for my imperfections: but he has never told me so. Nay, if I am to believe him (which I always do), he cannot discern any faults in me. And I am sure I can find none in him."

"You make out your case fairly enough, I must say," Dr. Plot remarked; "and, in fact, your speech carries conviction with it. I am sorry to throw cold water on such honest, heartfelt warmth, or to express any doubt as to the lasting nature of your affection. But I have imbibed some of Sir Walter's opinions. I am a sceptic like him. As yet your love has been subjected to no trial. Do you think it would stand the hard test of reverse of fortune—of poverty—of distress? Or, the still harder test of sudden elevation? In the one case it might be benumbed, or totally extinguished: in the other, it might turn giddy, and losing its proper balance, fall to the ground, and break in pieces."

"The latter case is more improbable than the former," Rose replied, "but I trust, and believe, that our affection would be proof against the severest ordeal to which it could be put; and that neither prosperity

could puff it up, so that it should perish as you have stated, nor adversity crush it."

"Well, I hope it may not be tested in either way," Dr. Plot observed. "The best wish I could desire for you is that you should remain contented, as you are."

"Contented I shall always be, whatever betides," Rose rejoined. "With my husband near me, I am sure to be reconciled to my lot. But how time flies! I thought he would have been home half an hour ago."

"There, you are uneasy?" Dr. Plot remarked, rather maliciously—"I saw him at the Flitch. Mrs. Nettlebed I dare say has detained him. A pretty woman that landlady—with an eye for a handsome young fellow."

The shaft fell harmless.

"I am not in the least uneasy," Rose replied, with a smile. "My husband is often kept out beyond the time I expect him; so there is nothing unusual in the circumstance. As to Mrs. Nettlebed, I think you do her an injustice. She is very fond of her husband; and Jonas is very fond of her."

"Humph!" Dr. Plot exclaimed. "They would have us believe them to be a couple of turtles, always billing and cooing. I have my doubts about the reality of their attachment."

"Dr. Plot is a heretic you know, Mrs. Woodbine," the steward observed, laughing heartily.

"May I ask you one question, my dear?" the old gentleman said. "A straightforward one—but pardon it. I'm an eccentric person you know. Does your husband always trust you with his affairs?"

"As much as he chooses, sir," Rose returned. "I desire to know nothing that he does not care to confide to me."

"Want of interest—hum?"

"Want of curiosity—rather," she rejoined.

"Well, I abominate a prying woman. So you don't know his business with Mr. Roper?"

"How should I, sir, since he has not mentioned it to me?"

"A matter of money, Mr. Roper—eh?" Dr. Plot said.

"A trifling debt, sir."

"How much—may I inquire?"

"Why, sir, two hundred pounds."

"Two hundred pounds!" Rose exclaimed, in astonishment.

"That's not such a trifle, sir—to a man in Frank Woodbine's situation," Dr. Plot said.

"Oh! he can pay it," the steward observed, in an off-hand way.

"Of course he can," Rose exclaimed, with a look of entire confidence in what she asserted; "or, he never would have incurred the debt."

"Odd! he shouldn't have mentioned it though," the old gentleman said.

"Does he never condescend to explain his ways and means to you?"

"Frank earns his money honestly. Further explanation I do not require; nor should I give it, if I possessed it," Rose answered, in a tone calculated to check further remark.

"I crave your pardon, my dear, if I have offended you," Dr. Plot said. "I am shockingly inquisitive—that's the truth. But let us change the subject. As I came hither just now, you were singing, and a few words reached me. They interested me. Would it be asking too much, if I were to beg for that song now?"

"I will repeat it to you with pleasure," she replied, with the utmost good-nature. "It is a mere simple ballad, descriptive of our Dunmow custom ; and as it is somewhat long, you must check me, if I weary you. At all events, it may serve to beguile the time till Frank's return."

And in those tones of delicious sweetness, which had previously charmed the old gentleman, and which imparted magic to words, in themselves of little significance, she sang the following ballad :

The Custom of Dunmow.

SHOWING HOW IT AROSE.

Fytte the first.

A Fond Couple make a Vow before the Good Prior of the Convent of Our Lady of Dunmow, that they have loved each other well and truly for a Twelvemonth and a Day ; and crave his Blessing.

I.

"WHAT seek ye here, my children dear?
Why kneel ye down so lowly
Upon the stones, beneath the porch
Of this our Convent holy?"
The Prior thus the pair bespoke
In faltering speech, and slowly.

II.

Their modest garb would seem proclaim
The pair of low degree.
But though in cloth of frieze arrayed,
A stately youth was he ;
While she, who knelt down by his side,
Was beautiful to see.

III.

"A Twelvemonth and a Day have fled
Since first we were united ;
And from that hour," the young man said,
"No change our hopes has blighted.
Fond faith with fonder faith we've paid,
And love with love requited.

IV.

"True to each other have we been ;
No dearer object seeing,
Than each has in the other found ;
In everything agreeing.
And every look, and word, and deed
That breed dissension fleeing.

V.

"All this we swear, and take in proof
Our Lady of Dunmow !
For She, who sits with saints above,
Well knows that it is so.
Attest our Vow, thou reverend man,
And bless us, e'er we go !"

VI.

The Prior old stretch'd forth his hands :
 "Heaven prosper ye !" quoth he ;
 "O'er such as ye, right gladly we
 Say '*Benedicite* !'"
 On this, the kneeling pair uprose—
 Uprose full joyfully.

Fitte the Second.

*The Good Prior merrily bestoweth a Boon upon the Loving Couple ;
 and getteth a noble Recompense.*

I.

Just then, pass'd by the Convent cook—
 And moved the young man's glee ;
 For on his back a mighty Flitch
 Of Bacon brown bore he.
 So heavy was the load, I wis,
 It scarce mote carried be.

II.

"Take ye that Flitch," the Prior cried,
 "Take it, fond pair, and go ;
 Fidelity, like yours, deserves
 The boon I now bestow.
 Go feast your friends, and think upon
 The Convent of Dunmow."

III.

"Good Prior," then the youth replied,
 "Thy gift to us is dear,
 Not for its worth, but that it shows
 Thou deem'st our love sincere.
 And in return broad lands I give—
 Broad lands thy Convent near ;
 Which shall to thee and thine produce
 A Thousand Marks a Year !

IV.

"But this Condition I annex,
 Or else the Grant's forsaken ;
 That whensoe'er a Pair shall come,
 And take the Oath we've taken ;
 They shall from thee and thine receive
 A goodly Flitch of Bacon.

V.

"And thus from out a simple chance
 A usage good shall grow ;
 And our example of true love
 Be held up evermo :
 While all who win the prize shall bless
 The Custom of Dunmow."

VI.

"Who art thou, son ?" the Prior cried,
 His tones with wonder falter—

"Thou should'st not jest with reverend men,
Nor with their feelings palter."
"I jest not, Prior, for know in me
Sir Reginald Fitzwalter.

VII.

"I now throw off my humble garb,
As I what I am, confess :
The wealthiest I of wealthy men,
Since with this treasure blest."
And as he spoke, Fitzwalter clasp'd
His lady to his breast.

VIII.

"In peasant guise my love I won,
Nor knew she whom she wedded ;
In peasant cot our truth we tried,
And no disunion dreaded.
Twelve months' assurance proves our faith
On firmest base is steadied."

IX.

Joy reigned within those Convent walls
When the glad news was known ;
Joy reigned within Fitzwalter's halls
When there his bride was shown.
No lady in the land such sweet
Simplicity could own ;
A natural grace had she, that all
Art's graces far outshone :
Beauty and worth for want of birth
Abundantly atone.

T'Entop.

Hence the Custom.

WHAT need of more ? That Loving Pair
Lived long and truly so ;
Nor ever disunited were ;—
For one death laid them low !
And hence arose that Custom old—
The Custom of Dunmow.

Something in the story, thus related, seemed to surprise Dr. Plot ; and he, more than once, consulted his companion by a glance, but the other did not, or would not understand him. Both, however, appeared equally enchanted, and the old gentleman frequently gave utterance to his applause.

"Strange I never heard that legend before," he exclaimed, when the ballad was concluded. "Were you acquainted with it, Mr. Roper?"

"I have heard something like it, sir," the steward replied.

"It was related to me by my husband," Rose said ; "and I shaped it into the simple ballad you have just heard."

"Sir Reginald Fitzwalter must have been the best, as he was the happiest of his family, if we are to believe this tale," Dr. Plot remarked.

"Let us hope there may yet be others of the line equally good, and equally happy," the steward rejoined.

"Heaven grant it may be so!" Rose ejaculated; "and if Sir Walter's offspring survives, may the good wish alight upon him!"

"On him! How know you it was a son?" Dr. Plot replied, regarding her sharply.

"Nay, I know it not," she answered, with a smile. "I merely supposed it might be so, and seconded Mr. Roper's kindly aspiration. May happiness be the portion of son or daughter, be it which it may!"

"Amen!" the steward exclaimed, fervently.

Dr. Plot might have chimed in, but his voice was choked, and he could only give utterance to a sob.

"It really does get late," Rose exclaimed, again regarding the clock; and now, with some anxiety. "I wonder what can have detained Frank?"

"Shall I tell you?" Dr. Plot said, regarding her fixedly.

His look somewhat alarmed her. And she was about to inquire, eagerly, as to the nature of the intelligence he had to communicate, when, at the moment, her uneasiness was dispelled by the sound of footsteps in the garden.

"He comes!" she cried joyfully, springing to her feet, and flying to the door.

But Dragon was quicker than she, and his instinct told him the footsteps were not his master's. He looked at her as if in warning, and began to bark furiously.

"Who is it?" Rose demanded, as some one stopped at the door, and knocked against it, as with a hammer.

"'Tis I," a voice replied—"Sir Gilbert de Montfichet."

"Sir Gilbert de Montfichet!" Rose echoed in surprise, looking round at her companions, both of whom appeared as much astonished as herself.

IV.

THE PIGEON AND THE ROOK.

THE door opened, and Sir Gilbert de Montfichet stepped in.

Another person came after him, and the latter was so tall that he had to stoop considerably on passing the threshold, and so bulky, that the door would scarcely admit him. However, he got in at last, though not without difficulty. And a very extraordinary-looking personage he was. But first of the young baronet.

Sir Gilbert de Montfichet was extremely handsome. Fine features, fine eyes, and a slight, elegant figure—too slight, perhaps, for a perfect Adonis. There was a marked air of foppery in his attire, and no doubt it would have been equally conspicuous in his manner, but he had evidently been drinking rather freely; so that he was not entirely master of himself. He was wrapped in a foreign pelisse, lined with the finest sable, but this he threw off as he entered the room, showing that he was habited in a scarlet riding-dress, trimmed with gold. His flaxen peruke was rather dishevelled, either from accident or design, his fine lace ruffles were sullied, and his long neckcloth, edged with mecklin, had got awry. His gait was somewhat unsteady, and his speech had a thickness in it, not usual with him. He wore jack boots, and had a silver-hilted sword by his side; and in his hand he carried a heavy hunting-whip, a crack of which sent Dragon, growling, into a corner.

The young baronet, on entering, took off his richly-laced and feathered hat, and bowing as ceremoniously, as circumstances permitted, to Rose apologised for the intrusion. He seemed somewhat surprised and dis-

concerted by the appearance of Dr. Plot and the steward, who had risen on his appearance, and looked as if he wished them to beat a retreat; but Rose, who was evidently much annoyed by the unexpected visit, implored them, by a gesture, to stay. And they complied.

Dr. Plot, in fact, had no desire to go. He appeared profoundly interested by Sir Gilbert de Montfichet, and kept his eye steadily fixed on him.

The young baronet now thought it necessary to introduce his friend Captain Juddock; and the large gentleman in question, who had stood a little aloof, with his head almost touching the ceiling, now came forward, kicking out a pair of enormous funnel-topped boots in which his huge legs were encased, jerking himself to and fro, sticking out his elbows, twirling his hat with the points of his fingers, and making many absurd grimaces, until he finally delivered himself of an obsequious bow to Rose.

Captain Juddock really was a giant, and might have been exhibited with effect at Bartholomew Fair. Indeed he had appeared there, for aught we know to the contrary. Though he occasionally put on a ferocious air, and endeavoured to heighten its effect by a black horse-hair wig pulled down over his brows, Juddock was rather a good-natured fellow, and little disposed to be quarrelsome. Most large men are good-tempered. However, it suited the captain's purpose to give himself a bellicose look, and to adopt a braggadocio manner; so he wore a long blade by his side, with a brass handle, and a long black sheath, tipped with brass; a great brass buckle on his belt; brass buttons on his blue military coat; brass spurs on his heels; brass chains and brass epaulettes: so that he might well say of himself, as he not unfrequently did say, that "he looked as bold as brass." His countenance had rather a bloated, brandified look; and his red gills hung over his collar like a turkey's wattles. Very likely he had been drinking, as well as the young baronet. But he did not show it. What affected the other would produce no effect upon a seasoned cask like him.

After bringing himself as nearly as he could to the ground, but which only reduced his head to the level of those of other people, Juddock drew up again, and regarding Rose with an impudent leer, said, in a stentorian voice, to Montfichet,

"Gadzookers! Sir G., this cannot be the gamekeeper's wife. You told me she was a beauty—but this is an angel—a perfect angel i' faith. If she should belong to the gamekeeper, he must look well to his own preserves. Hang me, if we shan't all turn poachers—ha! ha!"

"Prithee, hold thy confounded tongue, Jack," Sir Gilbert replied, laughing, "or thou wilt get us both turned out of the house as soon as we have set foot in it."

"Hang me if I go," Captain Juddock rejoined, bringing himself to anchor upon a chair which cracked beneath his ponderous weight. "You may evaporate if you think proper, Sir G.; but split me if I stir a step."

"Pray pardon him, my dear Mrs. Woodbine," Sir Gilbert said; "my friend Jack is a droll dog. But there's no harm in him."

"I should think not," replied the gigantic individual, with a wink—"any more than there is in this pigeon pie, to which I mean to address myself. My ride from Stansted has given me an appetite."

"'Sdeath! captain, you're not going to begin again?" Montfichet cried. "You ate enough to satisfy a trooper two hours ago—to say nothing of the punch after dinner."

"A mere trifle—a mere trifle, Sir G. Nothing to what I get through generally. Don't mind me, Mrs. Woodbine. I'm accustomed to make myself at home."

"So it appears, sir," the steward observed, rather amused by his familiarity.

"Always do, sir," the captain responded. "At home wherever I go. Quite uncereemonious, as you see. Happy to make your acquaintance—and yours too, sir," he added, nodding to Mr. Roper and Dr. Plot. The latter regarded him with disgust.

As he spoke, Juddock applied himself industriously to the viands set out for poor Frank's supper. It was wonderful to see how rapidly he disposed of them, and what huge mouthfuls he swallowed.

"Your friend is a very strange person, Sir Gilbert," Rose said, with a look of reproach at the young baronet. "Why did you bring him here? Why did you come at all?"

"I'll tell you why I came, presently, Rose," replied Montfichet. "I cannot speak before these people. Would to the devil they were gone! What are they doing here? Old Roper I know, but who's the other?"

"Dr. Plot."

"And who the deuce is Dr. Plot? I'm no wiser, Rose."

"He was physician, I believe, to the Fitzwalter family," she replied, with some hesitation.

"Ah! indeed!" he cried; a sudden flush dyeing his handsome countenance.

"He came in with Mr. Roper, who has business with my husband. Frank will be home presently."

"I don't think he will," Montfichet replied, with a significant smile.

"Why not?" she demanded, uneasily.

At this moment Captain Juddock, having cleared out the pie-dish, applied to the brown jug, and finding it empty, elevated his voice as follows:

"My dear Mrs. Woodbine, I make no doubt you've a prime tap here. The pie was excellent, and the ale can't be otherwise. Might I trouble you to fill the jug, ma'am?"

"You have not answered my inquiry about the cause of my husband's absence, Sir Gilbert," Rose said. "You appear to know something."

"I do know something. But pray get that noisy fellow some ale, or there will be no peace."

And as she unwillingly complied, he went towards the table, and slapping the captain on his stalwart shoulder, said:

"Recollect, Jack, that you are not in a tavern. 'Sdeath! man, behave properly. Be agreeable if you can."

"Behave properly, Sir G.! I should like to see the man with better manners than Jack Juddock. Let me offer you a pinch of snuff. Help yourselves, gentlemen," he added, handing the box to the others. "I believe that's making myself agreeable. Zounds, sir! is that the way to return a civility?" he roared, as Dr. Plot threw the snuff-box impatiently on the table.

A look, however, from Montfichet restrained him, and the appearance of a foaming jug of ale at the same moment completely restored him to good-humour. He endeavoured to kiss the tips of Rose's fingers as she gave him the jug, but she hastily withdrew her hand.

"Trying to make myself agreeable," he said, with a wink at the young baronet. "No go. Try again presently."

Having poured out a glass of ale, and smacked his lips over it, he addressed himself to Rose.

"Perhaps, you'd like a song, ma'am. I'm considered to have a good voice by the bloods at the Cocoa Tree; and Sir G. himself gives me the

preference to Signor Tramontano Falsetto of the Italian Opera House—don't you, Sir G.? You shall judge for yourself, ma'am. My song will explain the alarming state in which I found myself a short time ago. I'll just wet my whistle and begin."

And without waiting for further encouragement, in a voice, richer and mellower than might have been expected, he struck up the following ditty:

My Old Complaint:

ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

I.

I'm sadly afraid of my Old Complaint—

Dying of thirst.—Not a drop I've drunk

For more than an hour: 'Tis too long to wait.

Wonderful how my spirits have sunk!

Provocation enough it is for a saint,

To suffer so much from my Old Complaint!

II.

What is it like, my Old Complaint?

I'll tell you anon, since you wish to know.

It troubles me now, but it troubled me first,

When I was a youngster, years ago!

Bubble-and-squeak is the image quaint;—

Of what it is like, my Old Complaint!

III.

The Herring, in very few minutes, we're told,

Loses his life, ta'en out o' the sea:

Rob me of Wine, and you will behold

Just the same thing happen to me.

Thirst makes the poor little Herring so faint;—

Thirst is the Cause of my Old Complaint!

IV.

The bibulous Salmon is ill content,

Unless he batheth his jowl in brine:

And so, my spirits are quickly spent,

Unless I dip *my* muzzle in Wine!

Myself in the jolly old Salmon I paint:—

WINE is the Cure of my Old Complaint.

Give me full bottles and no restraint,

And little you'll hear of my Old Complaint!

V.

I never indulge in fanciful stuff,

Or idly prate, if my flagon be full;

Give me good Claret, and give me enough,

And then my spirits are never dull.

Give me good Claret and no constraint;

And I soon get rid of my Old Complaint!

Herring and Salmon my friends will acquaint

With the Cause and the Cure of my Old Complaint!

Whatever effect the captain's ditty might have produced elsewhere, it had little success now: the only person who laughed heartily being Sir Gilbert, though a smile was wrung from Mr. Roper.

"I must entreat you to take this man away, Sir Gilbert," Rose said. "I

am sure his presence—and indeed yours—will be an annoyance to Frank; and if you really desire to oblige me, and render me a service, you will go.”

“Let us put Frank out of the question for a moment, Rose,” Montfichet rejoined. “Is my presence really irksome to *you*?”

“Since you ask me the question, I must plainly reply that it is. Nor could I have permitted you to stay so long, if those two gentlemen had not been present.”

“Deuce take ‘em for being in the way!” Montfichet muttered. “Well, you shan’t dismiss me till I’ve said what I came to say. It is this. My dear Rose—for my dear Rose you must always be—if you happen to want a friend—you may count upon me.”

“I do not understand you, Sir Gilbert,” she rejoined, in surprise.

“Yet, I’ve spoken distinctly enough, methinks. I beg to offer my services as a friend—a friend whose purse is at your disposal—and that’s the kind of friend you don’t meet with every day, eh Jack?”

“Very true, Sir G.,” the captain rejoined. He was still busy with the jug of ale. “An excellent remark, and particularly applicable to the present circumstances. Your health, Mrs. Woodbine, and may you never want a friend like Sir G. de M. You know what that stands for.”

This piece of impertinence roused Rose’s spirit. With a look of offended dignity, and flashing eyes, she said to the young baronet,

“I will not comment upon the choice of your acquaintance, Sir Gilbert, though it does little credit to your taste or discernment, in this instance at least. But I will not have such a person intruded on me; and I call upon you as a gentleman, to rid my house of him at once.”

The young baronet seemed seized with sudden fury. Plucking his sword from its sheath, he rushed up to the giant, and laying his puny hand on the latter’s brawny shoulder, he succeeded at last in getting hold of his collar, and dragging him by it to where Rose was standing, compelled the unwieldy monster to go down on his knees before her. In this posture, with the jug in one hand and the glass in the other, the leviathan’s appearance was so ludicrous, that even Rose could scarcely refrain from laughter.

“Apologise instantly, dog,” Montfichet cried with mock fury, holding the point of his blade towards him—“or, by all that’s terrible! I’ll cut your throat.”

“You may cut it with pleasure, if you’re so minded, Sir G.,” Captain Juddock rejoined; “but as long as it remains unslit, I must continue to express the wish that our lovely acquaintance may ever find a friend like you.”

“Up with you, incorrigible buffoon,” Montfichet cried, hitting him with the flat of his weapon. “And do you pardon him too, Rose,” he added, as the giant retreated to the table—“for the fellow means no offence. Pardon me, also,” he continued, in an altered tone, and with as much feeling as he could assume, “for my intrusion, and do not reproach me too severely for my choice of wild companions. I have been reckless ever since you refused me, Rose. I have sought relief in riot—in excess—but I have not found it. You know not how I have loved you, Rose—how much I love you still.”

“I do not wish to know it,” she replied, coldly.

“Yes, you must—you *shall*,” the young baronet passionately exclaimed.

And he would have thrown himself at her feet, but for the interposition of Dr. Plot, who now confronted him.

“No more of this, Sir Gilbert de Montfichet,” the old gentleman said, sternly. “You forget what is due to Mrs. Woodbine and to yourself.”

"I shall not forget to chastise your insolence, sir," the young baronet cried, in a transport of real rage.

"Look at me well, Sir Gilbert, before you attempt to put your threat in execution. Look at me well. Have you never seen me before?"

The tone in which these words were uttered, startled every hearer, but especially him to whom they were addressed. He *did* look at the old gentleman, but he speedily averted his gaze, as if appalled by the lightning glances darted against him, and the firm and even majestic demeanour of the speaker. He made no answer to the question.

"You now know, I perceive, with whom you have to deal, and will not repeat your threats," Dr. Plot pursued. "Away! young man—away!—and take your low-bred and reprobate associate with you."

"Ho! ho! What's this?" Captain Juddock roared, starting to his feet. "'Low-bred' and 'reprobate'!—those be pretty terms to apply to a gentleman like myself, holding his Majesty's commission, and who has served under the Duke of Cumberland. Zounds and fury! I will crop the base old curmudgeon's ears close to his pate, as the hangman shears the rogues' heads at the pillory."

"Which same pillory you are likely to grace yourself, sirrah, if you be not careful, for I know you as well as your master," Dr. Plot rejoined, drily, and without betraying a particle of apprehension. "Take hence your man, Sir Gilbert."

"Sblood! sir—'master and man!' Do you take me for Sir Gilbert's lacquey?" the giant roared.

"'Tis the fittest post he could appoint you to," Dr. Plot retorted.

Juddock's rejoinder was cut short by Montfichet, who bade him, authoritatively, hold his peace; adding, "I have no desire to quarrel with this gentleman."

"Oh! that entirely alters the case," the easily mollified captain observed; "if you do not quarrel with him, Sir G., neither do I. Though I could crack him in pieces, joint by joint, and think no more of eating him afterwards, than I would a boiled lobster."

With this rhodomontade speech, he clapped on his hat, and swaggered towards the door, planting himself before it.

"Before I leave, Rose," Montfichet said—(he was quite sobered by the recent occurrence, and adopted a different tone and demeanour)—"before I leave, let me explain the real object of my visit. I do not desire to distress you; but I accidentally heard—only half an hour ago—that your husband had been arrested for a debt of two hundred pounds; and I hurried hither at once, to offer you the money to release him. Will you permit me to place this pocket-book in your hands?"

"And so put her under a painful obligation to you," Dr. Plot rejoined, with severity. "No, Sir Gilbert, Mrs. Woodbine will not accept it. She can dispense with your assistance. She has friends to whom she need not scruple to apply, and whose motives are perfectly disinterested."

"You do me wrong, sir," Montfichet cried. "I have no such design as you appear to attribute to me."

"You may thank yourself for incurring the imputation, Sir Gilbert. Your own conduct has given rise to it," the old gentleman rejoined.

"I seem as if I were in a dream," Rose cried. "Things pass around me which I imperfectly comprehend, though I listen to them with wonder and uneasiness. Is it really true, sir, that my husband has been arrested?" she added, appealing to Plot.

"Perfectly true," the old gentleman replied; "but since I engage my word for the payment of the money, I imagine it will be sufficient for the creditor, who is no other than Mr. Roper."

"Mr. Roper—I still dream," Rose cried, bewildered.

"Not so, Mrs. Woodbine," the steward cried, advancing. "Your husband is free. Here is the bond which he signed. Give it him on his return. I will now go back to the Flitch, where he has been temporarily detained, and send him to you. Gracious goodness! what can all this disturbance be about?"

The last exclamation was occasioned by a great noise in the garden, occasioned by the loud clatter of many voices in various tones and keys. Dragon, too, who had been tolerably quiet of late, now joined in the uproar. On the application of some knocks against it, the door was opened by Captain Juddock, who retreated before the tumultuous assemblage that flowed in, almost filling the cottage.

The crowd consisted of the whole of the Bachelors and Maidens with several of the Dummo townfolk, headed by Jonas Nettlebed and his wife, and including the two bailiffs.

"Oh! Mr. Roper!—oh, sir!" Jonas cried, as soon as he could find breath for utterance. "We've lost him, sir. He has escaped. And the bailiffs declare I must pay the money."

"His better 'alf aided and abetted the escape, so in course he must," Isaacson said.

"Yes, that stands to law," Latcham added. "Husbands is always liable for their wives—eh, Isaac?"

"Either you must pay, or he," the steward rejoined, scarcely able to refrain from laughing outright at the ludicrous distress of Jonas.

"You see how it is, ducky," Nelly said. "There's no getting out of the scrape. Pay the money without more ado."

"It's all very well to say 'pay'—but where is it to come from, I should like to know! How could you be so foolish as to help him to get off?"

"Recollect, my dear," Nelly replied, in an under tone. "We're *before people*. The Jury of Bachelors and Maidens is present."

"By the marry-maskins! so it is," he rejoined. "I quite forgot the Jury. Well, if I must do it, I must. Ahem! Mr. Roper—I declare the words stick in my throat—about this debt—this two hundred pounds—couldn't you come down a little in the amount—say half——"

"Impossible, Mr. Nettlebed."

"A hundred and fifty?"

"Quite out of the question."

"Oh! dear! it's a large sum of money. It was all Mrs. Nettlebed's doing—not mine—as the bailiffs can bear witness."

"No matter, sir. You are liable, unless you repudiate your wife's acts—and then good-by to your chance of the Flitch."

"Sooner than that, I'll do it," Jonas cried, with a desperate effort, and plunging his hand into his pocket. "You see what a sacrifice I'm obliged to make, Mrs. Woodbine?"

"The sacrifice is unneeded, Mr. Nettlebed," Rose answered with a smile. "I won't keep you a moment longer in suspense. The debt is already discharged. I hold the bond in my hand, as you perceive."

"Huzza! Sing 'Oh be joyful!'" Jonas exclaimed, capering round his wife, with delight. "You see how ready I was to comply with your wishes, my dear—even to my own personal inconvenience."

"Your compliance was very reluctant," she rejoined. "You don't deserve the least credit for it."

The announcement that the debt was settled seemed to give general satisfaction to everybody except the bailiffs, and they had little opportunity of expressing any opinion at all; for they were both forcibly ejected from the door by Captain Juddock, who applied the points of his big boots to them as they disappeared. After performing this feat he strutted up to Mrs. Nettlebed. Her charms had attracted his attention from the moment of her appearance.

"Mercy on us! what a fine man!" she mentally ejaculated, eyeing Juddock as he advanced. "Why he'd make half a dozen of Jonas, I declare. He's just like Tregonna, the Cornish Giant I saw in the booth at Chelmsford Fair, last May."

"Monstrous pretty woman that, Sir G.," the captain observed, intending the remark to be overheard. "Who is she?"

"The very voice of Tregonna," Nelly thought.

"Oh, that's Mrs. Nettlebed—hostess of the Dunmow Flitch," the young baronet replied. "A deuced pretty woman, as you say, Jack. That's her husband," pointing to Jonas. "Folks say they mean to claim the Flitch."

"That's all gammon," Jack replied in a lower tone. "Nobody claims the Flitch now-a-days. If they do win it, I must come in for a rasher. I've heard the old inn is the best in Essex, and have half a mind to take up my quarters there for a few days."

"Not a bad idea. We'll sleep there to-night instead of riding back to Stansted. In spite of what has occurred, I've not given up all designs here."

"You're not the mettlesome spark I take you for, if you have," Jack replied.

Having been ogling her tenderly all the time, the amorous captain now thought it time to address Mrs. Nettlebed, and met with little discouragement. As to Jonas, he vainly attempted to call her to order, by reminding her that she was "before people." The giant soon sidled him out of the way, and managed to get her little hand under his huge elbow; preparatory to setting out. This important point achieved, he bestowed a prodigious wink on the young baronet.

Simon Appleyard, meanwhile, had taken the opportunity of conferring with Rose, telling her, on the part of the Jury and himself, that they should pay her a visit on some early occasion, when they might be sure of finding her husband as well as herself at home, and when they might be able to put the necessary inquiries to them both relative to the qualifications for the honourable prize, for which they were understood to be claimants. To this Rose returned a suitable answer, and in Frank's name and her own, expressed the pleasure it would give them to receive them.

Congratulations then followed on all sides on Frank's good luck, and everybody regretted that he was not there to be made acquainted with it. But he would be home soon, of that they were quite sure. If not, somebody was sure to meet him, and could tell him what had happened.

Nelly was the only person who really did know what had become of him; but she kept her own counsel. When her husband and the bailiffs rushed into the garden, by the back door, they found her alone. The young gamekeeper she declared had leapt the wall and got off. But this was not the case. She had locked him in the cellar, putting the key in her pocket, and to the best of her belief he was there still.

Dr. Plot and Mr. Roper now took leave. The old gentleman received Rose's warmest thanks, and promised to call upon her on the morrow. Simon Appleyard took the arm of Lucy Flowerdew, the maiden apper

taining to him ; made his bow and exit ; and the rest of the bachelors followed his example. Captain Juddock, of course, continued to keep Mrs. Nettlebed's arm under his own, greatly to the perturbation of Jonas ; but neither looks, nudges, nor any other remonstrances availed to disturb the arrangement. So Jonas was obliged to walk behind them, looking like a dwarf in the wake of a giant.

Sir Gilbert de Montfichet was the last to depart. He lingered for a moment in the hope of exchanging one look, one word with Rose. He obtained neither. She did not raise her head till he had closed the door. And when he turned to gaze at her from the garden, he found the curtain drawn across the window.

What passed through Sir Gilbert's mind then, as he followed the laughing party before him ? We shall not pause to inquire.

He found his servant with the horses waiting for him where he left him ; mounted his steed, and rode to the Flitch. For reasons of his own, Captain Juddock went on foot. The groom led his horse to the Old Inn.

Everybody, except poor Jonas, enjoyed the walk home. Though it was excessively cold, nobody found it out. How they looked at the moon ! how they tried to count the stars ! what nice astronomical observations they made ! and how pretty they all thought the old Priory Church was looking. Just the place to be married at with the chance of the Flitch hereafter, Simon Appleyard remarked to Lucy Flowerdew. On which all the other bachelors laughed, as if a good thing had been said ; and the whole of the six maidens simpered in reply.

As to Juddock and Nelly, they sometimes walked quick, sometimes slow—but there was no getting rid of Jonas. He regulated his pace by theirs ; and was for ever beside them. Even if he stumbled in a slippery place, he managed to get up so quickly, as not to lose ground. Little notice of him was taken by his wife, who seemed vastly entertained by her companion, and laughed immensely at his jokes.

At last they reached the Old Inn. Sir Gilbert they found had preceded them ; and Jonas, thinking all safe now, hurried forward to attend to the important guest. Ill-judging man ! When Carrotty Dick appeared at the door with a lantern, he thought he saw the gigantic gentleman bringing down his head very close to that of his mistress ; but when the ostler related this incident afterwards to Peggy, she declared it was all a mistake, and that his eyes had deceived him. He was always seeing things he oughtn't to see.

Nelly's first business was to go to the cellar. She unlocked the door, and called to Frank to come out. No answer. She went in. The cellar was of considerable size, forming part of some old, disused vaults. Could he have got into these, and have tumbled into some dreadful hole, of which she was unaware ? She went on, as far as she dared, looking around in fear and trembling. No traces of him whatever : all she could see being her own shadow on the walls incrustated and shining with nitre ; all she could hear, the echo of her own voice, hollowly returned from the arched roof. A terrible fright she was in.

But we must leave her, and return to the cottage.

Rose was left alone ; pondering over the strange things that had taken place ; and anxiously expecting her husband.

She had to wait for him long. Midnight came, and he had not returned.

She could bear it no longer. So wrapping herself in her cloak, and attended by Dragon, she went forth, and directed her steps towards the Old Inn.

THE AUSTRIANS IN ITALY.*

NEXT to the success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" we are inclined to reckon that of the book now under our examination. Though written by Schlesinger, and imbued with a violent Austrian tinge, it has gone through six editions in the short space of three months. This may, however, be accounted for on various grounds: no German, be he never so great a democrat, but feels a secret pride in reading the daring deeds of the Austrian minions, as he may perhaps term them, in the safe and secret penetralia of the Bierstube he honours with his nightly presence. Such a feeling is peculiar to poor human nature. We would not mind laying a wager that Elihu Burritt, man of peace though he be, would feel himself two inches taller were he to hear that the stars and stripes were floating over the walls of Jeddo.

The author's style is sharp and trenchant as a sword, and he, indeed, appears to have employed that weapon like the stylus of the Roman scribe. A true soldier, too, he does not attempt to furnish any philosophical explanation of the causes of the Italian war; he has merely written a very faithful account of the dashing events *quorum pars magna fuit*, leaving it to abler pens and heads to decide how it was that a nation could by possibility arise in revolt against its beloved, or ought-to-be-beloved emperor.

It was indeed a noble struggle that Radetzky carried on in Lombardy. Hampered by the ministry in Vienna, beset by secret and overt enemies in Italy, he was ever the *iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*—no unexpected defection could break his spirit, no check subdue his ardour. Like our own immortal Wellington in Spain, surrounded by cabal, and exposed to all the petty meannesses of intrigue, his own perfect single-mindedness carried him triumphantly through everything, and he proved himself truly invincible. The preservation of the Austrian House was his watchword, and to save that, he patiently endured difficulties, dangers, and privations, beneath which a common man would have sunk. Few indeed have had a harder fight to fight than his. Surrounded by an infuriated populace, he led his handful of troops in safety out of Milan, and retired on Verona, where he formed those wondrous combinations by means of which he subdued a whole nation up in arms against him, under the double influence of religious bigotry and revolutionary propagandism. No! History has till now meted out but scant justice to Radetzky, but the day may yet come when his name will be worthily enrolled among those who deserved well of their country.

All the world, however, is acquainted with the actual occurrences of the Italian war, from the evacuation of Milan to the battle of Novarra, and the well-merited drubbing Charles Albert, that most absolute of monarchs, obtained. "Our Own Commissioners," as representatives of Conservative or Liberal newspapers, followed in the track of the respective armies, and spoiled much good paper in satisfying the cravings of English *gobemouches*. We will, therefore, not surfeit our readers with such *crambe repetita*, but examine those portions of the work we have under consideration that may help to throw a light on the development of the Revolution.

At no time has Italy ever formed an independent political whole, not even under the Romans, who treated it like a conquered province. When

* *Erinnerungen eines Oesterreichischen Veteranen aus dem Italienischen Kriege, von 1848 und 1849.* Williams and Norgate.

the Roman empire was divided into Eastern and Western, the latter rapidly sank, and Italy shared its fate. Goths, Vandals, Huns, and lastly Longobards, quarrelled for its possession. The country was desolated, the Eternal City conquered, plundered, and destroyed. The Frankish Carl overthrew the empire of the Lombards, and peace at length displayed itself in this chaos of nations. The Roman crown soon passed to Germany's kings, and remained with them to our time. From this date we may trace the mutual effect the two nations exercised over one another through a series of ages. From that time no great and convulsing event occurred in Germany which did not affect Italy, nor could Italy ever become complicated in political disturbances without Germany feeling the reaction.

Every Italian should be proud of the history of his country in the middle ages; during that epoch the republics of Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, the princely houses of the Della Scala in Verona, of the Visconti in Milan, flourished. Naples became a mighty kingdom under a Norman adventurer. The Hohenstaufen continued what the Normans had commenced, till Charles of Anjou, who was summoned by the Pope, murdered the youthful Conradin. This deed led to long and bloody wars, the consequences of which were felt in our day, as they stand in direct connexion with Austria's possession of Lombardy.

The extinction of the house of Anjou in Naples, and of the Visconti in Milan, gave France a pretext for interference in the internal affairs of Italy. The house of Habsburg had mounted the throne of Spain, and the youthful Charles V. united the brilliancy of the German and Italian monarchy to the dominion over Spain and Burgundy. The claims that Charles made to Naples as heir of the house of Arragon, to Milan as Emperor of Germany, brought about a war between Spain and France. Dominion in Italy was the prize for which these two great nations wrestled. Francis I. was defeated at Pavia, and Spain obtained possession of Lombardy, Sardinia, Naples, and Sicily. This was a melancholy event for Italy. Viceroy, ignorant of the spirit and wants of the nation, governed the provinces in accordance with commands they received from the gloomy Escorial. The genius of Art, who had extended his wings over Italy in the middle ages, disappeared, and the sciences sank under the pressure of the Inquisition.

After a short but brilliant career, the Spanish branch of the house of Habsburg became extinct. A fresh war arose for the possession of this rich inheritance, in which nearly all Europe was engaged. The system of maintaining the European balance of power had already taken deep root in the cabinets. The military talents of Prince Eugene and Marlborough brought the haughty Louis to the verge of destruction. Female intrigues dissolved the alliance between England and Austria. The powerful Spanish empire left by Charles V. was divided. Austria obtained Burgundy, Lombardy, Sicily, and Naples, and Piedmont Sardinia. This led to the elevation of the ducal house of Savoy to royal rank.

We had not mentioned Savoy before, as it had played no part in the history of Italy.

The present royal house of Sardinia had gradually gained political importance under brave and sensible princes, who had acquired possession of the principality of Piedmont, that was originally governed by various suzerains. Master as it was of the defiles leading from France to Italy, an alliance with it must be of great importance to both the belligerent

powers, France and Spain. It had employed its geographical position with great shrewdness : flattered by one and by the other, it had managed to gain advantages from both. Still the Spanish party retained its friendship. The policy it had pursued carried it into the arms of Austria, who had ever regarded Piedmont as a natural ally. Though it is a dangerous position for a small state to lie between two powerful nations, and be consequently dragged into their wars, still, in contradistinction to this axiom, Piedmont acquired, through this very circumstance, a guarantee for its independent existence. Holding the keys of the Alps, it separates the rivals from one another. Just as Switzerland has to thank its natural position for the continuance of its national independence, Piedmont will ever find a powerful protector in its mountain passes. It may be politically annihilated, as it was by Napoleon, but must ever be restored, as neither of the powerful rivals would leave it in the hands of its opponent. Such was the case after the completion of the war against Napoleon. It was rendered more powerful than ever by the annexation of Genoa, though it had done nothing to assert its independence during the great war of liberation, and through its position, warlike organisation, and the traditional bravery of its princes, ranked next after Austria in Italy.

Under Maria Theresa's wise government Lombardy quickly began once more to flourish. At that day governing was still left in the hands of the government. The principle had not come into vogue that every one who pays taxes should have a share in the government. Lombardy was then accounted one of the most faithful provinces, and retained this character during the ensuing stormy times.

Through the Congress of Vienna, Austria regained possession of Lombardy, which, united with the Venetian State, forms the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom.

Europe had scarce recovered from the exertions of the war, when their consequences speedily revealed themselves. The nations demanded their reward for the sacrifices they had undergone, for the governments had made them promises, the full extent of which they could not have perceived. Every misfortune that had ever occurred was ascribed to absolutism, or the misuse of the supreme authority. The example of France showed that a republic could not be trusted. But with a limited monarchy, or the so-called constitutionalism, the happiness of the nation would be ensured. This was a settled opinion, and the press, that had so lately been freed from its bonds, worked up this subject in hundreds of journals, so that this great light must eventually beam on the most ignorant. Secret societies have always been a misfortune to humanity, from the Vehmgericht to young Europe, and the good originating from them is a thousand times outweighed by the evils following in their train. Later history shows us sufficiently clearly that there is but little difference between secret associations and conspiracy. This evil spread abroad in an extraordinary manner; every state, we might almost say, was infected with these secret societies. In Germany, the Tugendbund and the Burschenschaft arose; the latter displayed its heroism in the murder of Kotzebue, who assuredly was not dangerous to Germany. Italy fell a prey to Carbonarism, especially Naples, where it found ample scope for its extension in a weak government and a discontented army. We must not be misunderstood when we place the chiefs of the Tugendbund on the same

level as those of the Carbonari. We are perfectly aware what a difference exists between the Steins and Scharnhorsts, and the Pepes and Morellis; but, however different they were, still there was a certain mental affinity between them.

Spain was the first country to open the path to constitutionalism. The Cortes had given themselves a form of government which almost did away with the royal authority. Ferdinand VII., when he returned from prison, would not recognise it, and from this date commences the series of bloody and barbarous convulsions which rendered Spain so miserable.

Louis XVIII. had returned from exile with a chart in his pocket, that he had full leisure to draw up in his retirement. As he had found opportunity to study the defects of the English constitution, he attempted to avoid them in his own, and fancied thereby he had furnished France with a pattern form of government; and yet how soon was it again shelved!

A great portion of the German governments followed this example. Prussia and Austria alone remained firm, probably because the statesmen who then ruled the destinies of these nations did not consider it advisable to yield implicitly to the desire for constitutional government; and do not these men find a justification in the events of the last four years?

At length the constitutional storm broke out in Italy, and in Naples first of all. The army, formed under Murat, had no attachment to their old king, who had so long been estranged from them. The old and new stood in a strange contrast to one another. Carbonarism, that had penetrated through all classes in Naples, found access with the army. In history there is no lack of examples as to the desertion of the army; but those which occur through political theories are rare, and presuppose some radical defect in the government. Such was the case in Naples.

One morning half a squadron of dragoons, under two lieutenants, escaped from Nola, went to Avellino, and proclaimed a constitution; an example followed by the whole army, with the exception of the guards. The government yielded without the slightest opposition, and Naples thus became a constitutional kingdom. The Spanish constitution had been selected; but when the time came to proclaim it, none of the leaders knew in what this constitution consisted, and it was some little while before they could procure a copy of it, and announce to the people what their newly-acquired happiness really was.

This example, however, terrified the European cabinets, and warned them of the approaching danger. A congress, then sitting in Laibach, invited the King of Naples to take part in their conferences. They came to the determination of interfering in Naples, and Austria consented to carry out their plans. An army, 50,000 strong, under Frimont, advanced through Italy on Naples. Pepe, the same incurable revolutionary, whom we find again on the stage in the last revolution, though with no more renown than on the first occasion, and who commanded the right wing of the Neapolitan army, was beaten at Rieti by the division Wallmoden, and the Neapolitan forces were rapidly dispersed. Frimont advanced on Naples without meeting any further opposition, the royal authority was again restored, and the first act at an end.

While these occurrences took place in Naples, a military insurrection also broke out in Piedmont. A portion of the army under Latour, however, remained firm in its allegiance to the king, and retired on the Ticino, in order to coalesce with Bubna, in Lombardy. The king abdicated in favour of his brother, and went to Nice.

Things had also begun to look very threatening in Lombardy. A conspiracy was discovered, at the head of which was Count Gonsalvoni, designing an insurrection in Upper Italy. Bubna, though having a very small body of troops at his disposition, kept Milan in subjection. He quietly collected all the troops in Lombardy, crossed the Ticino at Magenta, united with the royal army under Latour, attacked and dispersed the rebels at Novarra, and thus put an end to an outbreak which, had it been more intimately connected with the one in Naples, would infallibly have superinduced an universal revolution in Italy.

This is the first occasion of our meeting with Charles Albert, then only Prince of Carignan. He was heir-presumptive to the throne, as the direct royal line was nearly extinct, and the throne devolved on the collateral branch of the Carignans. Either through youthful folly, or because he could not wait till the laws of nature summoned him to the throne, he sided with the revolution, and was proclaimed its chief. But when the moment of danger approached he lost his courage, left his partisans, and retired to Florence, and employed himself from that time in removing the unfavourable impression made on the cabinets by his conduct.

When the revolution of 1830 broke out in Paris, it was quite natural that Italy should feel the effect of it. Unfortunately, too, Lombardy was almost entirely without troops, and Frimont, the general-in-chief, absent at Vienna. He, however, soon set out on his return, and his terrible name alone prevented an outbreak in Upper Italy. Still excesses took place in various parts of the country; as for instance in Bologna, Ferrara, and the legations. These were chiefly conducted by Mazzini, who commences his revolutionary activity from this date. The revolution now sought to acquire a settled form, but it was soon evident there was no plan or union in their exertions. A *soi-disant* federal republic was formed, represented by deputies from the several cities, their president being Mazzini. They commenced also to organise an armed force, the command of which was entrusted to Lieutenant Field-Marshal Zucchi, a pensioned Austrian officer. This general had been received into the Austrian service from the French; he possessed some reputation as a soldier, but had compromised himself by equivocal conduct in the year 1821. At the time of the outbreak he was at Milan, but escaped across the Po, and then openly declared himself for the revolutionary cause. His forces were speedily dispersed by Frimont, and the leaders of the revolution fled to Ancona, where they took refuge on board a merchant-ship under the Papal flag. They were, however, pursued by an Austrian brig, and captured. All those who were not Austrian subjects afterwards received their liberty.

The Austrian cabinet did not put entire trust in Louis Philippe's assurances, for he was a son of the revolution, and had forced his way in among the legitimate princes of Europe; besides, too, he had given no guarantees that he would not at some future day appeal to the revolutionary principles which had partly raised him to the throne. Austria, therefore, assembled a powerful army in Italy, which soon amounted to 120,000 men, and placed Radetzky at its head. The name of this general has gained such renown that we feel justified in dedicating a few lines to him. He occupies a peculiar position among great generals, for while all other heroes pay their tribute to nature on reaching old age, and, like the setting sun, only reveal a dull brilliancy, Radetzky, in his

eighty-first year, mounted to the summit of his renown. His career was entirely a soldier's. We find his name in the last Turkish war as distinguishing himself wherever glory or danger could be found. In the revolutionary wars he ranks among the bravest. In the great war of liberation he served the allied armies in the capacity of quarter-master-general, a service which only those can estimate who understand the nature of such a position.

Radetzky had passed his sixtieth year (an age at which the energies of many men give way, and a desire for rest occupies them) when he was put at the head of the Italian army. He, however, united unceasing activity with the energies of a young man, a firm mind with a happy talent for seizing on circumstances, which never suffered him to hesitate. He knew the weak and strong points of the Austrian army: the first he sought to improve, the latter to foster; and whatever hindrances or difficulties opposed him, he was never led astray or turned from his purpose. The time came when he reaped what he had sown. A great service which he performed during the season of peace, was the fortification of Verona, which he carried on in the teeth of the most violent opposition. It was part of his peculiar good fortune that he lived to enjoy the great benefits which this bulwark of the Austrian dominion in Italy had theoretically promised him. In Verona he collected and organised his scattered forces, thence he marched to conquer Charles Albert, and reconquer Italy. We should, however, offend the modesty of a most unpretending man, who is not yet the property of history, were we to go beyond facts, or enter into any eulogium of Radetzky.

The royal line in Piedmont had become extinct, and Charles Albert had mounted the throne. He had done his best to remove the impressions caused by his conduct in 1821. He had served as a volunteer in the French expedition of 1823 against Spain, and distinguished himself in the victory on the Trocadero. As an honorary reward, he received from the French army the epaulettes of a grenadier, and Austria sent him her Maria Theresa order. Through his elevation to the throne the amicable relations between the courts of Vienna and Turin suffered no interruption. Charles Albert possessed military ambition, and desired nothing so much as an opportunity to display the talents of a commander, which himself as well as all Italy believed him to possess. At that day, Europe conceived itself menaced with an universal war through the revolution in France; all precautionary measures were therefore taken. The bonds connecting Austria and Piedmont were confirmed by new treaties, and we may assert it as a fact, that the supreme command of the united Austrian-Piedmontese army would have been entrusted to Charles Albert, in case of a war between Austria and France: that was, at least at that day, the highest aim of his ambition. Radetzky would have served under him, and in some measure have acted as his military adviser. The field-marshal even gave up the brave regiment of hussars that bore his name, in order that it might take that of the King of Sardinia; and the king gave him all his orders in return. The union between the armies and the cabinets was so cordial, that no one would have imagined it possible for the events of 1848 to occur. Such an *entente* guaranteed the peace of Italy: had Piedmont adhered to its treaties, no revolution could have taken place in Lombardy; Charles Albert would have remained in possession of his throne, and not have died an exile far from his family.

Let us now examine the position of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and see whether there were any causes for the rebellion of 1848. This is the more necessary, as foreign journals, and among them German, judged of the inner circumstances of this kingdom with such malice and injustice as can scarce be credited. Any one who read the newspapers of the day, and was not able to personally inspect the condition of Lombardy, would imagine it had fallen into a frightful state of barbarity under the Austrian rule. Never was a more absurd accusation made than this. We saw Italy and its cities when they passed from the hands of France to Austria. We are not blind to the errors of the Austrian government, and would be the first to name them. But we assert boldly, that Italy under the Austrians attained an unprecedented degree of prosperity. The riches with which it effected and paid its own revolution, and helped to cause the one in Vienna, it owed to that period. We cannot spare the Germans this humiliating avowal. All the occurrences about to take place in Vienna were known beforehand, in all their details, in Milan.

When Napoleon constructed the road over the Simplon, the world was full of admiration at the gigantic work. The road over the Splügen was made by the Austrian government, and is not at all inferior to the monument of Bonaparte's power and majesty. Under the Austrian rule Milan became one of the richest and most flourishing cities in Europe. Venice, the haughty city of the Lagunes, was almost in ruins when it passed into Austrian hands. The emperor made it a free port, and its valueless palaces again found purchasers, its yielding foundations were again restored, it began to flourish again, when it destroyed all these fair prospects, by its senseless revolution. It was not in the power of Austria or any other nation to give it again that splendour which it once possessed as the *dépôt* of the world's commerce, as the centre of a powerful and proud republic. The wondrous works of the Lagoon-bridge had been scarce completed, when they were destroyed by the very populace for whose welfare they had been undertaken.

Austria never pressed its paper money on Italy; it remained in possession of its silver and gold, unaffected by those variations to which this paper money exposes the other provinces.

Disproportionately slight was the assistance it afforded toward the armament of the monarchy. While the German or Bohemian served fourteen years, and after the expiration of that time was liable to serve in the militia, the Italian only served eight years. Who, then, was favoured—the Italian, or the German?

Of all the reproaches heaped on the Austrian government, none is more false or unfounded than that of insulting or despising nationality. This species of insult does not lie in the character of the government, or of the Austrian nation, which in this respect remained perfectly true to its German name. The language of the schools and courts was Italian, from the vice-regal cabinet to the district commissary, from the president of the highest senate of justice to the prætor. The German who wished to gain his livelihood as state servant in Italy, was forced to learn that language. With few exceptions all judicial and civil posts were occupied by Italians, among whom very few understood German. The complaint was frequently heard that the Italian could gain no high rank in the hierarchy of the civil service; but this was equally false. Every situation was open to him, and the great number of Italian names

in the state almanack proves that he was among the privileged. Any one, however, acquainted with the repugnance, especially among the higher class of Italians, against anything under the name of state service, any one knowing what little taste they have for severe study, will understand that Austria could not look for her presidents of justice or generals among the Italian nobility. We need only look through the lists of the universities of Pavia and Padua, and see if we can find any distinguished name among them. The theatres and coffee-houses, however, are not the places where statesmen are educated, and laborious clambering up the ladder of civil service is not admired by the rich Italians. We do not wish to reproach them on that account, but, on the other hand, they should not complain of their nationality being insulted, or of partiality.

Harshness and cruelty were never the spirit of the Austrian government. Before the outbreak of the revolution, and during the armistice, the journals of Tuscany, Rome, and Piedmont, echoed the cry of barbarity on the part of Austria and her government organs. There was no severity of which Field-marshal Radetzky was not accused, though he had not the heart to hurt a child. The military commissions condemned crimps who sought to seduce soldiers from their allegiance, and highway robbers, but never have the Austrians in Italy shed one drop of blood belonging to a person politically accused. At the capitulation of Milan, four-and-twenty hours were expressly granted for all compromised persons to make their escape. Had blood-thirstiness or revenge occupied a place in the breast of the field-marshal, he would have had no difficulty in finding culprits. The very men who touched the hearts of old women by their complaints, and filled the world with their lies, we saw return to the enjoyment of their carefully-managed property, and die quietly in their beds. Such are the Austrian barbarities, so credulously believed by foreign nations. But we will return to our history.

An angry feeling had broken out between the courts of Vienna and Turin, in consequence of the former raising the import dues through an alleged infraction of the salt-treaty. Charles Albert took advantage of this pretext to connect himself more closely with the discontented nobility of Lombardy, and treated them with marked distinction. The political exiles in Switzerland, with the brothers Ciani at their head, overwhelmed Italy with the most shameful pamphlets against Austria, and began making regular depôts for arms. At length the year 1846 arrived, ever memorable through the death of Gregory XVI., and the elevation of Pio Nono to the Papal throne. We must regard this election as a sure sign that Liberalism had gained access to the College of Cardinals, or else it would be difficult to explain how their choice fell on a rather obscure cardinal. But Mastai Ferretti belonged to a family not merely liberal but hostile to the Papacy, for, if we are rightly informed, several of his brothers were banished from the Papal states, though it may be easily understood that the Liberalism of Giobuti, not that of Mazzini, raised Pio to the Papal throne. The enthusiasm evinced at his election allows no other interpretation: he was openly spoken of as the Liberator and Sovereign of all Italy. The demonstrations of joy almost attained a dangerous character; still it was difficult to prevent them, as they were in honour of the head of Catholic Christianity. The greatest mischief was, that the Pope drew the whole clergy after him into the revolutionary maelstrom. The revolution had now received the consecration of religion: "*Dio lo vuole*" was the motto of the insurrec-

tion. The Austrian soldiers were worked upon by the clergy; whole regiments were refused absolution; and the field-marshal found himself compelled to order that the soldiers should not be allowed to confess to any but the regimental chaplains. This document was found by the revolutionary government, and afterwards made public through the press.

On the 17th of July the Pope proclaimed an universal amnesty, and more than 4000 political exiles poured from all quarters of the globe into the Papal States, Tuscany, and Naples. The next step was the formation of the "Guardia Civica," through which all the discontented were armed, and a powerful impulse given to the revolution.

The Austrian government had for a long time possessed the right of garrisoning Ferrara, although the cabinet of the Vatican had not officially recognised it. The Congress of Vienna, however, saw that Austria must possess some strong points beyond the Po, as with her would lie the maintenance of tranquillity in Italy. The reclamations of the Papal government were, therefore, disregarded; and, as time went on, the Romans derived much benefit from the arrangement, especially in the years 1821 and 1830. When the Papal decree relative to the formation of the "Guardia Civica" appeared, the Ferrarese, ever noted for their turbulence, obeyed by forming a body of 3000 men, or nearly thrice as many as composed the Austrian garrison. Field-marshal Radetzky, on being informed of it, did not think fit to expose the town to such danger; he strengthened the garrison, ordered the gates and main buildings to be guarded by Austrian troops, and the communication between the several posts maintained by patrols. This precautionary measure had been scarce carried out, when a storm arose throughout Italy, that could not have been more furious had an Austrian army appeared before the gates of Rome. Ciacchi, the cardinal legate in Ferrara, a passive instrument in the hands of the demagogues, forgetting the usual forms of diplomacy immediately drew up a protest through a notary public. A copy of this absurd document was sent to all the courts. The whole diplomatic world was set in motion. The ambassadors of the great powers were completely at sea as to the meaning of the term "*La Place de Ferrara*," the title given in the articles of the Congress of Vienna, though no pupil of the engineer's school could for a moment doubt its interpretation. Tuscany and Sardinia declared their adherence to the Pope, and this was the first hostile step taken by these courts against Austria. The press put all moderation on one side, and openly summoned all Italy to take up arms against perfidious and hostile Austria. The Tuscan and Papal governments even determined on drawing together a *corps d'armée* at Forlì, as they affected to entertain apprehensions for the safety of Rome. It is true this measure was not carried out, but the sceptre had passed from the hands of Pio Nono. He and his ministry had now become the tools of the democratic party, who had their most powerful supporters in the immediate proximity of the Pope.

In Milan, the leaders of the revolution took advantage of the Ferrarese dispute, and employed it to further their own ends. The Pope was represented as the Holy Champion of Italian Unity and Liberty, persecuted by Austria. Ciacchi became a hero—a thing he could never have dreamed. Radetzky, one of the most faithful sons of the Church, was regarded as her persecutor, as the very Antichrist, for the Italian people

can be easily deluded, ruled as it is more by its feelings than its judgment. The hatred for Germany increased hourly—it was preached from the pulpit, and taught in the schools. The chiefs of the conspiracy now advanced a step further, by seeking every opportunity to hold popular meetings and political demonstrations; partly to accustom the people to brave police and government authorities, and partly because they were well aware that no severity would be practised against unarmed mobs. The first pretext was found in the election of a new Archbishop of Milan. Count Gaisruck, the cardinal archbishop, was just dead; although a German, he had enjoyed universal esteem. His simplicity, the purity of his morals, and his noble toleration, had till now protected him against the outbreaks of national hatred, but his eyes were scarce closed in death, before the insults reached such a pitch, that his grave in the cathedral was desecrated in a most unworthy manner. Need we furnish any further anecdotes to prove to what mad lengths hatred to Germany drove the revolutionary party? We wish only that we could express our conviction, that no priest of the cathedral was a participator in this odious conduct.

The chief wish of the national party now was to raise a native of Italy to the archiepiscopal chair of Milan, which always stood in great estimation. There was a time when it even rivalled the Papal chair, and when the archbishops of Milan were invested with sovereign power. The government, therefore, must attach a high importance to this ecclesiastical dignity: still, in respect to the popular wishes, they presented a Lombard to it. The choice fell on Romilli, Bishop of Cremona, who was favoured by a high personage in Vienna, and rose, in the short space of a year and a half, from his modest cure, in the watering place of Trascore, to the Archbishopric of Milan, and yet immediately joined in a hostile demonstration against the government. It is well known that Frederick I. lost the battle of Legnano against the Lombardese confederation, through the defection of Henry the Lion at the decisive moment. This historical episode was now employed in a really ridiculous manner, though, in the background, the idea was concealed that the power which conquered the terrible Barbarossa might again make a stand against Francis of Austria. The Archbishop of Milan at that day had been one of the most active promoters of the Lombardese confederation, and the entry of the present one was employed to bring forward a number of odious allusions to the events of former date. The Podesta Casati, one of the chiefs of the conspiracy, ransacked the archives of Milan in order to discover the ceremonial observed in that age, on the consecration of the archbishop, but the government, on being informed of this, put an end to the annoyance by forbidding it. The triumphal entry, therefore, took place on September 6th, without any allusion to Barbarossa. The whole city went out to meet the archbishop, and the streets were crowded with people. At an illumination that took place on the Piazza Fontana an attack was made on the police, in which the young Milanese nobility took an active part. The archbishop addressed the people, and was greeted with shouts, mingled with expressions of hatred against the government. The whole affair bore the unmistakable character of design and collusion.

The next step taken by the club of the Café Cova, where all these undertakings were arranged and set in action, was a serious attack upon the state.

For a long while the custom of smoking could gain no access into

Italy, but at last it prevailed there, and, as the Italians pursue everything ardently, they were soon on a level with the Germans in this respect. Boys of six years in the street, elegant ladies in the balcony (the latter, however, an exceptional case), in short everybody smoked. All our readers must be aware that tobacco is a government monopoly in Austria : they, therefore, determined to attack this monopoly, as one of the branches of state revenue.

The rumour had been long spread that, on New Year's Day, no one would smoke, but little attention had been paid to it by the government, and no measures taken against it. The club, however, bribed a number of *gamins*, and the New Year's Day of 1848 was selected to carry out the cigar-insurrection. Several officers, dressed in civil clothes, and who were walking on the Corse, had the cigars taken from their mouths, and the same was the case with every civilian who dared to smoke in the street.

The club took the same measures against the lottery, and the bureaux were deserted, despite the Italian love for gambling. Every person seen in a lottery bureau, or smoking a cigar made in the government manufactories, was declared a traitor to his country, and an enemy of Italy. On the 3rd of January a violent attack was made on a party of soldiers who quitted barracks with cigars in their mouths, and several persons were killed. The soldiers were accused of having excited the people by smoking publicly, and the field-marshal was summoned by Casati to forbid it, but he angrily refused such humiliation.

The field-marshal, however, thought it advisable to order the officers not to wear private clothes, so that there might be no excuse for insult ; he openly declared the revolution *un fait accompli*, called Casati a traitor and head of the conspiracy, and repeatedly advised the Viennese Cabinet to be on its guard against Piedmont. We know as a fact that, at that date, the field-marshal had determined on resigning his command, as he saw that it was useless for him to advise energetic measures ; but the reflection that, on the eve of an inevitable contest, he should not deprive the emperor and fatherland of his long experience, and his services as a soldier, induced him to give up the idea.

At length the 8th of February arrived, on which day there were very serious and sanguinary outbreaks in Padua and Pavia. In the latter city the burial of a student was the cause of it ; an officer accidentally met the procession in the street while smoking at the time, and, although he took off his cap and discontinued smoking, he was attacked by the students, and a serious disturbance ensued.

In Padua the outbreak was much more serious, and also emanated from the students ; forty or fifty were wounded, and five or six killed. Both the universities were closed the next day, and numerous arrests took place.

In Venice, the second city of the kingdom, affairs went on much the same as in Milan. A total separation between the two nations and hostilities against the soldiers were the order of the day. The first pretext for a serious demonstration was afforded by the news that the King of Naples had given his country a constitution. In pursuance of a settled scheme, the chiefs of the revolution appeared at the theatre in full dress : Cerito came on the stage in a costume formed of the three Italian colours, and danced *la Sicilienne* ; when ended, the audience encored it enthusiastically. The police interfered, and a voice cried,

"*Fuori tutti.*" All the persons in the pit and in the boxes quitted the theatre immediately.

All these occurrences, and the hourly increasing danger, at length determined the government on proclaiming martial law—by this, however, we do not mean anything at all resembling a state of siege or courts-martial. It was merely a judicial form that had long existed in Italy, and was applied when brigandage prevailed to a considerable extent, and was nothing but an abbreviation of the usual judicial process. It depended on the judgment of the authorities whether a case should come within the jurisdiction of martial law, or be left to be settled in the ordinary method. In the present instance, martial law was extended so as to embrace political offences. But there was no one to decide as to its application; the state machine had been long out of work, and the government would have sought in vain for a judge who would have lent himself to carry out martial law; for treason encompassed the viceroy in his palace, had found its way into the government offices, the municipalities, the post-office, the confessional, and the pulpit. We will add a few facts to prove this assertion.

In the government of Milan there was a man of the name of Sandrini, a Triestine by birth, who soon rose from the post of copyist to that of director of the chancery. This man possessed the perfect confidence of the governor, was initiated into every secret, and was frequently sent with most important despatches to the ambassador at Turin; this trust he abused, to reveal all the secrets to the leaders of the revolution. On the departure of the Austrians from Milan, he had the impudence to make known all his services in the cause of the revolution in the public papers, because he was neglected. He took to flight at the end of the insurrection, and, probably, obtained a traitor's disgraceful reward at Turin.

We may quote another case. It appeared very extraordinary that, shortly before the outbreak of the revolution, the field-marshal received no reports from the Venetian territory as to the state of matters there. He consoled himself with the reflection that tranquillity had not been disturbed by any *émeute*. During the street fights in Milan, Casati had the impudence to send Radetzky several opened despatches, among them one from Field-marshal d'Aspre, depicting the state of the Venetian provinces in very gloomy colours. As these reports must have been written before the commencement of the revolutionary struggle, they must have been given to Casati through the treachery of some post-office official.

We must certainly allow that the Italian revolution, warned by several earlier disasters, on this occasion omitted nothing to obtain the victory. Mazzini's talent—for we regard him as the leader, all others were only accomplices or instruments to his hand—had caused an unity and universality in this conspiracy, which renders it the most remarkable in the history of revolutions. He had succeeded, as far as possible, in preventing all isolated outbreaks. Although it is almost impossible to keep such an undertaking secret, no treachery had taken place, and the police could not succeed in finding out such facts as would lead to the proof. For that purpose, Mazzini had cleverly gained the chief organs of the government. The Italian princes had been dragged into the revolution almost without knowing how, with the exception of Charles Albert, who was fully initiated in their secrets, and only deceived himself by the belief

that he would be the heir of the revolution, while he must have fallen a sacrifice to it, even if he had been victorious in the war so treacherously commenced. Mazzini had no wish for an upper Italian empire under Charles Albert, for a federative state under Pio Nono; he desired an Italian republic, but this must be gradually effected, and Charles Albert serve as a bridge, till the season of his own overthrow arrived.

While, therefore, the revolution was approaching a rapid development in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, hatred and war against Austria were the watchwords in the remainder of Italy.

Though the Piedmontese press regarded war as a settled affair, the cabinet answered the reclamations of the Austrian Envoy by assurances of friendship. Everything, however, that he saw and heard in Turin contradicted this. We do not think he was deceived, but fully agreed with Radetzky in the belief of an approaching war. The latter was so convinced that he would soon have to do with the Piedmontese, that he sent a brigade of observation to the Ticino, in order to be fully informed of all that took place on the frontier, and be able to repel the first attack of the volunteers, if they dared to cross the river in the presence of the brigade. He also took the same measures against Switzerland, where the victory over the Sonderbund had given the *têtes montées* the upper hand, and although the central government might not dare to outrage the law of nations, and suddenly attack Austria in alliance with Piedmont, still it scarce possessed the strength to present the formation of volunteer corps, and their appearance in the Lombardese territory. Any one who can properly estimate the field-marshal's difficult position, cannot refuse his admiration at the skill with which he and his little band escaped defeat. We purposely say defeat, for it would be a great error to suppose that the field-marshal, by his retreat in the Adige, yielded to the revolution: the history of the war furnishes a complete contradiction.

On the 8th of February, the Piedmontese cabinet informed the Austrian envoy that the king had determined on giving his country a constitution. This declaration was also accompanied by the warmest expressions of friendship. When the news of the events in Milan reached Turin, the formation of free corps was openly determined to hasten to the assistance of the Milanese; all the newspapers urged participation in the crusade. The Austrian envoy demanded explanations, and only received renewed assurances of friendship on the 22nd. On the 23rd, Charles Albert's manifesto and declaration of war against Austria appeared. On the 25th, he started with his sons to join the army, and, on the 29th, he crossed in person the Ticino, faithlessly invading the territory of his old friend and ally. We need do no more than compare these dates. Charles Albert has been judged and condemned by history. The Italian revolution had treachery for its motto, a traitor for its champion, and how could it calculate on victory under such auspices?

We have now brought our narrative up to the date we originally assigned it, to go further would be only trenching on the limits we proposed. We cannot, however, do better than close this paper by a quotation of the words addressed by our soldier-author to his comrades in arms: "Austria now appears greater and more powerful than ever, and that, brothers, is your work! Maintain her in her glory! a glory you acquired by the sacrifice of such dear and noble lives! and may a worthier pen than ours hand down to latest ages, your renown, your fidelity, and your love to your emperor and fatherland!"

A WORD TO ENGLAND.

I KNOW not if it be against all precedent, I know not if it be contrary to the rules of convenience and good taste, to address a nation's people from the pages of a monthly periodical: if so, I am about to break those rules. And yet, no matter: periodical, newspaper, pamphlet, were the sheets of all filled, and filled over again, with the subject I am venturing now to enter upon, they could not call forth all the deep consideration its importance demands.

We frequently read and hear of the "signs of the times." Can it be possible that the signs of the present times, the whisper, the echo of what is passing around, can go unremarked and undigested by the thinking portion of England? Are you aware that it is said by those of an opposite creed, that creed which is subtly making its way amongst us, said openly amidst themselves, that our Protestant faith is gradually but surely going from us, and that we shall return to the blessings and trammels of Romanism ere half a century shall have elapsed? They have cause to hope it. However we may seek to disguise the truth, or palliate the fears, and although we boast of England's sons being far too enlightened to re-embrace a dark and superstitious creed, they have cause to hope it.

It is known that many of you have not even yet recovered the astonishment which fell upon all, two years ago, now something more, when the whisper of that bold, strange measure, that the Pope was about to take upon himself the spiritual government of England, grew into a certainty. You could not fathom it. You knew that Pope Pius IX., infallible as he may deem himself, and aspiring as may be his Catholic nature, never would have dared, of his own accord, thus offensively to thrust himself forward, and assume a sway over this enlightened country. Who his mistaken advisers were, has never been clearly ascertained to this day. Some of them were guessed at, others not; and never would be, were the whole ambitious plot, from its rising, laid bare. Ambitious!—ay! more doubly cunning and ambitious than many of you can deem.

Had England been true to herself and her Reformed Faith, had the eyes of England's people been open to the consequences of what was passing amidst themselves, this never would have taken place. Remember the fearful spread that Catholicism had been making in the land for a long while previously; think of the crowds of proselytes it had been willing to its bosom. How many of these were ministers of the Established religion? Numbers, as you well know. These seceders from the Protestant Church you heard of, occupying, as they did, places so conspicuous in it, but how many thousands were there leaving her of whom you did not hear!

Well, was anything done to stop this apostacy, either by England's laws or her secular ministers? or, more grave inquiry still, by England's Episcopacy? You can answer the question for yourselves. How many ordained priests were there, professedly "Protestants," who were leading their congregation, step by step, to the very confines of Romanism? Images were suspended in churches, candles and flowers were placed

upon altars, saints were worshipped, confession was held to be essential, penance salutary, and absolution was given. Dissensions and controversies were rife amongst the Church's ministers: one pastor (if such deserve the name) holding it to be right to preach in a black surplice; another, that no prayer could possibly ascend to the Throne of Heaven unless his garment were white: this one must turn his face to the east while he muttered the Belief; another must keep his face straight forward. And it is notorious that in many instances the congregation quitted the church in disgust, rather than continue even passive spectators of this ridiculous pastime.

But did the empty pews bring the priest back to common sense? No. Did they draw down upon him the admonition of his bishop? No, no; save in one or two solitary cases. Did the prelates point out to these vacillating men, these minor clergy, that, until their flights of fanaticism should have passed, they were unfit to be entrusted with the guiding and conversion of souls; did they remind them that they professed to be ministers of the humble Saviour, and that *He* did not spend his time cavilling how he should be habited, and charge His disciples that their robes should be black, white, or grey, or that, otherwise, those to whom they preached the Word could not be admitted into Life? No; still no! The Bench of Bishops remained indifferent and inactive. From what cause could have arisen their excessive tolerance, few, off the Bench, would be able to tell. But had they chosen to turn a resolutely deaf ear to the dignified disputes of whether a priestly incumbent should be arrayed in black or white—as it might happen to suit his vanity and his complexion—to the bowing and images, to the assumption of infallibility, and to all the rest of the “innovations,” the open, repeated, and undisguised converts to Romanism should have aroused their alarmed surveillance. And they did not.

Was it any wonder, then, that Pope Pius listened to the temptings of ambition, and essayed openly a measure, having for its ultimate end the conversion of all England to Popery? That the scheme broke forth ere it was well matured—ere the land was quite prepared to receive it—was no fault of his, but an error in judgment of those who advised him, and who had kept their eager eyes upon England, gathering in the signs of her falling and lukewarm faith. Never, save for these dissensions and schisms in her own Church, would this wild insult have been thrust upon her.

But it came. And what was done? How was it met? Public indignation was indeed roused to an unprecedented pitch: and it is said that but *for* that universal and loud voice of indignation, ministers, when they met at the re-assembling of Parliament, would have done nothing. The country expected great things of them; for the far-famed letter of the Premier to the Bishop of Durham had gone forth, and was in everybody's mouth, for praise or for blame.

A measure was passed: a measure said to be intended to meet the aggression. But what sort of measure? One garbled and altered till scarcely any of the original was left; one that caused the Catholics to laugh a contemptuous, exulting laugh, and to force every true Protestant to blush for his country's legislators—that they who had sworn to defend her faith should *thus* keep their solemn oath. It is said that it never was in-

tended to carry the law into effect, although they passed it : and it never has been carried. The law is openly ridiculed by the Roman Catholics : Dr. Wiseman sways his imperious sway as England's Cardinal, and the twelve "bishops" rejoice in their titles, and rule over their respective sees.

What was it the Pope himself said, when the English Roman Catholics, then sojourning at Rome, sought an audience of his Holiness to thank him for the startling measures he had thrust upon England ? Cardinal Wiseman presented them, and the Pope spoke as follows :

"I had not intended to send the new Cardinal (Wiseman) back to England, but to keep him near the Papal Court, and to employ his talents here. But I am persuaded that the time is come to set about the great enterprise for which you have just thanked me. I think he has nothing to fear in England. I therefore send this most eminent Cardinal back to England, and I entreat you all to pray without ceasing, that all difficulties may be removed, and that a million, nay, three millions, of your countrymen, still separated from us, may enter into this new Church, *even to the last of them.*"

Ay, there's the deep-laid scheme ! convert us all, Queen, bishops, nobles, and people ; bend us all to his yoke, and let us become puppets in his fatherly hands ! The Pope's anxiety for the well-being of our souls may have been great, but it would be no trifling addition to his earthly glory to find himself the supreme head and spiritual ruler of the British empire, and controller of the rich Church lands of England. Do you suppose that no such hope as this is still cherished, *nourished* by the Pontiff and his Church ? Then you have not read and noted what is gathering around you.

This scheme has been long cherished, deeply matured, well laid. They would convert the whole race of man to Romanism, and so lay the world under their thumb ; and the richest prize, the most coveted, is the powerful realm of Great Britain. For this they have toiled earnestly, are toiling, will toil. They began with stealthy steps long, long ago, and converted a few, scarcely daring to advance lest Protestantism take alarm, and so ruin all. Quietly, step by step, bit by bit, a few, and yet a few again. These, in addition to their own emissaries, whispered the sweet poison into the ears of others : they got more agents at work : converts began to rush over to them thick and threefold ; and soon the numbers attained a height that admitted not of entire secrecy. "No matter," said they ; "the day and the necessity for fear have gone by." In their giant strength, they cared not for opposition ; thousands were flocking to their standard, as if it brought them then and there salvation. This is no ideality. I tell you that in all known, civilised countries, but most earnestly of all in ours, the Jesuits are at work, and their labours bring in ample fruit.

But see you not their aim ? What care they, think you, that we, heretics, who have no inheritance in the next world, or worse than none, what care they to convert one of our hated race ? Is it, as they insinuatingly whisper in the ear of him they are fastening on, for the sake of saving a precious soul ? There are some who in their credulity believe this. Their motives are not so holy, or their schemes so shallow ; and if the latter were laid open, we should scarcely know which to admire

most, the extravagance or the treasonable ambition of the projectors. Would you believe that they hope, in their aspiring hearts, to subdue, not only the whole world, but its social orders and institutes? They do. The various constitutions of the civilised countries of Europe they aim at overthrowing, be it absolute or mixed monarchy, emperor or king; representative bodies, lords and commons. *They would rule entire, the Catholic clergy, pope, cardinals, archbishops; reign in all things, religious, secular, profane.* There is to be no parliament anywhere, and no constitution; they would form the government of the whole world; universal dominion should be theirs; liberty and free action they hope to be remembered only as things that were; that every human will shall be crushed and subdued to their bondage; and, in short, that the world shall return to the horrors, and, in time, to the ignorance of the dark ages. You will not credit this: you will throw down the magazine with a petulant expression of impatience: nevertheless, I tell you facts. Every one of these points forms an anxious theme of discussion in the secret councils of the Jesuits; *and it has been decided that the Inquisition shall be revived, when England shall be once more under their yoke.*

How do they propose to effect this universal conversion? Not, it is to be hoped, as the ill-fated habitants of Piedmont were gained over, some two hundred and fifty years ago. Do you know well the history of that period?—of the persecutions offered by the Jesuits against those simple-hearted adherents of a Reformed Church? The principal emissary of Rome in these crimes was Antonio Possevino. You have read of his subtlety—his profound learning—his renowned diplomacy. He was confessor to some of the sovereigns of the North. But his high station and attainments did not serve to teach him toleration and mercy: for it was he who instituted and directed these cruel persecutions.

Against some of the cantons, Savoy and Geneva, for instance, he was too wily to act with open violence, for they were powerfully protected; but the poor Vaudois—he had them hunted like wild beasts. All the refinements of cruelty were practised against them; and when he found, after unheard-of persecutions and labour, that they would not forsake the religion, as taught by Christ, for the Prince of the Vatican, they were made to suffer in their children.

“This wretched little race of heretics must be exterminated ere they grow up enemies to our faith as their parents are,” was the cry of the Jesuits: and the edict was carried out. Tortures, massacres, burnings, all the terrors of ferocity, were put in force to destroy these helpless children. They were torn from their mothers’ arms, indiscriminately and unrelentingly. Four hundred of them were burned together in a huge fire. The parents, the unhappy Vaudois, had no help or redress—they could only suffer, and abjectly petition the Court of Rome.

Years, years after, nearly a century if my memory serves me right, during which time their horrible persecutions had not been relaxed, though the character of them, so far as regarded their children, had changed, inasmuch that, in place of destruction, they were forcibly taken from their homes and given to the Jesuits to be educated, a concession was accorded them. And what think you it was? The Prince of Rome, the assumed representative of Jesus Christ, and the privileged son of all

the saints, was so merciful as to order that this kidnapping should not take place until the children had attained their twelfth year! Did *He* tear children from their parents' homes to burn them—He whose mission on earth taught of nought save love and peace—who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and who took them in his arms and blessed them?

You who are fathers, you who are mothers, would you like to guide and cherish your darling child until its twelfth year, and then be compelled to resign him for ever to those who have been your merciless persecutors; to be taught a creed that you believe will be little likely to lead him to salvation, and to know that he is being trained to become a persecuting fanatic as they are? Would you not pray rather for them to take his life?

The celebrated Francis de Sales, afterwards canonized, was a pupil of Possevino, though differing widely in character from his master. Francis de Sales seemed formed by nature to be made one of these persuasive Jesuits. His person was attractive, his face beautiful, and his mind and manners were gentle and winning; added to which, his learning was great, and his lips were gifted with unusual eloquence. They could not have found a better instrument to seduce over the Protestants of Geneva and Savoy. His zeal for conversion was strong: no pains or expense did he spare to attain his ends; and whole convents of nuns were founded, whose services were pressed into the task.

The name of this man would have become celebrated, if from no other cause, by his platonic intimacy with the Baroness de Chantal, sister to Archbishop Fremiot, and grandmother, in her old age, to Madame de Sévigné. It was a strange connexion: and we, who are not so accustomed to religious rapture as are the Roman Catholics, should be apt to designate it by its true name—love.

Madame de Chantal was a bigot from her infancy. Before she was seven years old, a Protestant friend presented her with some sweetmeats to eat, but she knew his tenets, and she dashed them into the fire, saying, "This is how you heretics will burn in hell!"

She was left a widow at an early age; soon after which event she met with St. Francis de Sales, and a powerful attachment—most powerful on her part—sprang up between them, which lasted with their lives. She and the saint, both, did not hesitate to say it was a mutual attraction, and they affirmed to the credulous world that they had seen each other previously in visions.

She gave up all other interests to him, she was entirely under his direction, and he became her confessor. She abandoned her old father-in-law and her children, to reside in the same town that contained her idol. It is said that her son knelt on the threshold of the door as she was about to pass over it, praying her not to desert them—and he prayed in vain.

St. Francis appointed her the works she was to pass her time in executing. She became a nun of the Visitation, her occupation being to win over the Protestants to Romanism. In one of St. Francis de Sales' letters to her, he says, "You occupy in my heart the first and last place," and her attachment by this avowal was wrought to the highest pitch of passion. "Pray God I may not survive you!" was the answer. Most of her letters were destroyed; the nuns, of whom she was the head, con-

feeling they were not fit to publish to the world. St. Francis asserted, in the early period of their friendship, that she was never absent from his mind. "Before the God of my heart and yours, I speak the truth," he says; "in our affection there is something exclusively its own, never to be found in that of others. I did not intend to say so much, but one word leads to another: do not exaggerate my meaning." Not only did he associate her with all his thoughts, but with the duties of his priesthood. He wrote to her before and after celebrating mass; and he assured her, that when he offered up the Host and consummated the Holy Sacrifice, *it was of her he thought.*

With the religion of our continental neighbours this may accord; but we should call it sacrilegious impiety.

When St. Francis died, she was attacked with delirium, and upon rising from her sick bed, the sunshine of her existence was gone. Afterwards, when in church, she would declare she was sensible of the sweetest perfumes, which no one else perceived, and that it was caused by the spiritual presence of him who was so dear to her. When he had been dead some years, his coffin was opened, and his body was found to be undecayed. Madame de Chantal sought and obtained permission to kiss his hand, when, upon bending over him in ecstatic devotion, the dead saint is said to have put forth his arm and clasped her to his heart in a passionate embrace. The veil she wore at this most miraculous event is preserved to this day as the most precious relic.

We all know the value of Popish relics, but what think you of this one? I hope they put it under a glass-case.

With this friendship of St. Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal, it never was pretended for a moment that any improper intimacy, as we should understand the term, was mixed up. But is this religion? Is it likely to conduce to Christian piety? And what was enacted in the seventeenth century is being enacted in the nineteenth. Thousands have followed in the steps of St. Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal, only that their mutual adoration has been less innocent, and thousands are treading in them now. And it is to a creed of anomalies such as this, that Cardinal Wiseman and his brethren would seek to convert us! Fancy a like religious devotion—they call it a religious one—to a handsome lady of his flock displayed by one of our deans, or canons, or country curates! I think it would be likely to provoke indignation from the public, and perhaps ecclesiastical supervision also, tolerant as our astonishingly easy prelates are.

It may be, and is, said, that the very absurdity of these present projects of the Romanists carries defeat with it. Pause ere you say so. Look around, and see what is being enacted in neighbouring countries: mark well, as I previously observed, the signs of the times. Louis Napoleon, now Emperor of the French, has been won over to their interests, or has entered into them voluntarily. He has linked himself to the Jesuits (and hitherto to their plans) heart and soul: not a request that they can make to him will be denied, and at the present moment he is possessed of great power. You probably saw the account of the recent interruption and insult offered to the Protestant funeral of a young French lady. Mademoiselle Aline Thérèse Vernier, the daughter of Monsieur Vernier, who is an honourable member of the local consistory of Estissac and

Thuisy, died on the 10th of last December. She was eighteen years of age, and a Protestant. Arrangements were made for her funeral, when there appeared a formal notice from the mayor of Estissac that he should permit neither speech nor ceremony at the grave, that no person wearing a religious habit should be permitted in the churchyard, and no official person should be present save him, the mayor. As no Catholic priest was invited to attend, why he was determined that none of a different denomination should. The father, however, persisted; and, when the funeral started, the French Protestant minister placed himself at its head, but upon its reaching the entrance to the cemetery, a scandalous scene ensued. I quote the words of the French newspapers, and which were re-copied in the *Times*. The mayor appeared, supported by two gendarmes, turned back the coffin, and shut the gates. The procession had to make its way to the grave through a narrow passage, scarcely permitting room for the coffin to pass. When the coffin was laid in the grave, the Protestant minister commenced the usual service, but three several times was he interrupted by the mayor and the gendarmes, who violently ordered him to begone, and it was concluded amidst much confusion. A remonstrance has been addressed to the authorities by those aggrieved, but I fear they may just as well have let it alone.

Look again at the notorious business of the two Madiai, husband and wife, who are thrust into prison because they are "heretics," and for "reading the Bible," and are likely to languish there. The Archduchess of Tuscany has promised, it is reported, to intercede on behalf of Madame Madiai, provided she will at once abjure Protestantism and embrace the Roman Catholic faith. How many times within the last few years has it been repeated, and repeated again, by the Catholics, that the spirit of persecution had passed from them and from their rulers—had been abandoned with the old, old days, when there was neither peace nor religious tolerance on earth—that persecution for religious opinion's sake never could, and never would be revived again; and that the persecutions which formerly took place were not the offspring of the creed, but of the barbarous times in which they were enacted! But we now see with what sincerity they spoke: we are learning how to place reliance on such boasts for the future. In all countries where the Pope is dominant, are these religious persecutions, or *the first links of the chain that will lead to them*, being instituted. Look again to Tuscany, where they have just revived the punishment of DEATH for offences against religion. And how read they their phrase "offences against religion?" It simply means any dissent from Popery and Popish authorities. To be *suspected* of such dissent, subjects the offender to three years' imprisonment; to be found guilty of it, death.

In all countries where the Jesuits have sway, are they establishing their audacious and cruel rule with giant strides; in all countries where their rule is not yet tolerated, are they striving in the dark, untringly, unceasingly, to set it up. Rest not, sleep not, weary not, are their watchwords; and never, say they, will they relinquish them until they have attained the height of their treasonable ambition. It has been given out, you may be aware, in Tuscany, that thought must no longer be free: all thoughts, all minds, so far as is possible, are to be committed to the keeping of the priesthood. All schools are placed, from henceforth,

under the positive and actual control and supervision of the priests; and should there be found any establishments objecting to this unqualified decree, they are to be broken up forthwith. The instruction afforded to the people, rich and poor, is to be of a nature the most bigoted and narrow; all that tends to enlightenment, all that tends to improve the mind and elevate the heart, and, above all, whatever tends to exercise the intellect and the *thought*, will be suppressed. To make up for this lamentable state of education, it is intended that all kinds of debauchery and vice, gambling and corruption, shall be winked at—nay, encouraged. "The people's minds must be amused in some way," say the priesthood; "we deny them knowledge, and these things, called by the world crimes, are less dangerous."

Is it possible that any one, Protestant or Catholic, can be so sanguine as to imagine that Tuscany is, or will be, the only kingdom to be thus laid under the yoke? This remarkable passage occurred recently in a letter of the "Own Correspondent" of the *Times*, written from Turin—and, be it remembered, that journal is no unnecessary alarmist: "I had a thing to say *à propos* of the late trials at Mantua, on the subject of Austrian prison discipline and the ordeal of confession as practised in Austrian Italy, but I fear being misunderstood. By-and-by, however, when, under Divine grace, by the exertions of our pious friends and our own apathy, we shall have the blessings of Popery and the Inquisition once more established among us, the British public will be better able to appreciate accounts of violence, which might now be attributed to prejudice or exaggeration."

The same feeling which prevented the *Times'* correspondent enlarging upon all he knew, likewise prevents me. I could tell you of facts now occurring in Catholic countries until this paper should be spun out to a length unprecedented, but I dare not; for I know that they would be put down as falsehoods or gross exaggerations. I could disclose tales connected with the lives led by the Catholic priesthood, and of the incredible enormities of the confessional, but these things are never pleasant for the pen to trace. And the crimes, the immoralities, the darkness that prevail in these countries, might be enlarged upon for ever, the utter absence of all efforts at improvement, and of everything compatible with Christ's religion. There is no peace or good government, no civil or religious liberty; and, for the people, there is neither security nor happiness. You hear these matters alluded to sometimes, but, living in England as you do, you are not prone to give credit to them. I *know* them to be facts, for I have lived in the midst of them for years—not in one part of the Continent, but in many.

Be not deceived: there will soon be a struggle for ascendancy over you—a struggle for universal power. Note well all the words and acts that have come from the Catholics since the establishing of their hierarchy, as they call it, in England: little words and signs that perhaps have slipped out unconsciously in their exultation. Ponder them well; compare notes, one announcement, one paper with another, and you will read as I do. And if this struggle be not guarded against beforehand, and met with universal Protestant unity and resolution, the civil wars that disseminated this land some centuries ago, will inevitably be renewed.

You have the cause in your own hands. If you could throw off the Papal yoke when England's Popish prejudices lay thick around her, and her land was overrun with priesthood, to embrace and hold fast the Reformed Religion, you surely can maintain it now. Let these men pursue their own religion amongst you as heretofore; let them, if they will, exercise their sophistries in Catholic countries, and still lead by the nose their millions of deluded people; but give them to know, and unmistakably, that when England threw off their yoke some centuries ago, she threw it off for ever.

Great Britain justly boasts of the freedom she confers upon all who inhabit her soil: her religious tolerance is the wonder of neighbouring empires, and none can wish this tolerance lessened. But it behoves you who are still true to your faith, to watch and pray unceasingly, lest you be led into these dangerous errors. These Catholics, these Jesuits—these serpents, if you will—are scattered everywhere: one is but a duplicate of the whole. They know their work; it is carved out ready to their hands, and they perform it zealously. And it is your bounden, imperative duty, your duty to your God, to your children, and your country, to bestir yourselves, and grapple with this subtle enemy. Their encroachments have aroused the public ire in no common degree, as you well know; they have penetrated to England's self-love and to England's piety, and no one can say that there has been any lack of excitement—more especially was there not at the time when the Pope thrust his hierarchy upon England. There was much of talking, much of meeting, much of indignant discussion, but there was, and is, no effectual doing: and while you are supinely resting, the Papists are acting.

I would address these words to the Protestants of England: the Dissenters, as they are termed, will not mistake me, or suppose that they are here not included in the word, Protestant. But I will speak a few words to them exclusively.

And allow me the privilege. My youth was passed in the chief city of one of our midland counties, and I was frequently brought into contact, and mixed freely with many of your sects. I grew up among you; I learnt to respect you; and when I thus write to you, it seems as if I were addressing old friends.

But in this common cause you are not Dissenters. There are but two sects: the Roman Catholics, who would make these aggressions upon the nation; and the Protestants, you and ourselves. All minor differences are overlooked in this great contest. I believe the creed of the Romanists to be as repugnant to you as it is to us; and if few, or none, of your body have become apostates and gone over to Popery, it is because you are more united in yourselves, and have furnished these secret, undermining enemies less loopholes to creep in at.

Your faith, that of the greater portion of you, is the same as ours. You worship one God, you trust to one Saviour, you are comforted by one Holy Spirit. There may be a little difference in the worship, but there is none in the creed; and I, a member of our Church, declare to you openly my conviction, that the greater part of you would never have separated from her, but for the many abuses that have gradually crept into her since the Reformation, and which are still crying aloud—it would

seem unheard. It is believed that a crisis is approaching, one to demand every effort to meet it. Oh, let not this appeal be made in vain! Remain true to your form of worship, but be united with us in heart. Join cause and resolution, and together a moral force so great will be combined, that the Pope and his clergy will marvel how they could have entertained so wild a project as that of undermining England's Faith. The Pope regards us as heretics, you and ourselves alike, and he burns for the time to ripen when he may lay the whole kingdom under a ban, unless it shall bend to his authority. He deems himself the only accredited minister of Heaven, *we* know how mistakenly; and if we obstinately refuse to worship him as we would worship God, he condemns us to cruel miseries here, and to eternal damnation hereafter.

The Catholics, more especially those of our own land, Dr. Wiseman and his lot, begged us to believe that the new innovations and the hierarchy meant "nothing," and would lead to nothing. They entreat us to believe that these recently instituted persecutions are nothing. They waste their words—they waste their breath: the Protestants are gifted with penetration deep as theirs, though their cunning may be less; and these persecutions will do more to open England's eyes to the subtle and to-be-dreaded depth of their designs, than ever did the former encroachments, startling as they were.

Be united then, and repulse all secret schemes. Not by oppression: let the Papists be still free to follow their creed as heretofore. Only let them fully understand that they have made a wide mistake in opinion, and that so long as the faith of England retains its brightness, and Englishmen their truth, the endeavour to win her over to Popery must never be renewed. There are good and honourable Catholics in the land, numbers of them; men to be respected of all. I seek not to wound them in these remarks; but they will themselves concede, that if we sit tamely down, and submit to be thus drawn under the yoke of their Pontiff, we should be unworthy of our country and our faith.

And you, professed Protestants of the land, who are in your hearts half Papists, will any of you, after this, leave the pure spiritual worship of your forefathers for this creed of forms and persecutions? I cannot think that many of you who have gone over to Catholicism quite knew the religion you were embracing, as it is practised in its own countries.

Finally, Protestants, weigh well what is passing around you, and if you deem that these encroachments are creeping stealthily but surely upon you, deliberate how you may best resist them. From the Queen upon her throne to the poor man in his cottage, there ought to be common cause amongst you. You have one faith, one altar, one God. Defend them from these outward aggressions. Otherwise, what can you expect will be the fate of England? The Jesuits will have no mercy, no toleration, if they once get the upper hand. They have sworn to persecute and attack Protestants to the utmost of their power: can you doubt that they will keep the oath to its extreme letter as regards you, whom they have been reared to look upon as their bitter and dreaded rivals.

Let not the common idea that the day has gone by for Englishmen, in their broad enlightenment, to return to the errors and miseries of Popery, lull you to lethargy. For enlightenment, Great Britain does indeed

stand unrivalled, and her sons are gifted with envied intellect. And it is precisely because they are so gifted, that these dissensions and civil wars may come. Were they fitted to be a priest-ridden, abject people, the Jesuits might be able to mould and lull them to their will: they may, as it is, have little difficulty in doing so with many, and for those who resist, who would rather lay their heads upon the block than return to the crushed intellect and old state of soul-slavery, what will remain? Resistance. If the tokens of the changes seeking to be made are suffered to remain unnoticed and unheeded, if the stealthy encroachments of the Jesuits are encouraged rather than checked, whether that encouragement proceed from self-security or carelessness, until they attain to such a height and power that Great Britain will be roused like a lion from its lair, rely upon it, that civil war, with all its horrors and bloodshed, must return. It may not be until the hand who pens these lines, the eyes of you who read them, shall be set in death; but that it will come is inevitable, unless you guard against it.

The ancient truism, that prevention is better than cure, should have been remembered and acted upon. When Pope Pius IX. sent his "Bull" and his Cardinal to these shores, had they been immediately returned upon his holy hands, with a polite message from her Majesty declining the intended honour, I am much mistaken if the world would have heard of these recent persecutions. The thing lay then in a nutshell: there was no difficulty, and need have been no debating; the nation's tranquillity would have remained undisturbed, and the Jesuits must, and would, have relinquished their ambitious schemes. England suffered it to be otherwise: in spite of the storm of indignant protestations that echoed in her ears, the Cardinal, and all the rest of the accompaniments, were allowed to gain firm footing; and—you see the fruits. A few decisive words would have prevented their presence then: there might be both difficulty and danger in attempting to repulse them now. And it seems to me that should bloodshed, sooner or later, be the event, the ministers who then ruled the country will have much to answer for.

It is still in your power to avert whatever evil or danger may be impending; but you know not how soon the opportunity may be gone by. Let not this warning be unheeded: harm is impossible if you resolutely determine to defend your forefathers' faith, and uphold the rights of England. She is mighty in her strength: the nations of the world bow down before her power: how much more then must the clerical prince of a petty Italian state, and those who act under his orders? Oh, be true to yourselves! and never fear that God, who has brought you and your ancestors through so many difficulties and dangers in the cause of religion, will bring you in safety through these. May these impending fears serve to bring good out of evil, in causing many who have been vacillating between a true and false faith to see the error they are committing; may they be the means of uniting all bands of Protestants in the harmony they have not enjoyed of late years; and then the peace that Christ taught, and the security and tranquillity that must be its fruit, will once more reign in England.

NOVELS OF THE SEASON.

"**LADY BIRD**"* is a charming lady-like novel. Full of flowery sentiments and graceful descriptions, it is also at once fashionable, foreign, and profoundly Catholic. There is Lifford Grange—the most melancholy, the most damp and dull of all old-fashioned places—so repulsive that, in the words of the lady authoress, no daring tendril, or aspiring creeper, had invaded its walls. Then there is Mr. Lifford, with a family as ancient as his house, and his pride as lofty as his rooms—a most morose, forbidding personage—a disappointed man—wedded, out of spite, to a fair, frail, and sickly Spanish grandee, who, transplanted like an exotic from sunny Andalusia to the gloomy old Grange, pines away through two and a half long volumes, till death relieves her and the reader from cushions and shawls, heavy clasped books of devotion, and large ivory crucifixes. There, also moving about in the same silent and solemn apartments, like a living ghost, is an uncle in holy orders—Father Lifford—who, educated in Spain, had there imbibed all the gravity and austerity of the severest monastic discipline; he had, as the narrative discloses, one or two particles of human nature in him, but even these were so trained to more unworldly habits, that their manifestations were rare to a degree; while, on the contrary, his habitual manners were so cold as to impart a chill to the very atmosphere in which he moved. Then there was Edgar, an only son and heir, of whom but little is made in the novel, except that, siding with his father in youth, he did not behave ill to his sister in distress; and last, but above all, is Lady Bird, the most precocious, the most fairy-like, the most intellectual, and the most wayward creation that ever graced novelist's pages. Beautiful, yet "foreign-looking," daring, and intractable in spirit, of a delicate, impressionable form and organisation, independent in thought and intellect, despising alike the grandeur, the formality, and the stateliness of Lifford Grange—not over-attentive to her Catholic duties, neglecting at times even confession—sarcastic even to wondering if the Apostles could prove sixteen quarterings—so regardless of social proprieties as to spend her time with Mary Grey and Mary's foster-brother, Maurice Redmond, children of a neighbouring village: Lady Bird is depicted at the onset as one who must inevitably go astray. Yet those pictures of early life are among the most pleasing, as they are also, with Lady Clara Audley's boudoirs, the only English things in the work. Lady Bird was the chief object, actor, and ruler in their childish pastimes, and her beauty, intelligence, and waywardness, exacted a sort of homage which all instinctively paid her. She was also the only little lady amongst them. But her mind was also as active as her spirit was restless. "A tendency to *ennui*," says our lady authoress, "joined to a craving for excitement, even of the most trivial description, is the disease of certain minds, and there is but one cure for it. Call it what you will; self-education, not for this world but for the next; the work of life understood; perfection conceived, and resolutely aimed at; the dream of human happiness resigned, and, in the same hour, its substance regained; the capital paid into the next world, and the daily unlooked-for interest received in this; such is the strange alchemy in which God deals, and

* *Lady Bird. A Tale.* By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 3 vols. Edward Moxon.

the secret of so many destinies which the world wonders over, and never learns to understand."

This extract will convey a good idea of the at times poetic, at times mystic, and, at others, philosophic tone in which the work is written. Lady Bird grows older, and goes out in society, to the infinite horror and discomfort of the cynical old Squire and the imperturbable Father Lifford, not, however, before she had for ever disturbed the peace of mind of her youthful playmate, Maurice, who all the time is shamelessly making love to Mary Grey. A friendship with Lady Clara Audley is rendered more intimate by an accident which entails the detention of Lady Bird for some time under the roof of the most amiable of lady patronesses.

It was in this pleasant, social circle that Lady Bird first met and fell in love with M. Adrien d'Arberg, by descent a German, by birth, and also by position, a Frenchman—a handsome, religious enthusiast, in whose nature there was a tendency to mysticism that might have led him to a too intense and metaphysical contemplation of the God he adored, if the strong hand of the Catholic religion had not been over him, restraining every exaggerated tendency or fanciful bias, and saying to a naturally ardent imagination and investigating understanding, "So far shalt thou go and no farther." With a mind so self-willed as Lady Bird's, from the first moment that she knew this paragon foreigner, there arose in her neither a hope, nor a project, nor a design, but a conviction that there was for her but one destiny, one future, one possible fate. But although Adrien passed the forbidden threshold of Lifford Grange, and was introduced to its chapel, its escutcheons, and its mouldy dust and "damp smell" by the entranced Lady Bird, there existed an impenetrable barrier between her wishes and their fulfilment in the person of Mr. Lifford and the Monk of the Grange. Adrien was dismissed by the haughty commoner in the most contemptuous manner, and to Lady Bird it was announced that the arrival of the son of a Spanish grandee was expected the very next day—as an accepted suitor to her hand.

Lady Bird, in a frenzy of delirium, hurried from her home to Mary's cottage. Mary and her mother were from home; Maurice alone was there. Adrien, dismissed so unceremoniously, had taken refuge on the Continent; his letters to Lady Bird had been waylaid. Maurice himself had the last in his possession. When Lady Bird told her tale of sorrow, the young artist, influenced by some previous misapprehension, only urged his own suit, and that so successfully, that this wayward little Lady Bird, having no other place of refuge, actually condescended, in a state little short of distraction, to seek for it in the arms of the boy-friend of her childhood. Such a marriage, so incontinentally entered upon, could not be followed by happiness. Lady Bird was discarded by an injured parent, and, worse than all, she did not love her husband. Poverty overtook the ill-assorted couple, at the same time that Lady Bird, by discovering the letter which Maurice had concealed, found that Adrien had never been untrue to her.

Compelled by positive necessity to emigrate to the New World, Adrien was once more encountered in the very same ship, bent on a philanthropic mission, with a party of Irish emigrants. Poor Lady Bird, after struggling for a time against affections that, blighted, had yet never died within her, was at length about to yield to their disunion.

"Why," she muttered to herself, "was she bound by an irrevocable chain? Why *must* she be miserable? Why had one rash act, one fatal impulse, sealed her doom for ever? 'Until death do us part' floated in her ears. Death—death alone could break that chain." Then for an instant—then, as once before, a vision of freedom passed before her, not as a deliberate thought—far less a hope. But she could not escape the consciousness that this dreadful idea had shot through her mind like a dark phantom, "If *he* were to die I should be free." It found no verbal utterance; but the rapid mental protest against it attested its existence.

Adrien and Lady Bird both stood on the brink of a precipice. "There is no height of virtue," our authoress insists, "no strength of faith, no length of time spent in continual advances in holiness and in goodness, that secure a man against temptation, that place him beyond the reach of startling impulses to evil." But both were saved by an extraordinary incident. Lady Bird did administer poison to her husband—by mistake. And then, when she leant over her victim, and felt that she had killed him, all her better feelings came back, and her grief and her remorse were without bounds. Adrien came to the rescue. He laid his hand on this dying man's shoulder, and said:

"Gertrude, pray—pray with all the strength of your despair, and let me watch by his side. This night we shall spend together, and then whatever God ordains—whatever happens——"

"We part for ever," she slowly uttered; and he said, "*Amen.*" "This is a vow," she added.

"As solemn as this hour," he replied. "Now go and pray, that God may have mercy on you and on me."

Heaven had mercy on the repentant sinner, and Maurice survived, but only to perish soon after, from exertions made to save his former rival, Adrien, from a fire in which the ship became involved on arriving at New York. Before his death, the unfortunate husband joined Adrien's hands in Lady Bird's, but the two lovers adhered to their vow, and they separated, only once to meet again—by the side of Maurice's grave. Adrien d'Arberg became a missionary in Asia, and Lady Bird returned, chastened and purified by trials, to soothe the last hours of a reconciled and repentant father. Poor deserted Mary Grey had become a Sister of Mercy. This is a melancholy story—but it contains a striking lesson of the evils that may be entailed by excessive pride on the one hand, and unurbid waywardness on the other.

No novel of recent times has received such contradictory criticisms as "*Milton Davenant.*"* This would appear at the first blush of the thing to be very natural; it is a polemical novel. Hence, while some congratulate the Church of England in having her cause pleaded in a manner so powerful, and a form so winning, by one who deserves to be reckoned among the most faithful as well as the most talented of her sons; others denounce the work as calumnious, lying, false, and bigoted. So far good: these are the mere customary and courteous expressions of an opposing "faith;" but another and more insidious mode of attack has also been very largely adopted; and that is to condemn the novel solely on its literary merits, and apparently without regard to doctrinal

* *Milton Davenant*; a Tale of the Times We Live In. By James Bandinel, Author of "*Lufra*; or, the Convent of Algarve." 3 vols. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

questions. With such, "Milton Davenant" is denounced as "merely a bundle of commonplace episodes thrown loosely together, without plot to interest, or incidents to amuse."

By these tactics, an opponent is often successfully shelved, without the appearance of controversy, or the danger of arousing the reader's Protestant sympathies. Well, no doubt tactics are fair in "honest criticism" as well as in "honest trade;" but perchance the reader does not know, or would not readily give credence to the fact, that some of the High Church, Conservative, and essentially English organs, actually lend themselves sometimes to the propagation of similar jesuitical misrepresentations. Whether it is that they employ on their literary staff the sparkling genius of the sister isle, without a due regard to the religious tendency of its aspirations, or that they are deceived by more mysterious agencies, certain it is that we have seen works of literature condemned, with the most glaring and outrageous injustice and vindictiveness, in a high Protestant organ, apparently upon purely literary grounds, thus misleading proprietors, editors, and the public at the same time, when the real motive of such unscrupulous and dishonest attacks lay in the religious tendencies of the works. Editors ought to be more cautious, and not always so readily admit wholesale condemnations upon the faith of their contributors; as to the public, they must practise a careful discrimination, for that what we have stated is true we could bring forward proofs manifest as noonday; but true it is also that *nec scire fas est omnia*.

Now with regard to the much-maligned "Milton Davenant." We have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be one of the cleverest novels of the season. There is a manly, reasoning tone about it; an energy of style, and an elevation of thought that leaves whole hosts of three-volumed novels of the effeminate, sentimental school far away in the back-ground. True that as a work of art it is far from perfect. The characters are too numerous, and often not sufficiently developed; the heroine, Clara Davenant, is a very misty impersonation, and the narrative itself wants consecutiveness and steady purport. But these little drawbacks are more than made up for by scenes and characters sketched with the hand of a master. Himself belonging to the Church, Mr. Bandinel has been truly successful, only when writing on the Church, or depicting Churchmen. The portrait of the spiritual pastor—the Rev. Walpole Snoreham—personifying "the pride of life," is admirable, and will be recognised by all those who possess the amiable weakness of the worthy rector, and having neither talent, nor amiability, nor even goodness, to recommend them, intrench their insignificance and worthlessness behind the mimic scenery of what is technically styled "society." For this august fraternity it is that they keep their conventional mannerisms and their stereotyped smiles. To the rest of the world they are full of prudery, pride, and vanity. They consider themselves, and designate themselves, as "superior" to the rest of the world. Only the other day there was an advertisement in the *Times* for a domestic of all work in a small but "superior" family. Yet this superiority is a mere illusion; it has no foundation in intellect, learning, worth, or even wealth. Sometimes it has a slight ancestral claim to dignity; still more frequently it originates in disappointment; under any and all circumstances, it is one of the most common manifestations of our various social monomanias.

Nor are Sophronia and Selina Snoreham—the one “decidedly evangelical,” the other as devoted to “the Catholic system”—less amusing, or less familiar family portraits. The great personage of the novel is, however, Pym—a thin, tall, gentleman-like looking man—an Oxford first-class man, and fellow of his college, and a Jesuit in disguise. The cautious, pleasant manner in which this wolf comports himself with his lamb-like victims is exceedingly well told. As a contrast, we have Mr. Askerswell, a quiet, manly, affectionate, earnest, and pious pastor; Mr. Clarence Porter, a fallen member of the Church—and are such not to be seen?—who acts as toady to Lord Ducandraque, himself a specimen of the very worst class of the aristocracy, happily becoming so rare, that they will soon remain only as the novelist and satirist of the age has depicted them. Then we have another young Churchman, Ellerton, who with his proud and aristocratic young friend, Algernon Seymour, acts the part of a lover, in both instances to maidens of low degree, and to the extreme perturbation of rich old uncles. In fact, the characters, as we before intimated, that fill up the pages of “Milton Davenant” with their theological discussions, their love proceedings, their travels, and their social, moral, intellectual, and religious perplexities, are exceedingly numerous. He must be a patient reader who will follow them out through all the niceties of their waverings and recantations; but we can promise him that he will be rewarded for his patience, for he will obtain a clear insight into a state of things the knowledge of which is not easily attained, indeed could not be so, but through the intervention of one of the initiated, who thus condescends to be spokesman to the public through the medium of the “novel.” A state of things the more painful to contemplate and to think about, as it is undoubtedly true that it does exist, and that it is the prominent, social, and religious evil of the day.

The old novel used at least to amuse. It may before Scott's time have had many faults; was far too romantic to be real, and far too sentimental to be natural; it had neither the historical accuracy, the philosophic and polemical prowess, nor the high soaring purpose of the modern novel; but still it was licensed in its time to cheer and beguile the weary hour. Now-a-days we are called upon, in the words of old Phineas Fletcher, to “drop, drop slow tears” over the “Song of the Shirt,” reproduced in prose with amplifications; the amplifications being the seduction and abandonment of the beautiful but frail sempstress, and the story of the expiation of that poor forlorn deserted mother, that too heavily punished Ruth,* who would not “let His eye see sin but through her tears.”

The worst of such stories of sin and attempted atonement is, that they leave a very unpleasant sense of its being easier to commit error than to be purified thereof. This, it is true, may be rather a social error than an original state of things; but if so, the author of “Mary Barton” has carried that worst aspect of our social anomalies to its greatest possible excess. Ruth, the fair Shrewsbury girl, at her weary, endless work, or attending fair dames at a county ball, and even when “courted,” for we cannot call such a proceeding “beloved,” by a youth of gentle birth, is still a pretty picture enough, although modelled upon a grievance too sadly familiar;

* Ruth. A Novel. By the Author of “Mary Barton.” 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

but Ruth, the fallen, the deserted mother, protected by those two saint-like beings, the Dissenting minister, Benson—deformed in body, but upright in mind—and his sister, full of practical wisdom and sweet moralities, to be tried, persecuted, and insulted to the very last, and that amidst every exertion possible to human beings, to atone for one sad, single, grievous error, is the most gloomy picture of the great “inquisition” of the moral and intellectual world that we have ever seen depicted by artist’s hand. There is no redeeming point. The kindness of the servant, Sally—one of the most original characters in the work—is dipped in gall; the very friendship of the Bensons becomes burdensome; the admiration of Mr. Farquhar—a cruel *ignis fatuus*—that only deludes the reader for a moment with hopes of better times; the thoughtless, heartless, seducer himself turns out a mere fashionable sensualist, whose offers of atonement are justly, but somewhat pharisaically, rejected; and Mr. Bradshaw’s inflexible and violent condemnation of the poor forsaken mother, and of her child, are well repaid by sin becoming rampant in his own dwelling and vice triumphant in the person of his own son—a kind of retaliation that is alone qualified to awake your unsparing moral judges to a sense of their personal weakness and frailty, and the consequent advantages of forbearance and mercy towards others. For Ruth herself never to be cleansed of her one error, and against which our Saviour would protect her as He once did the woman persecuted by the Pharisees, but for which, it appears, according to writers of the stamp of the authoress of “Mary Barton,” there is no atonement here below; nothing remained but death; and such is the ghastly conclusion of this most dolorous story.

One new novel called “Broomhill”* belongs to the good old school. It relates the history of two county beauties, their county triumphs, their London successes, and their Brighton conquests; their countless suitors, civil and military; the final marriage of the one, out of spite, having been jilted by a noble Hussar; and the long trials and love-marriage of the other; concluding with the fatal termination of the first, and the happy prospective of the latter—the more especially happy, because, as Mrs. Cleveland (one of the *dramatis personæ*) avers, it is folly to call it a love-match, when Mrs. Tracy (one of the heroines) has a pair of horses in her brougham, and a riding-horse besides; “and she scoffingly asks whether her house in May Fair wears the aspect of poverty, which in Mrs. Cleveland’s eyes is synonymous with love.”

The descriptions of a standard work of this kind are limited to baronial halls, pic-nics, and rural excursions, London society, Brighton—its downs, its dinners, and its balls at the “Ship,” before the Pavilion had supplanted it as an assembly-room. Nothing can surpass the author’s enthusiasm in favour of the queen city of the sea. “Ah, blest creation of a pleasure-loving prince,” she exclaims. And in allusion to the balls at the “Ship,” she adds, “The echo of the harp and horn—of many a familiar measure, heard in those hours of pleasure, floats round us still. Come again, dear dream—come again, come again.”

Then there are descriptions of persons. In the matter of detail—in

* Broomhill; or, the County Beauties. 3 vols. Colburn and Co.

that which regards a beauty's toilet, the authoress is certainly super-excellent. We have the material of the dresses carefully described: the voluminous skirts of the lightest texture—the Bacchus wreath—the silver dagger in imitation of a Roman contadine, to the *corsage d'enfant*. And all these details, superadded to "long, liquid dark eyes," and "clouds of golden ringlets," help to fill up a ravishing picture. In her descriptions of men, more especially military men,

Swaggering captains, cased in plate,
Snorting sighs through helmet grate,

whom she particularly affects, the authoress is not so happy. Nay, she is not even always civil to the latter, calling them sapient Hussars, and empty-pated Lancers. We cannot, however, omit to notice, that to the horror of Ellen, the eldest beauty, who had given her heart to the "clanking of spurs, and the clattering of a sabre," the *County Chronicle* recorded that "The — Hussars had *marched* on the 7th, colours flying, *drums beating*, amid the cheers of the populace, and the regrets of many of the inhabitants of York, with whom the gallant regiment had been unusually popular."

The gifted author of "Emilia Wyndham" has fairly flooded over in her last new novel, "Castle Avon."* Such is the facility of her pen, and so great the scope of her imagination and inventive faculties, that it is evident, even by her own concession towards the conclusion of her work, that she began it with an intent and purport, which the discussion of other matters led her so far away from, that she could not recover the thread of her original story till it was too late. Never did novel open with eight more exciting, heart-riveting chapters than "Castle Avon." Lady Aylmer, by the bedside of her dying young husband, is a beautiful picture—one painted in sombre dark colours, yet sweetly captivating in its seriousness. But Lady Aylmer, aroused from the couch of death to hear that her only child, a dear, pretty, well-beloved boy, barely four years of age, is supposed to be drowned the same night that his lordly father breathed his last, is a climax of distress that required great tact to depict as successfully as is here done. And then again that vicar of Satan, Mr. Gorhambury, who, not content with taking possession of Castle Avon, also destroys the will of the late Lord Aylmer, and dispossesses the poor widow of her mite, as well as the lost heir of his rightful property, is, with his satellite Saxton, a character only to be tolerated as essential to a story of the kind.

But at this point, that is with the Rev. Mr. Gorhambury's succession to Castle Avon, all connexion in the narrative is lost. True, we are told in a stray chapter or so how young Claribert, heir of Avon, fell into the hands of the gipsies, and was brought up by them, but the body of the work is solely occupied with the narrative of the twofold loves of a very unamiable character, Philip Gorhambury—the presumed heir of Avon—for a poor and lovely maiden, Hernana, the daughter of the curate, and a rich and fashionable damsel, the daughter of the dean. The contrast is well brought out—too painfully true—but the whole is a story in itself—a story in which the workings of the human heart are delineated by a masterly pen—but which has little or nothing to do with the fortunes of

* Castle Avon. By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," "Ravenscliffe," &c. 3 vols. Colburn and Co.

the heir of Avon, except that at the end Claribert, recovered by the agency of a mysterious fanatic, weds the twice disappointed Hernana without any adequate reason, except that by such an arrangement, most hurriedly brought about, poetical justice is done to all parties. Gorham-bury is dislodged from his ill-gotten possessions, and the cause of Hernana, so ill-treated by the presumed, is more than avenged by the real, heir.

Of all the various topics connected with Peru, Mr. Kingston has not, we believe, in his little work, "*Manco, the Peruvian Chief*,"* omitted notice at greater or less length of a single one. The mysterious history of its ancient inhabitants, the origin of the Incas, their Cyclopean monuments and unbounded wealth, are incidental themes. The adventures of young David Rexton date from the time of their subjugation and ill-treatment by the Spaniards, and their consequent revolt. We have Spaniards and bloodhounds in pursuit of the gallant Manco, befriended by David at the onset. Then a visit to the land of the Incas—an Indian posting-house—a storm in the Cordilleras—a fight with Montoneros—Cusco and the Peruvians—an onslaught of Spaniards—David and his father made prisoners—dreadful scenes on the sandy expanse, on the littoral of South America—and Lima and its Jesuits. Then the home of David becomes the scene of a deadly encounter between the Peruvians and the Spaniards. David is once more carried away to the mountain country of the Incas. We have the descriptions of the Puna heights, of vicunas and condors, of water-monsters and treasures in Lake Titicaca. This is followed by more fighting, and David is made prisoner by the Spaniards, to be rescued by a British sailor, and, after innumerable trials and adventures, all characteristic of the natural history, scenery, and peculiarities of the country, reaches the eastern coast and joins his long-lost family. Mr. Kingston tells his story well, and in a straightforward manner, for he has thoroughly mastered his subject before he ventured to write upon it. As to incidents and adventures, they turn up at almost every page, and they are mixed up with little tit-bits of morality and useful advice, which seem, as is very rarely the case, to flow naturally from the subject, instead of being offensively obtruded. We cannot imagine a better present for a spirited, imaginative young boy, than "*Manco, the Peruvian Chief*."

* *Manco, the Peruvian Chief*; or, *An Englishman's Adventures in the Country of the Incas*. By William H. G. Kingston, Esq., Author of "*Peter the Whaler*," "*Mark Seaworth*," &c. With illustrations by Carl Schmolze. Grant and Griffith.

THE PISCATORIAL ADVENTURES OF JEAN GRIBOU.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

SOMETHING CONCERNING THE HERO.

On the western coast of France, somewhere between Cape Grisez and Cape La Hague, there stands a pleasant town, tolerably well known to travellers, which—not to excite neighbourly jealousies—we will call by the name of Beauport. It contains a large and mixed population, is traversed by well-paved streets, filled with commodious habitations, and surrounded by a pretty country; it is, in short, as gay and agreeable a place as can be found anywhere in France, outside the walls of Paris.

Like most of the old French towns, Beauport, in spite of past republicanism, still has its grades of society very strongly defined. There is a *noblesse*, as poor and quite as proud as usual; a *bourgeoisie*, not the less proud for being rich; and a third class, neither rich nor proud at present, but who hope to have reason, one day, for being both.

To this last category belonged—a few years since—a clever, industrious little fellow, named Jean Gribou.

He was one of those lively, ingenious Frenchmen, who can turn their hands to anything, and never entertain the slightest misgiving about the possibility of failure. For what particular profession Jean Gribou had been brought up it was difficult to determine, as he seemed to be at home in all. He could cut out and stitch his own garments as well as any tailor; mend a broken window like a practised glazier; drive a nail or plane off a shaving, no carpenter better; could make a hinge or a horse-shoe, a watch or a pair of boots, turn a snuff-box or the leg of a chair, invent *bonbons* and the mottoes to them, paint a street door or a portrait, and play upon the *cor-de-chasse* with as much vivacity and tuneful truthfulness as the most accomplished of his countrymen. In any other part of the world he would have been considered a Phoenix; at Beauport he was merely a dentist. Yes, that was the positive *métier* of Jean Gribou, and luckily it gave him scope for exercising his many-sided genius.

That such was his absolute calling no one could doubt who paused for a moment in the Rue de la Couronne, where he lived, to observe the *enseigne* which was displayed at his door; for there, beneath a capacious glass-case, was ranged every kind of *rdtelier* that had or might have existed. To those whose teeth were sound, it conveyed rather disagreeable sensations, but to such as stood in need of masticators it inspired nothing but hope, and that hope was speedily converted into reality when the patient ascended to the *cabinet*, on the *troisième*, where Monsieur Gribou performed his dental operations; for, strange to say, the little man was as clever in his profession as out of it.

Like most people of genius, Jean Gribou had begun the world with nothing—if you can call that “nothing” which compels Fate and Fortune to our will. Perhaps, after all, this “nothing” is the best capital a man can start with, when he knows how to turn it to account. We all work for our material advantage, many of us without in the least suspecting, or

allowing others to perceive, how clever we are; till, suddenly, the *grand coup* is made, and the world admires us as much as we admire ourselves.

With a Frenchman, generally speaking, this self-admiration is his *point de départ*; it seldom diminishes as he proceeds on his journey through life, and certainly never culminates till he has got to his journey's end. Jean Gribou was as proud of himself, in a pleasant, harmless way, as if he had been the Author of his own existence, though, at the period when we first introduce him, he had not quite made his fortune.

With all their vast conceptions, their lofty aspirations, and their astounding magniloquence of expression, the French set a practical limit to their ambition, which is, for the most part, easily reached. Of course we do not speak of that *simple soldat* who is always supposed to carry the *bâton* of a marshal of France in his knapsack, though, in these Imperial days, the marshal's *bâton* has very little to do with the knapsack wearer's military merits. Neither do we select the Parisian *gamin*, who—as recent events have shown—may very naturally expect some day to find himself a minister or a senator, or, at least, a *préfet de police*. But the Frenchman whom we take for our type, is the *petit bourgeois* who goes through every imaginable sort of toil and privation, husbanding every *sou*, and investing every *franc*, till, out of his *petites économies*, he has saved the magnificent sum of "forty pounds a year." There are thousands in France to whom this amount is the all-in-all of their desires, and when they have acquired it, in the most dignified manner possible they cast aside the slough of trade and *jouissent de leurs rentes* with as much satisfaction as if they were *millionnaires*.

We shall not specify the exact figure at which Jean Gribou intended to restrict his accumulations, for the simple reason that he had not yet settled that question himself. It is not while he is single and "the young blood runs frolic through his veins" that even the most prudent Frenchman meditates the future; the cares of the world must have gathered round him in the shape of marital and paternal responsibilities before he seriously addresses himself to the consummation of a *rente viagère*; and Jean Gribou was still unmarried.

He had given his mind to so many subjects, that matrimony had not yet attracted his attention, or, if the thought came into his head at any moment, he quickly dismissed it with the remark that there was plenty of time to think of that. Not that Jean Gribou was at all indifferent to the sex: on the contrary, "from fair to fair he flew," as lightly as if he had had a monarch's privilege for inconstancy. But the reputation of being "*un peu volage*" did him no harm, and like a gay young bachelor he continued to disport himself amongst the *belle bourgeoisie* of Beauport, with wings unsinged and unclipped.

Was there nothing, then, that engrossed his mind—like love, for instance—to the exclusion of everything else?

Indeed there was.

If not love, perhaps fame?

Well, it *was* fame.

Not the fame, however, of being the first dentist of Beauport, though that was a part of his ambition. There was something he coveted still more.

That "something" was the reputation of being "the angler *par excellence*" of all France!

It may seem odd that, in a country whose inhabitants are not eminently remarkable for sporting propensities, an individual should be found to set his reputation on such a card, but it arose from the fact that, under the auspices of the numerous English residents, "*le sport*" had begun to take root in Beauport, and had already converted many highly-respected natives into very doubtful sportsmen.

Owing to the casualties of his profession, which threw him into closer contact with the islanders than most of his fellow-townsmen, and the readiness with which he mastered any accomplishment that required manual dexterity, Jean Gribou was one of the first who became initiated in the mystery of whipping the waters after the most approved English fashion. Every moment he could spare from his avocations he devoted to his favourite amusement, and there was not a stream near Beauport that had not reflected his image, rod in hand, in the grey dawn of morning or in the rosy hour of sunset. Nor did he angle unprofitably, as his well-filled basket commonly testified; and the perch and trout that Jean Gribou brought home, distributing them very liberally amongst the wives of his neighbours, raised him quite upon a pedestal in their estimation.

But, unfortunately, no one can achieve any kind of reputation in this world without becoming a mark for envy, and the piscatorial success of Jean Gribou soon raised against him a host of enemies,—not the less bitter because they outwardly professed to be his friends.

II.

THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB.

THE inhabitants of Beauport, not to be behind the Parisians, boasted their "Club," which, in fashionable phraseology, they also called "Le Cercle."

It was constituted on a principle of aristocracy—the Republic happening to exist when it was founded—and comprised most of the rising spirits of the town—fiery young *avocats*, who only wanted the opportunity to make France ring with their names; inscrutable officials, from the junior ranks of the various governmental departments, who proposed to themselves, at some future period, to guide the destinies of their country; professional gentlemen, who cultivated the fine arts, and dreamt of unobtainable "Chairs" in distant academies; men of science, *rentiers*, a few retired *negociants*;—of all classes, in short, save that of the petty shopkeepers, from which, by-the-by, nearly every one of them had sprung.

With the last-named exception, the limitations were not severe, and, qualified by the scientific nature of his *état*, the little dentist, Jean Gribou, was no unimportant member.

The establishment of the "Cercle" was not formed on the most expensive scale possible. It consisted merely of two rooms on the *premier*, over a bootmaker's shop in the "*Rue du Cauchemar Inattendu*," one of which was filled with a billiard-table; in the other the members held their *séances*, read the two Paris and one local newspaper to which they

subscribed, smoked countless cigars (some even of "*cinq sous*"), played at "wisk," and indulged in libations of *eau sucrée* and "*double bière de Mars*" till a late hour at night, when they went home, three-and-three, singing songs of a fearfully bacchanalian character, which made those whose slumbers were disturbed fancy that the set at the "*Cercle*" were about the greatest *roués* that had ever existed. It was whispered, moreover, in Beauport, that—sometimes—there was terribly high play at the "*Cercle*;" but, if this were true, the fluctuations must have been very regular, or the members very great philosophers, for no charcoal-suicides were ever heard of amongst them, none of their dead bodies were fished up out of the muddy river, nor were any duels—bloody, or otherwise—fought upon the neighbouring heights. It is more than probable, then, that this report was a calumny, and we are inclined to set it down for one, since, on a certain occasion, when more than usual excitement had prevailed, Jean Gribou was heard exultingly to exclaim, as he parted from a friend at the club-door, "*J'ai gagné immensément ce soir!*" "*Combien donc?*" "*Douze*"—(no, it wasn't *twelve thousand francs*, as you might have expected)—"*douze bouteilles de bière!*"

It may be desirable that we should personally introduce a few of the leading members of the "*Cercle*," as they happened to figure in the proceedings which we shall be called upon to relate.

A twelvemonth before the establishment of the club, that bulky, bulbous-faced man who is playing at dominoes with the sharp-featured, wizened *bossu*, was known as plain Monsieur Lecroc the *bottier* of the *Rue des Grimpeurs*; but since his retirement from business, which he rendered more than usually profitable by an ingenious mode of smuggling watches in the heels of the boots which he sent in great quantities to London, he has purchased a limekiln and some brickworks at a place about half a league from Beauport, built a house and made a garden upon a part of the ground, and, being now the proprietor of a *château*, *avec ses terres*, calls himself by the territorial appellation of Monsieur Lecroc de Chauffour.

The humpbacked little man, Monsieur Gobin, his present antagonist at dominoes, is the *rédacteur* of the *Cornemuse de Beauport*, a journal of tremendous power, the leading article of which is written with a force of sarcasm unsurpassed, say the "*Cercle*," even by Rabelais or Voltaire. Monsieur Gobin is a great friend of Monsieur de Chauffour, dines frequently at the *château*, borrows money from the *nouveau riche*, and designates him, in private, as "*un savetier*."

The tall, thin, hook-nosed man, who is looking over the game, and holds in his hand a glass of *eau sucrée*, from which he takes an occasional sip, is Monsieur Moustardiot, an *ex-pharmacien*; he pays his court to both the players, reverencing the wealth of the retired bootmaker, and fearing the satire of the journalist. That is the reason why he is perpetually calling out, "*Ah, voilà un fameux coup, Monsieur Gobin; si j'étais de cette force là!*" "*Nous vous tenons donc, Monsieur de Chauffour!*" "*Ah, c'est calculé, ça, Monsieur le Rédacteur, nous allons gagner cette partie!*" "*Ou n'aurait pas deviné ce jeu-là, Monsieur le Propriétaire, ma foi, non!*" And so on, balancing one exclamation against another till the bootmaker wins or loses the game, according to the discretion of his opponent.

The "*partie de wisk*," at which the players are not quite so silent as is the custom in England, consists of Monsieur Jules Croquenote, a young pianofortist, "*mais déjà d'une immense célébrité*," as the *Cornemuse* observed in an amiable mood, on the occasion of M. Croquenote's first concert at Beauport; of his partner, Monsieur Auguste Blancbec, who is studying law, and, according to all appearance, is likely to study it for some time before he practises on his own account; of Monsieur Baptiste Caboche, a dealer in "*spiritueux en gros*," which takes him out of the category of shopkeepers, but does not protect him from the barbed shafts of M. Gobin, who is in the habit of saying of him, "*Ce pauvre Caboche! il a plus d'esprit qu'il n'en faut pour dix; mais il en vend tant, que pas une seule goutte ne reste pour lui!*" and, finally, of Monsieur Belette, an *employé* of the Customs, who piques himself upon having foraged out and seized more flannel petticoats, Scotch plaids, and prohibited English newspapers, than any half-dozen of his most lynx-eyed colleagues.

Monsieur Belette feels himself out of place on the present occasion; he is never satisfied unless he is "*measuring his capacity*"—to use his own phrase—against some one as *rusé* as himself; he despises his partner, Caboche, whom he considers a mere "*tête de bois*," and makes no account of two such triflers as Croquenote and Blancbec, who might exchange professions, he says, without any detriment to the taste or advantage of the public. Fond as he is, however, of intellectual single-combat, he always contrives to fight shy of playing when there is a chance of being pitted against Monsieur Gobin.

There is no *écarté* going on at the "*Cercle*" this evening, but the billiard-room is full, for a *carambole* match is going on at the pocket-less table, and there are to be found the choicest spirits and most sporting members of the club.

Here is Monsieur Celadon Dameret who, on the strength of a red and white complexion, a small blonde moustache and hair to match, considers himself *the* "*beau jeune homme*" of Beauport; he is very particular about his *chaussure*, the set of his *pantalon* and the cut of his *redingote*, and is altogether as perfect a coxcomb as a provincial town can produce. He has "*studied*"—he gives out—in Paris, speaks *gras*, and only tolerates the country on account of "*la chasse*"—a work indiscriminately applied by Frenchmen to every kind of sport, from stag-hunting to sparrow-shooting.

M. Dameret has a rival in the good graces of the demoiselles de Beauport, in the person of Charles Ramier, the poet, whose "*Meditations*" occasionally find their way into the *Cornemuse*, and one or two of whose songs have been set to music by Jules Croquenote. He is two-and-twenty, and has already completed six volumes of memoirs under the title of "*Ma Jeunesse*." They have not yet seen the light, not even in the *feuilleton* of the *Cornemuse*, but the literary authority of Beauport, Monsieur Cornu, the deaf librarian, to whom he has read several chapters, has been heard to hint that they combine all the sentimental tenderness of Lamartine with all the tender sentimentality of Châteaubriand. M. Charles Ramier is not, however, so devoted to *roucoulement* as not to be ambitious of shining in the Club, and here he smokes cigars, plays at pool, and now and then

takes a glass of weak "grogs" with all the air of an uncommonly fast young man.

Michel Moucherolle, the post-office clerk, renowned in his department for snubbing strangers, is a shining light at the "Cercle." He knows everything; his word is law, and so satisfied is he of his own importance that he never talks upon any subject that has not reference to himself. "*C'est très important pour moi*," is his constant theme, and he fully expects that all the world will take *that* fact into consideration and at once sacrifice their interests to his.

Alexis Bouton, the little pug-nosed notary-public; Victor Choufleur, the *adjoint* to the professor of natural history at the college of Beauport, and himself a distinguished naturalist; Hercule Gobemouche, the *sous-prefet's* nephew, who has been to England and is up to a thing or two; Antoine Rincepot, the son and heir of the proprietor of the "Hôtel du grand Canard;" Aigrefin, the *agent-de-change*; Barnache, the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce; Lubin, the *entrepreneur des tabacs* in the *Bureau des contributions indirects*; Claquedent, the *avoué*; and Galopin, the apothecary; add to this list our friend Jean Gribou, the dentist, and the most celebrated sporting characters of the "Cercle" have made the reader's acquaintance.

III.

A CONSPIRACY A-FOOT.

THOUGH the winter is almost over and the Carnival just ended, the "Cercle" de Beauport has not yet lost its attractions.

"Wisk" and *écarté*, dominoes and billiards, *bière de Mars* and *eau sucrée*, "grogs," a little stronger than the last-named beverage, and scandal, above-proof, still furnish entertainment and refectation for the *habitues*.

But, with every change in the seasons, new ideas—or, perhaps, the old ones revived—spring up in mens' minds; and, although the mental resources of the members of the "Cercle" are not of the most comprehensive kind, they too are beginning to think of fresh objects for amusement, and turn their thoughts out of doors in search of it, for they recollect—now the cold weather is gone—that they are, one and all of them, sportsmen.

Those who come under this denomination in England—and the proportion is rather a large one—have field-occupations for every month in the year; but, with here and there an exception, the lovers of sport in France do not expose themselves, unnecessarily, as they think, to the pitiless peltings of the rain or the icy blasts of the wintry wind. When it is neither wet over-head nor dirty under-foot, the French sportsman turns briskly out in his grey *casquette* and yellow gaiters, slings over his shoulders the elaborately-fringed net-work which he calls his game-bag, shoulders his "Le Page" (the French "Manton") and whistling to his pointers "Fanneau" and "Betsi," strides to the stubble with a determination which carries him through the fatigues of a whole week in September. But when the turnip-tops are saturated with dew or crisped

by whitening frost, when the ploughed-fields are heavy and the ditches full of water; when the cold north wind twinges the nose and numbs the fingers, the French sportsman infinitely prefers that *Jean le braconier* should bag both hare and woodcock while he smokes his cigar in the comfortable security of the "Rendezvous des Chasseurs," perfectly content to dine upon game instead of killing it.

The winter, then, is not the season of the year when the sports of the field find the greatest favour in France, save in a professional and remunerative point of view; but as soon as the Sun has entered the sign "Pisces," and nothing is left to hunt or shoot, the sporting propensities of the natives acquire a vigour which makes one regret that the period for legitimately expending it should still be so remote.

Luckily, however, the members of the "Cercle" of Beauport were more or less infected by the mania which had bitten Jean Gribou; and if the best intentions could make men anglers, they were in a fair way of achieving the highest piscatorial celebrity. But the proverb tells us that "good intentions" alone, seldom lead in a very safe direction, and though they acquired, by dint of hard work, some smattering of the sport, it wanted a great deal yet to make their angling—we will not say, perfect, but—tolerably decent. In spite of the national vanity, the sportsmen of the "Cercle" were aware of the fact; and, what was worse, they knew that Jean Gribou, the little dentist, was *passé-maitre* in the accomplishment in which they were so desirous of shining. They detested him accordingly, and took every opportunity to vex and annoy him, either by open word of speech or more secret machination.

When a man is not in good good odour with his Club, his best course, generally speaking, is to withdraw from it; but the point of honour was not so closely considered in the "Cercle" of Beauport, and, moreover, Jean Gribou was determined his enemies should have no triumph over him, if he could help it: he therefore bore their gibes with all the equanimity that was at his command, paying them back in their own coin now and then, and as for their rivalry *il s'en moquait*, or, in English phrase, snapped his fingers at them.

It would give the reader a better idea of what French sportsmen really are, if we presented their phraseology in the language in which it was originally uttered; but, as we are writing chiefly for our countrymen, we must approach it as nearly as we can by translation.

It is early in the month of March and a group of the *sportingest* members of the "Cercle" are assembled one evening in the billiard-room, playing at "pool." Their talk is alternately of the fine strokes they make and the fine fish they mean to catch. The players are Celadon Dameret, the Adonis of Beauport,—Claquedent, the *avoué*,—Blancbec, the law-student,—Choufleur, of the Museum,—Moucherolle, the post-office clerk,—Galopin, the apothecary,—Belette, of the custom-house,—Croquenote, the musician,—and Jean Gribou, the dentist, who is making so much money by his profession that his fellow-clubbists feel somewhat solicitous to ease him of a little, though they *don't* play high at the "Cercle." The *mise* is only ten *sous*, with three for each "life" and five for "grace," which, indeed, is not ruinous; but the sum total, where eight or nine players are engaged, makes a considerable figure—in *sous*; and the winner of such a "pool" might realise a handsome dinner out of

it at the Café Pompon (the "Trois Frères" of Beauport) and a pair of white kid-gloves for the *spectacle* afterwards.

"Ah," exclaims Dameret, as he twirls the blue chalk round the point of his cue, and draws himself up into one of his most graceful attitudes, "I think some people will find out that they are likely to fish in troubled waters this season. I have got a new rod and superb tackle from London, where all the people pass their lives catching fish from their famous bridge of Vestmisterre-blackfriar; with such hooks and lines as mine everything must be caught. You shall see them, Moucherolle, and tell me what cannot be done by them."

"But willingly, my dear," replies the post-office clerk; "it is very important for me to know that. Ah! I too have rods and lines which shall drag them out. You understand, Gribou, what it is to drag out—it is your occupation!"

"Yes, yes," says the little dentist; "it is, as you say, my occupation. Now then, drag out your ball, which I have just put in the pocket, and pay me three sous for your 'life'!"

Moucherolle disburses with a bad grace, his witticism having missed fire, and the laugh being against him.

Claquedent, the *avoué*, "follows," to speak professionally, "on the same side."

"It appears to me," he observes, in a forensic tone, "that a fine judgment is as necessary as a strong line. For example, Gribou, it would be as great a mistake to hook a water-rat for a trout, as to pull out a molar for an incisor!"

"Or to gain your adversary's cause instead of your own," quietly returns Gribou; a recent speech of the young advocate having been attended with this unexpected result.

Galopin, the apothecary, tries his hand next.

"After all," he says, "these things are merely luck. Fish are often caught by strange bait, just like customers. There are fishes who are sufficiently asses to swallow anything, just as there are people quite fools enough to believe in the skill of a man on the strength of his *affiche*. Those who make the most noise are sure to attract the greatest crowd. To get money, you have only to be absurd; a ridiculous glass case at the street-door is far better than a high intelligence within."

This was meant as a severe hit at Jean Gribou's *enseigne*, of which none were so envious as Galopin, who was the dentist's professional rival.

"Ma foi!" exclaims Gribou, who, during this *tirade*, has been taking "lives" right and left, and now stands best for winning the pool. "Ma foi!" it is indeed singular what is swallowed—even in the way of medicine. And, *à propos* of the ridiculous, I have known those who are their own *enseigne*, and manage to be absurd without even making money!"

As Galopin, the apothecary, was more like "an eel-skin stuff'd" than a personable man, and resembled his Mantuan prototype in more than one respect, he winced somewhat at this retort, failed to make the stroke he intended, sacrificed his last "life" by the *coup*, and retired from the game in disgust, minus the sum of nineteen *sous*. He withdrew into a corner of the room, meditating revenge on Jean Gribou, who continued to carry everything before him, and finally cleared the table. The little

dentist was too prudent to risk his winnings in a second pool, and, after carefully locking up his cue, he put on his hat, and wished his companions good night.

"For," said he, "I must be up very early. I am going some distance to fish to-morrow, and I am very much obliged to you for subscribing to pay for my journey."

It was vexatious enough to the "Cercle" to see Jean Gribou go away scatheless; but to know that he was walking off with their money, and intended to travel at their expense, excited an amount of indignation rarely if ever exhibited before that time in the annals of the Club.

"I will tell you what," mutters the gloomy apothecary, looking up from beneath his "overwhelming brows," as soon as Jean Gribou is gone, "some steps must be taken to destroy the sport of that hateful individual. I, for one, devote myself to that purpose. We are all of us finer fishermen than he; but as I permitted myself to observe to him just now, he has such cursed luck! Let us watch his movements, ascertain the place he goes to, obtain possession of it ourselves, and when he is driven away, the *miserable* will never again catch fish or present himself in the 'Cercle' of Beauport."

Galopin's proposal was received with acclamation, and a *petit comité* was immediately formed for the circumvention of the little dentist.

But before we develop the plot of the conspirators, we must follow the movements of Jean Gribou.

IV.

HOW JEAN GRIBOU WENT OUT FISHING.

IT was not with the purpose of going to bed, that the little dentist withdrew so soon from the Club that night. He had a great deal to do in the way of preparation for the next day before he slept. There were hooks to look over, flies to be tied afresh—for the genuine angler is never satisfied with his first arrangements—boots to be greased again, rods to be set up and taken to pieces, the landing-net to be examined, and, perhaps, mended, the reel to be run off and wound up again, and a hundred other *minutiae*, which Jean Gribou would have been wretched if he had neglected. In these occupations he, therefore, passed the greater part of the night, and when at length he retired to rest it was only for a couple of hours, during which he awoke at least fifty times, with an imaginary trout of impossible weight at the end of his line, which, with all his strength and skill, he was unable to land.

It was necessary, as he had said, to be up betimes, for the *diligence* which was to convey him to his destination, some six leagues off, passed through Beauport at the uncomfortable hour of three in the morning. Your real sportsman thinks nothing of this, and every Frenchman has so much in common with the lover of sport that he submits to the annoyance of travelling in the dark, as readily as he submits to any other kind of tyranny.

Our little friend was, consequently, stirring a full hour before it was needful, such anxious travellers being never too late; and collecting all his fishing apparatus, sallied forth into the street to await the arrival of the *diligence*.

He had only one cause for regret in thus turning out in the dark, which was, that nobody could see the perfect manner in which he was appointed, from his oilskin cap and cape down to his waterproof boots; though truth compels us to state, that there was nothing of him visible but boots and oilskin, and that those who might have expected to see anything else would have been greatly disappointed.

It was the morning of that festival of the Church called "*Quatre-temps*," and two out of the four seasons had it quite their own way; but Jean Gribou cared nothing about wet or cold on these occasions, and manfully stood his ground at the door of the diligence-office, the clerk within having no desire to open it a moment too soon, as he, at all events, was not going forth on a fishing expedition. At last the rumbling of wheels was heard, the clattering of hoofs succeeded, and with an amount of whip-cracking and "hi-hi-ing" that might have roused the dead, the much-desired vehicle made its appearance. The seat on the *banquette*, for which he had previously stipulated, had been reserved for him, and Jean Gribou drove off in high spirits, unconscious that a *patache*, drawn by a stout horse, and containing six well-cloaked individuals, set out at the same time, and closely followed the *diligence*.

The fishing-ground which Jean Gribou had selected for the commencement of the season, was a stream that supplied the chief part of the headwaters of the river which discharged itself into the sea at Beauport. The anglers of the "*Cercle*" seldom extended their excursions further than two or three miles from the town, and their sport was in proportion to their numbers, and want of skill. But Jean Gribou had better information and more enterprise, and while his rivals were losing their time and patience below, he sought the more thickly-peopled waters above, which amply rewarded him for his pains.

After about three hours' travelling Jean Gribou arrived at the furthest point on the high road to which the *diligence* could take him, and then got down to pursue the rest of his journey on foot, accompanied by the best wishes of the *conducteur* for his success.

As the speed of all draught-horses in France is much the same, no matter what distance they have to go, or what weight they are compelled to draw, the *patache* was not so far behind the *diligence* but what those who were in the former might discern, by the increasing light of the morning, the figure of the little dentist as he made his way across some fields to his fishing-ground. It was enough for them to note the direction he took, and they then drove on to a village about half a league further, where they proposed to put up their horse, and have some breakfast before they pursued the track of the person whose movements they appeared to watch with so much interest.

By this time the day had fairly broken, but the prospect was not over-cheering, for though the rain was not actually falling, the air was damp, and the ragged, spongy appearance of the clouds denoted weather by no means favourable for fly-fishing. Jean Gribou cast a wistful glance at the eastern sky, but there was no bright gleam to comfort him with the hope that the sun would peep out by-and-by, neither was the wind in the right quarter; for, instead of a soft, gentle westerly breeze, such as tempts the trout to the surface when the black gnat or the brown fly

settle on the stream, there came cold easterly gusts that warned both fly and trout to keep close at home.

"Eh, bien," said Jean Gribou, with as much philosophy as he could muster, "if flies are of no use to-day, I must try something else. If, by good luck now, I were to fall in with a pike, I think I should give a good account of him!"

With his thoughts thus occupied, he proceeded till he reached the spot where he intended to commence operations. The late rains had added considerably to the depth of the stream, but had not improved its colour, and in its turbid waters he saw there was little chance of finding any trout; so, with a sigh, he put by the pocket-book that held the famous gray "*cousin*," manufactured by his own hands, with which he had hoped to do so much mischief, and from another receptacle took out a more congenial bait for less renowned fish.

The sport was not famous, for after nearly an hour he had only caught a brace of small perch, when, as he was slowly fishing up-stream, he saw some one coming towards him. The stranger was an elderly man, who wore a blouse and striped woollen night-cap, so much powdered with flour that there was no difficulty in recognising him for a miller; and indeed the mill itself, from whence he appeared to come, was visible about half a mile off.

Jean Gribou courteously saluted the new comer, who, not to be backward in the outward demonstration of politeness in which the French are proficient, raised his hand to his nightcap with the intention of giving it the accustomed flourish, but suddenly checked the movement, as if a sudden thought had struck him.

"Excusez, monsieur," said he, in a mumbling tone of voice, and pressing his hand over his mouth, "I am afraid of catching another cold."

Jean Gribou bowed, and resumed his fishing, while the miller looked on with great attention. Presently the latter uttered a deep groan, and the Shibboleth of French maledictions immediately followed.

"What's the matter?" asked Jean Gribou, in some alarm.

"The matter?" returned the miller; "why, I have a devil of a toothache that won't give me a moment's peace either night or day. I can't work, I can't sit still, I can't settle to anything!"

"The toothache!" exclaimed Jean Gribou, whipping his line out of the stream, and laying down his rod.

"That I have!" said the miller, "never was such a one. A—a—ah, sacré nom d'une machoire, there it is again!"

"Wait a moment," said Jean Gribou, throwing off his oil-skin cape. "I'll set you all right in a twinkling."

The miller stared at the angler as if he thought he was mad, but he was speedily undeceived.

Jean Gribou had too high an opinion of his profession ever to travel without his instruments; indeed, for that matter, he had always about him, in some pocket or other, the materials for every kind of manufacture.

"See there," said the dentist, flourishing a pair of forceps—"voilà votre affaire! Sit down upon that stone, put your head between my knees, open your mouth, and then, good-by to the toothache!"

But the miller still hesitated; he was afraid the little man was hoaxing him.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jean Gribou, "you doubt what I say. Read this."

And he thrust a card into the miller's hand.

In good legible type, plain enough to satisfy the miller, though probably he was no great scholar, was the following address :

M. GRIBOU, *Dentiste,*

Rue de la Couronne,

No. 10.

Fait tout ce qui concerne son Etat.

"Ah! then, you are a dentist," cried the miller. "Mais vous êtes tombé des cieux!"

Without a word more he sat down, and placing himself in the attitude prescribed by Jean Gribou, submitted to that operation which everybody dreads so much beforehand, and applauds himself so greatly for his courage when it is over.

It was, as the little dentist had promised, only the work of a moment, for almost before the miller had time to cry out, the grinder that had given him so much trouble was in his own hand, and the pain disappeared as if by magic.

"Here," said Jean Gribou, who had again been busy with his case, "put this bit of cotton—I have dipped it in some laudanum—into the hollow place, shut your mouth, go home, and sit still for half-an-hour, and you will never remember anything more about it."

"Yes, yes," returned the miller, "I shall do what you tell me; but as to not remembering, I'm sure I shall never forget it. But you must come home with me. There is going to be a heavy shower; it's too soon for you to have breakfasted. You shall breakfast at the mill, and if you're fond of fishing, I'll show you afterwards where you can have some rare sport, let the weather be what it may!"

There was no reason why Jean Gribou should refuse this hospitable offer, especially as the rain was beginning to come down in earnest, so he unscrewed his rod, wound up his tackle, and followed his new acquaintance to his abode.

V.

THE FRESH-WATER MERMAID.

A WALK of ten minutes brought them to the mill, where the owner of it was loudly greeted by an enormous dog, of that nondescript kind which is so plentiful in France, resembling half a dozen different species, and famous—if for nothing else—for their tremendous depth of throat, which they illustrate by perpetual howling and barking.

Jean Gribou was no great "canine fancier," and manifested some symptoms of disquiet as the terrific brute came bounding out to meet his master, but the miller calmed his apprehensions.

"You need not be afraid of him," he said, "he knows who are my friends. Tais-toi, Rusto!" But as the dog continued his boisterous acclamation, to the evident discomposure of the little dentist, who certainly was a head

and shoulders shorter than Rusto when he stood on his hind-legs, the miller called out in an angry voice: "Veux-tu te taire, Brrrigand? Allez-en prison!"—and the abashed animal scurried off to his kennel, leaving the approach to the mill unobstructed.

The noise which the dog had made produced, however, one result that was not disagreeable to Jean Gribou, for it brought to the door of the miller's house a remarkably pretty girl, apparently about twenty years of age. Her figure was *petite*, but admirably proportioned; her hair and eyes were very dark; a rich damask hue glowed in her cheeks; her teeth were as white as ivory—and she showed them when she smiled; her waist was well turned, and her hands and feet were very small; add to these attractions a highly musical voice, and you have her portrait, almost as faithfully drawn as if Desanges had painted it.

The first words she uttered showed the degree of relationship which she bore to the miller.

"Ah! mon père," she cried, "quelle imprudence! To go out such a morning as this with that dreadful toothache. You will be laid up again for months."

"I hope, Marie, never to be laid up again, at all events in that way, for there," continued the miller, jerking something across the yard—"there goes the cause of all my suffering. You must thank monsieur, here, for relieving me from it. He has come to breakfast, and I promise you we have both of us brought good appetites."

Marie smiled and welcomed her father's companion very warmly; the little adventure of the morning was soon told, and the miller's daughter, who seemed a most notable housewife, had an excellent breakfast ready in the course of a few minutes.

It was a very merry repast. Nothing could exceed the gaiety of Monsieur Bluteau—that was the miller's name—except, perhaps, his desire to be hospitable; and neither Jean Gribou nor "mademoiselle," as he politely called Marie, were at all deficient in spirits. The miller told the story of his *rencontre* with the little dentist over again, laughing heartily all the while.

"Dam!" said he, "j'ai pensé d'abord que monsieur avait l'idée de me couper la gorge! Mais voilà ce qu'il a fait! Cric! et la malheureuse dent est enfoncée. Mais comment est il arrivé que monsieur vient de si loin?"

Jean Gribou then entered into a history of his pursuits; how fond he was of fishing, how he had been in the neighbourhood of the mill before, though never quite so high up, believing it to be private property, and how he had such a battle to fight with the members of his club, who all envied his success.

"They shall have still greater cause, mon cher," said Monsieur Bluteau; "I have some water here at the *écluse* which I rent with my mill from the proprietor, Monsieur de Germeau, who lives always in Paris, and in it there are what you may call fish. I have seen a pike there, Monsieur Gribou, as large as you are!"

Although the little dentist was considerably under the ordinary height the comparison made his eyes sparkle, perhaps because he thought himself taller than he really was, for we never yet met with a very little man who did not labour under that misconception.

"On fine evenings, too," pursued the miller, "it would do your heart good to see the trout how they rise in the shallow just below the little island! There was a 'Monsieur Anglais' here about two years ago who used to fill his basket twice a day from that stream. He was a thin gentleman, no longer young, with hair as white as snow, and a face, ah! how red it was from fast walking—and then such a noble snuff-box, it was never out of his hand; he was very pleasant to talk to, for he spoke French as well as you or I, and could tell a thousand merry stories. I cannot recollect the English names, but it was something like 'Cou'—'Cou'—ah, yes,—'Georges Couin,' that was it. Did you know him?"

The description helped Jean Gribou more than the miller's pronunciation: it was the very same monsieur who gave him his first book of flies and taught him how to tie them. This formed another link of association, and when Monsieur Bluteau and his guest rose from the table, they were as good friends as if they had known each other all their lives, perhaps even better!

But if Jean Gribou was pleased with the miller, he was still more so with his daughter, nor did it appear that the damsel was dissatisfied with the personal appearance and manners of the stranger.

"Ah, mademoiselle," said he, as he gazed on her pretty face, admiring particularly her fine set of teeth, "it is almost a regret for me that I can render you no professional service."

"Never mind, Monsieur Gribou," replied Marie, laughing; "if nature will not let that be so, there are plenty hereabouts, in whom I take an interest, who will be glad to put themselves in your hands."

"Mais, pour vous faire un plaisir, mademoiselle, j'arracherais les dents à tout le monde!"

And having made this gallant speech he followed Monsieur Bluteau out of the apartment.

On their way out they met with two of the miller's men who performed all kinds of offices about the farm, and to them also Monsieur Bluteau proclaimed the service which Jean Gribou had rendered him.

"Si j'avions connu Mosieu c't hiver passé," said one of them, "j'n'aurais pas laissé ce chicot grand j' cassions ma dent." "La vieille en aura de ses nouvelles," said the other; so here was some more work cut out for Jean Gribou, who seemed to have no objection that Monsieur Bluteau and his people should tax his professional skill to the utmost.

Before, however, he was called upon to perform any more operations, the miller conducted him to the dammed water that held the famous pike, and, the rain having abated, the intrepid angler prepared joyfully for a struggle with "the tyrant of the watery plain."

VI.

THE MOVEMENTS OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

WHILE Jean Gribou is baiting his strongest hook with his brightest artificial minnow, we will return to the travellers in the *patache*. We shall recognise them as they descend at the village *cabaret*, which bears the sign of the "Le tambour vaillant," an inscription which illustrates,

or is illustrated by, a very fierce-looking drummer with very red cheeks and very black whiskers, who is furiously beating a point of war.

The first who gets out is the owner of the vehicle, the long-legged, starveling apothecary, Galopin; he is successively followed by Dameret, Moucherolle, Blancbee, Chouffleur, and Gobemouche, the leaders in the conspiracy against Jean Gribou. They also had brought with them implements for capturing the finny race; but the way in which they handle their weapons does not augur much for their success. Their journey has not been a particularly agreeable one—for there are pleasanter carriages than a *patache* without springs; they have been terribly jolted over a very rough road, are numb with cold, and in an extremely bad humour.

To dispel these unpleasant sensations they order the best breakfast that the "Tambour vaillant" can produce, over which they propose to hold a council of war, to determine their next proceedings. As regards the breakfast, they are not in such luck as our friend Jean Gribou; for the cutlets are tough, the *petit vin* is like vinegar, and the brandy regular "sacré-chien," with the true brick-kiln twang. They then smoke some of those superb cigars which their colleague, Lubin—the *entrepreneur des tabacs*—has let them have a great bargain,—the price being three sous, and his profit two. The flavour of these cigars is nearly equal to that of the "sacré-chien," but it has the effect of making Blancbee and Gobemouche, who are not yet seasoned smokers, turn very pale and leave the room. In their absence the council deliberates. Martin, the host of the "Tambour vaillant," a dull, obstinate-looking fellow, is called in, to assist them with his local knowledge.

"Oh, yes," he says, "there is plenty of fishing thereabouts, but he never caught any but once, and that was with a net when he let off the mill-dam, and Monsieur Bluteau came out with a thick stick, and beat him, and took all his fish from him; for which reason," he continues, "he hates Monsieur Bluteau and all who belong to him, and would be glad to do him a bad turn if he could."

Such sportsmen as Galopin and Company, are no respecters of property; they would rather poach than lower their dignity by asking leave to fish, and, anglers as they call themselves, prefer the net to the line if they only knew how to draw it. Moucherolle, who is almost as valiant as the painted drummer over the door-way, suggests that being, with the assistance of Martin, seven to one, they need not be afraid of Monsieur Bluteau; but his warlike tone is somewhat lowered when he hears from Martin that the miller has two stout men in his service, and that there is a certain large dog, called "Rusto," on the premises, celebrated for being inimical to strangers. He then proposes stratagem, recommending that Martin should reconnoitre the mill-stream, and if he finds the coast clear, the sportsmen can go in and sweep away all the fish. Dameret and Chouffleur affect to oppose this project, saying that they care for no man, hinting at something like pistols, "if they had only known of this beforehand;" but they suffer themselves to be overpersuaded by Galopin, who has a great horror of the *voilà-de-fait*, having once been most unmercifully thrashed by an Englishman at Beauport, for making use of an insulting expression to the choleric islander, who luckily got away from the town, before the well-beaten apothecary could recover damages.

Martin shows no great willingness to undertake the said *reconnaissance*,

for the miller's threat of broken bones if ever he trespasses again is still fresh in his recollection ; but Dameret acts the magnificent, and talks largely of "une bonne recompense," taking care, however, not to specify the exact amount, and the cupidity of the host of the "Tambour vaillant," prevails over his fear, and he consents to act as the guide to the party.

By this time Blancbec and Gobemouche have partially recovered from the effect of Lubin's superb cigars, and the anglers set forth on their expedition. For greater security, as they might be exposed to observation in traversing the open fields, Martin takes them a roundabout way down a narrow lane. Cross-roads in France are not the best in the world, and the late heavy rain has not improved the one by which Martin conducts them. At every step they take, they are over their ankles in mud, and Dameret, who always wears the thinnest *bottines*, gets his feet as wet as sops, and is almost tempted to turn back, but hearing that the miller has a pretty daughter he splashes on, flattering himself that he has only to see her to make a conquest.

Half-way down the lane the party are met by a carter slowly toiling along with his team ; he has been to the mill to get some corn ground, and Martin puts some questions to him. He is full of a new subject—quite a god-send in that part of the country. Monsieur Bluteau has just been cured of the toothache by a wonderful young man from Beauport, who has gone up to the mill-dam to fish.

"On n'a jamais-zentendu rien de pareil" ; v'là Mosieu Bluteau qui dit, c'est com' la magie !"

This information is gall and wormwood to every one who hears it. Martin who suffers, like most French peasants, from a grinder as obstinate as himself, is in despair at the miller's good fortune ; and the members of the "Cercle" cannot devour their rage at being forestalled by Jean Gribou.

"Ce diable d'arracheur !" growls Galopin ; "if I only had him here !"

Had Jean Gribou been there when this exclamation was uttered, he would most probably have picked the apothecary out of the ditch into which he fell at that moment ; no personal harm would certainly have befallen him.

At last the straggling mud-bespattered lot arrive at the end of the lane, with no further casualty than the fracture of Gobemouche's rod, which he "mounted" before he left the cabaret, in order to be in time to make the first cast ; the line caught in the branch of an overhanging tree, and the rod broke short off at the first joint and remained dangling, a warning to his brother anglers against being in a hurry. The same accident would most likely have befallen Blancbec, only he carries the landing-nets and baskets, the pack-horse of the party.

At this point, the host of the "Tambour vaillant" looks cautiously round him before he ventures further. The road opens out upon a ploughed field which slopes towards the valley, and affords an extensive prospect.

"There," he says, pointing in front, "runs the stream, they might see the water shine if it didn't rain so hard ; and a little to the left, just hidden by that thicket, stands the mill ; where the road turns you may get a full view of it."

The spirits of the party are a little revived by this intelligence, and Blancbec strikes up a song, which breaks down, for two reasons : first, because he trips up over a stone, which throws him flat on his face, and, next, because he is kicked while he is down, by Moucherolle, for making so much noise. Blancbec is half disposed to show fight when he gets up again, but Moucherolle, knowing he shall get the worst of it, thinks it is "très important pour lui" to take no notice of Blancbec's hostile demonstration.

At the angle of the road there is a halt, and now it is that Martin's usefulness as a spy is to be tested. While the anglers, none of them particularly "jolly" ones, ensconce themselves behind the thicket, Martin creeps forward beneath the cover of a broken hedge, and makes his way down to the stream. After being absent about ten minutes, during which time, Dameret has "improved the occasion" by making his toilet in a pocket mirror, the scout returns with the news that, as far as he can see, the mill stream is unoccupied, but he can't answer for what lies between the out-buildings and the mill itself. Brave as they are—no lions more so—the anglers would rather he had left nothing in doubt, but having gone so far, the sense of shame, to which they are not quite inaccessible, urges them on, and keeping as close together as they can, they march down the slope.

Arrived on the banks of the stream, the chances in their favour prove greater than the conspirators have expected. No human being is visible, and, with an audacity proportioned to the absence of all apparent danger, they immediately begin to get their tackle in order. In the course of a quarter of an hour their gear is all in angling trim, and there they stand, five of them, all in a row, each man exemplifying the truth of Dr. Johnson's idea of what constitutes the gentle craft, "a stick and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other." Blancbec alone is unemployed, and stands by, staring wisely at Dameret, to whom he chiefly attaches himself. After a few casts, which bring him no return, Dameret seems moved by a good-natured impulse to let Blancbec have a trial with his rod and line, and he hands them over to him, recollecting, at the same time, that he happens to want a five-franc piece which Blancbec is only too willing to lend him. What he wants with the money at this moment must be left to conjecture; that Martin may profit by it seems possible, for Dameret whispers something in his ear, sliding the coin into his hand, and both disappear immediately behind the out-buildings, leaving the unconscious anglers hard at it. We also shall leave them *plantés là*, and return to the fortunes of Jean Gribou.

VII.

HOW THE CONSPIRATORS MANAGED TO GET THE WORST OF IT.

It was no great wonder that the "Cercle" should have been able to break ground unobserved, when we call to mind how thoroughly every one about the mill was absorbed in the proceedings of Jean Gribou.

There is nothing so easy as to make a Frenchman leave off any work he may have in hand ; you have only to crack a whip or blow a horn in the street, and out rush a thousand people to wonder at the novelty. To catch a pike was really something, and, therefore, we must not be surprised that Monsieur Bluteau, his two men, Pierre and Jacques, the old *bonne* Petronelle, and a couple of lads who served the hopper of the mill, should be assembled at the edge of the dam, to observe the process by which Jean Gribou intended to effect the capture. Neither need it excite our astonishment if we cast our eyes on one of the upper windows of Monsieur Bluteau's dwelling, and observe there the charming face of Mademoiselle Marie turned in the same direction. It is probable that she would have remained longer at the window, but something seems to have caused her suddenly to withdraw from it. It can scarcely have been the gratified glance which Jean Gribou threw towards the spot, and yet there appears to be no other reason.

Artful are the projects of Jean Gribou to lure the pike from his den ; and marvellous the patience with which he watches the mill-dam to trace the air-bubbles that rise every now and then to the surface. He is assailed by all sorts of opinions : Monsieur Bluteau thinks the pike is here—Jacques vows he is there—and Pierre, who is the most knowing of the three in matters piscatorial, is convinced he is neither here nor there ; and considering the length of time they have to wait for him, this seems to be the most probable conjecture.

At length a gleam of pleasure lights up the anxious features of Jean Gribou ; an electric touch has shot through him, running from the depths of the pool to the pulse in his wrist, and thence through his whole frame. It is THE PIKE ! He has taken the bait ! See ! The minnow quivers beneath the water, and disappears, but the line is still taut. Out of the way, Monsieur Bluteau—out of the way Jacques—get along Petronelle—jump on one side you two boys—be sharp, Pierre, with the landing-net, for Jean Gribou is going to give the pike a dance up and down the mill-dam. How Monsieur Bluteau shouts—how old Petronelle screams with delight—how the boys run hither and thither, tuck up the legs of their trousers, and are ready to fling themselves into the water ! Round goes Jean Gribou's reel, away flies the pike with twenty yards of line attached to the hook in his gullet—now he is brought up short—not too rapidly though, for fear of the sudden strain ; then there is a tussle, but the pike is too strong to be lifted yet, and Jean Gribou plays him out again almost the whole length of his tether. A second round takes place ; the pike battles manfully, his head is above the surface, he lashes the water with his tail ; Monsieur Bluteau swears that he fights with his fins ; never was such a monster dreamt of, no, not even the Sea-serpent.

"Take care, take care, Pierre, be ready with the net—he gives a little—I am getting him nearer the bank. Ah ! the brigand, that was his cunning—see, what a tug ! He nearly jerked the rod out of my hand ; let him go, let him go, he will come back again presently. Ah, *traître* ! ah ! *vilaine bête*, tu penses donc me jouer un tour ! Sapristie ! Doucement, doucement, mon ami—prends-garde, prends-garde—ah, le voilà, le voilà."

And plunging, writhing, twisting, making the water fly as if a paddle-wheel were in motion, straining the rod till it bends nearly double, and making the practised arms of the little dentist ache again, the pike struggles on to his last gasp: he pauses for one moment to rally his strength for a last effort, but the pause is fatal, the strong wrist of Jean Gribou has jerked him from the water—a sweep of the line brings him within reach—Pierre is ready with the landing-net and—flop—down comes the pike on dry land—all the spectators scurrying away as if he were about to pursue and devour them.

Poor fellow! he will never devour anything more! The barb is too deep in his throat. That last convulsive throe and it is all over with him. A splendid fish;—he weighs full five-and-twenty pounds!

But what is the reason why Jean Gribou, instead of releasing the hook, dashes his rod on the ground and rushes off to the miller's house as fast as his legs can carry him. Was he the only one who heard that cry, and knew it—by what instinct?—to be the voice of Marie in distress? Not he alone, but Rusto too has caught the sound and followed close at his heels.

Jean Gribou leaps rather than runs towards the *salon* where he breakfasted that morning. The door flies open before his foot, and what does he behold? Mademoiselle Bluteau struggling in the arms of a man who is endeavouring to embrace her! At a glance he recognises Celadon Dameret—the recognition is mutual. He does not hesitate a moment, but bounds towards him, striking him a violent blow which makes the *Amoureux* release the girl and stagger against the wainscot. At that instant Rusto appears;—the sight of the *bouledogue* lends wings to Dameret's flight;—he darts through the open window closely pursued by Rusto, who catches him at the wall of the farm-yard, and seizing a mouthful of his person rends his garments upwards to the very nape of his neck. How Dameret gets over the wall and scours across the fields, smarting, tattooed, breathless, is more than he can ever remember. Martin is not so lucky, as he falls on the other side with Rusto upon him, who in all likelihood would have torn him to shreds, if the miller and his men had not reached the spot, pitchforks and flails in their hands.

Another chase! Rusto sees the five anglers on the brink of the stream. Away he goes, and after him ran Monsieur Bluteau, and Jacques, and Pierre. It is a trespass, and there will be a terrible reckoning.

Moucherolle is the first to take the alarm.

"C'est très important pour moi," he says, "to make my escape."

He endeavours to do so, and in his haste runs foul of Galopin, and headlong they both are pitched into the water. The flourishing hook of Gobemouche, long since divested of bait, catches Choufleur by the ear, and the naturalist is brought up, cheek by jowl, with his captor, howling and swearing as never naturalist howled or swore before. The only lucky one of the party is Blancbec. He throws his rod and line into the stream, whips round a corner and dives into a dunghill, concealing himself beneath the savourous straw, and there he remains till he is routed out by Rusto.

Wretched and muddy and miserable, Galopin and Moucherolle are fished out of the water. They make the humblest apologies for the trespass and deprecate the miller's wrath. Monsieur Bluteau dismisses them

with contempt, and with their companions they slowly wend their way back to the cabaret, accompanied by the jeers of all the miller's household. Monsieur Bluteau looks angrily round for Martin, but he is already out of sight.

When the party arrive at the "*Tambour vaillant*," a fine row takes place. Celadon Dameret has gone off with the *patache* and taken, says the *garçon d'écurie*, the road to Paris. He was the purse-bearer of the party, and there is no money left to pay the bill for breakfast, or afford the "*bonne recompense*" that was promised to the host for acting as guide. Martin is furious, for when he tumbled over the wall, he dropped the five-franc piece out of his pocket, and Pierre, who picked it up, transferred it to his.

How these distinguished members of the "*Cercle*" were to return home was a problem, till the arrival of Blancbec, who was able to muster sufficient to pay the *cabaretier's* charges. And even then in what guise were they to present themselves? The diligence to Beauport did not pass through till the next morning, and they could not make sure of places; so, with heavy hearts, aching limbs, and torn clothes, they turned their dirty faces towards the sea and set out on foot for Beauport where, jaded and disgusted, they arrived about midnight.

The "*Cercle*" of Beauport still exists, but the names of Celadon Dameret, Galopin the apothecary, Moucherolle the post-office clerk, and Chouffleur the *adjoint-naturaliste*, are not to be found on the list. Gobe-mouche and Blancbec are still there, and to their discretion our knowledge of the principal facts which we have recounted, is owing.

We have a word or two more to say.

While the pursuit after the anglers was at the hottest, Jean Gribou found time to explain to Mademoiselle Marie the cause of his abrupt entry into the *salon*, and, singularly enough, the liking which the miller's daughter had taken to the little dentist was rather increased than diminished by his explanation.

The pike was dressed for dinner at the mill that day, and those who did justice to Petronelle's cooking, were the merry host, his sporting guest, and Madame Gribou;—how absurd to anticipate events so rapidly!

It was not till full six months afterwards that Mademoiselle Marie became the wife of Jean Gribou!

THE SOUTH AMERICAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE
LAND.*

FROM THE SPANISH OF HERACLIO GUARDIA, A SOUTH AMERICAN POET.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

Adios—adios—América, te dejo.

ADIEU—adieu—America! I leave
Thy smiling land so loved by me;
Yet to depart from thee, I deeply grieve,
Enchanting Queen of the vast Western Sea.

Upon thy glittering sands, thy pearly shore,
Fall, mingling with the waves, my tears;
My eyes, with gloom funereal, wander o'er
Thy flower-clad forest depths, to me so dear.

Oh, mother! wilt thou not forget thy son,
In distant regions though he strays;
One souvenir of love—oh! only one
He asks, to animate his future lays.

To him, midst climes however far remote,
Thy scenes shall ever present be;
His lute shall never yield another note
Than those that blend with memory of thee.

Oh! wilt thou smile compassionately now
Upon this last, this parting strain?
And if, in future days, Fate may allow,
Wilt thou receive the wanderer back again?

Adieu—Queen of the bright New World! whose brows
With rays of radiant light are crowned;
Whose every lofty mountain-summit bows
But to the clouds of heaven that circle round.

Within thy realms nature is ever grand;
There, mighty hurricanes arise
To sweep, destroying, over sea and land,
Where'er their course strange and tempestuous lies.

Upon thy torrents shall I gaze no more;
Thy cataracts, whose foamy spray
Looks, rising from the rocks which they dash o'er,
Like birds of snowy plume, flutt'ring away.

* Printed at Caraccas.

Thy giant rivers, rolling to the main,
 Shall I, alas! no more behold?
 Shall I ne'er look on thy vast lakes again,
 Nor stray 'midst thy imperial forests old?

Thy pathless mountains, towering to the skies,
 Wild home of whirlwinds and of storms,
 Within whose depths the fierce volcano lies,
 Shall I alone in dreams behold their forms?

Thy rich savannas, and thy grassy vales,
 In fancy only must I greet?
 Thy murm'ring accents, soft as lovers' tales,
 Oh! must I hear no more their music sweet?

Ye dark-eyed syrens of my native land,
 Beauty like yours where shall I find?
 Where forms so full of grace, where smiles so bland,
 And glances that might strike the gazer blind?

No, lovely maidens of our Indian clime,
 None other may with you compare!
 I bid you, then, adieu but for a time,
 No chains but yours your wand'ring bard will wear.

My country, yes! I *shall* return to thee!
 The plaint that I pour forth to-day
 To songs of joyful triumph changed shall be,
 When "welcome" to thy shores my heart shall say.

Adieu, thou gorgeous sun! whose floods of light
 From skies intensely blue descend;
 Adieu, ye glorious stars! gems, that by night
 To yonder vault above your splendours lend.

Adieu, sweet moonbeams! brightly sparkling o'er
 Yon ocean's clear translucent waves;
 Alas! *that* ocean, to some distant shore
 Must bear me from the coral strand it laves.

In quest of fickle Fortune I must roam,
 America—far, far from thee!
 Yet still Hope whispers that my childhood's home
 These eyes, ere closed in death, again shall see!

PHILADELPHIA AND ITS ENVIRONS.

BY J. W. HENGISTON, ESQ.

STEAMERS AND RAILWAYS—THE JERSEYS—FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

THERE is a close connexion between New York, Jersey, and Philadelphia—the Jerseys supplying the connecting link, as I have said. From New York there are two railway and steam-boat routes to Philadelphia. I think the most interesting one is by steamer, down the bay, through the channel between Staten Island and the Jersey shore, to South Amboy, at the mouth of the Rariton river—this channel famous for its oyster fishery—thence by rail to Bordentown, and skirt the river to Camden City—a largish town on the Delaware, opposite Philadelphia—crossing by ferry-boat. The upper line I stumbled on, ferrying over from the Battery slips to Jersey City, where we got into the *cars*; all the luggage being in luggage-vans on board, ready to run on the rail the instant the boat touched the shore—you are given a brass label, and the same number is strapped to your trunk. This arrangement holds good on all the boat and rail routes throughout the States; you are hardly allowed to have in hand the smallest parcel or carpet bag, indeed there is no room for it inside, as you are confined to a double-armed chair in the *car* beside some stranger, who you hope may not be of large dimensions, or you are jammed! These chairs are fixed in two rows, one on each side, leaving a passage about two feet wide in the middle, the whole length of each *car*, about fifty feet; along this passage circulates the conductor, who examines, gives and takes tickets, the whole length of the train, the doors at each end slamming as he goes out and in as you proceed, he passing from one *car* to the next along the projecting platform at each end, where the break-wheel is fixed, and where an iron guard protects the entrance as you mount the steps at either end; no doors at the side.

But to this upper road: In a few miles it crosses a broad, rapid river—the Passayunk—and by Elizabeth Town, Brunswick, and Princeton comes out on the Delaware, near the falls at Trenton—the capital of the Jerseys—crosses by the bridge to the Pennsylvania side, skirting the river twenty-three miles down, to Tacomy, where we are once more fixed in a steamer for seven or eight miles, down to the Keystone City's wharves, close to the rival line. They are both at the same fare, three dollars; dinner or breakfast, half a dollar on board the steamers; the distance about the same, 100 miles. I will here explain that all the great American cities have their second home, or domestic name: thus, New York assumes "Empire City;" Boston, "Granite City;" Philadelphia, "Keystone;" Baltimore, "Monumental;" Cincinnati, "Buck Eye;" New Orleans, "Crescent City," &c.

At Passayunk river we were in an unhandsome fix! The bridge viaduct was just burned down (not a doubt on purpose by some discontented fellow or gang), but the Americans have no time, and little inclination to ask questions or set on foot expensive detective constables—they were steadily at work clearing away the charred piles, and driving new ones for the immediate planting of a new bridge. The aspect of the Jerseys just here is not inviting, marsh meadows and swamps, framed to the north-west by low hills, getting still more flat in sands to Cape May.

A provisionary steamer took us across, and we scrambled up the embankment, fifty yards beyond the wreck of the bridge, into a fresh set of cars beyond. I was struck by a queer placard on the landing, telling us to "take care of our pockets!"—quite a rural improvement on our pit-door cautions, but the swell mob of the States are great travellers, and do business with a cool assurance—quite a caution! From Princeton on to Trenton we followed the canal side, where the same fine mules were tracking numerous boats; all over the States they spare no pains or expense to cultivate this breed of this most useful creature; in size they rival the Spanish, in speed and docility I dare say exceed them.

Trenton is nicely situated, and looks pleasing beside the falls of the Delaware, but is still but a good large town, and aspires to no saucy second titles, like her sisters. They are great Dissenters, quiet Quakers, sober-sided, sober-minded, eschew the vanities, and with a sly chuckle make use of the great vanity fairs each side; so many dollars in market, so many for running backwards and forwards by thousands across their level improvable state. "They don't want a great, proud, corrupt city, where the mayors and corporations are afraid to do their duty," and are the mere creatures of the mobocracy!

Such is the frequency of immense rivers rushing to the Atlantic, that one finds New York on a peninsula, or tongue of land; the Jerseys another; and Philadelphia built on another, between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, where they are two miles apart, over a gently rising tongue of land, all the streets now running completely across from one to the other, east and west; while the crossing streets, north and south, extend about three miles, the suburbs fast extending—land, houses, and house-rent, every year growing dearer.

The Schuylkill banks above the city are hilly, rocky, and very picturesque, often beautifully wild, while below, and where it enters the Delaware, it partakes of the same features of flatness, slightly undulating here and there. The whole country divided into moderate sized farms, with patches of woodland, getting more and more scarce near the great towns, and now of the utmost value. Already coal is used as the better and least expensive fuel, extensive beds being worked on the upper branches of the Schuylkill, about forty miles off, of the kind called anthracite; burning with intense heat and little smoke, it is excellent for domestic purposes; so that the numerous and immense wood-yards and piles on the wharves, of thirty years ago in the cities, have nearly disappeared.

Philadelphia, like New York, from its level site, makes no very striking appearance from the Delaware; one can form no idea of its size except from the western hills on the Schuylkill, looking down on it.

On the Delaware side nothing is seen along its face but the shipping, warehouses, and wharves, from the Navy-yard below it, upwards for about three miles, with here and there a church spire.

This whole flat, of two miles square, is covered by streets in squares, or "blocks," as regular as a chess-board, the centre street being particularly wide (120 feet)—of late called High-street—from river to river, crossed by one still wider, as the centre avenue, running north and south, called Broad-street.

The houses are, as a whole, a size larger than ours, with some very

noble mansions in the fashionable quarter (that is, in Chesnut, Walnut, and Arch streets, towards the middle of the town), but everywhere one is struck by immense buildings for commercial purposes in all the streets. The marble-faced banks, Exchange, hotels, and others, are very conspicuous, and have been too often described to dwell on here. Of late years, the quacks and apothecaries seem to outdo everybody in extraordinary fortunes and immense temples for the sale of drugs; six and seven stories high, with marble and granite facings, hundreds of windows, and richly fantastic façades—one in Chesnut-street, near the busy hum of the Exchange, the brokers, the barrels, and the 'buses, is quite monstrous! but the very last, in everything American, is "bound" to eclipse every other ambitious thing before it, whether a ship, a house, or more airy speculation.

The greatest crowds and the great business haunts of the city lie towards the Delaware of course. The busiest haunts are "First," "Second," "Third," and "Dock" streets, crossed from the west by Arch, Market, Chesnut, and Walnut streets, the two last only considered extremely fashionable, as they reach from the business end westward, just as it is with ourselves, in the same way that they are filled with omnibuses, running to and fro from all the suburbs to Dock-street and the Exchange, near the wharves. They do not say "Bank," for the fine marble United States Biddle Bank being knocked up, is now the Custom-house, and looks very deserted and chopfallen, being at present about the mark where Chesnut-street beaux and belles turn back upwards, where they parade and show their fine dresses—the limit westward being as high up as Eleventh-street. This three-quarters of a mile of pavement on the south, or State-house side, is crowded of an afternoon, before and after dinner; besides, here are all the most dashing shops; their windows may not quite reach the rich display of our first-rate ones, but very near, and a vast number are even larger than ours within, more lofty and of greater extent. The French, I think, take the lead; but shops, now-a-days, like the fashions of the civilised world, are much of the same cut everywhere; here, and all over the Union, they divide their patronage between London and Paris, with rather a leaning to the latter. I thought the poorest show and worst taste was in their silversmiths' and jewellers' displays; all their silver plate, of the most preposterous shapes, very showy.

The street pavements are wretched, as in all their towns—much as ours were fifty years ago—the same round, smooth stones set on end, assisted by great mud holes, enough to dislocate one's limbs: how their spider-wheeled vehicles get over them is marvellous. Churches and chapels abound, some very fine buildings, with handsome spires; several public libraries and concert-rooms; three or four theatres are generally well filled, including Barnum's Museum. He seems to have one of those enormous *theatro-museo omnium gatherums* in every large city, often with a band outside all day playing (Richardson's booth fashion), and a great display of flags. The Americans are fond of having the star and stripes flying over head in their streets, or hanging from lines drawn across; and this, one would say at first sight, was the only thing to forcibly put one in mind of not being at home, in one of our own towns; but no, there are fifty things to tell the Englishman that he is in a new country, three thousand miles off.

The houses are indeed of brick (better brick, better mortar, and better work than ours), but the façades are half covered by the green blinds or shutters. No under-ground kitchens, no areas, no area-railings. Slanting cellar-doors protrude on the pavement—our fashion in old times. Here we see the anthracite coals shot down, always broke in bits as regular as our Macadam stones, and shining like black diamonds indeed, or here and there cords of wood sawing ready for the cold weather. Apropos, all the stoves are on Dr. Arnot's principle in the rooms, in all sorts of shapes, and no fire is seen; one requires to get used to not seeing the fire. Some houses are heated by flues from top to bottom, throwing the hot air at you from the fireplace that should be. They have no first-floor drawing-rooms; the ground-floor parlours serve that purpose, which does for dining-room too; or it may be in a back wing, which almost all their houses have.

There is a great profusion of white marble everywhere—door-steps, sills of windows and frames, door jams, pilasters, columns, cornices, pediments on all the façades in profusion, and everywhere perfectly bright and clean; indeed, the pavement is kept too much in a slop by the brass squirts and plug hoses constantly washing windows and steps, forming, in winter, famous slides for the boys, and break-neck affairs for the rest of the citizens.

Then, again, most of the streets have rows of trees on each side; but here, too, as in all their cities, no park, no gardens, no walks: two or three squares full of trees are the only lungs left. The old State-house-square still remains, and becomes precious; and so is the Washington-square near it, where those beautiful creatures the grey squirrel are seen gambolling, undisturbed by schoolboys and scamps, who would soon settle them with us. I often took them chesnuts, and amused myself watching their playful hide-and-seek round the trunks of the trees. I think this tells in favour of the American juveniles; they may, indeed, be watched sharper than ours in public places, but it is certain our boys, from our Eton to our ragged-school tribe, grow up with no inculcated idea of humanity or feeling for any living thing on four legs or two. They torment, kill, and destroy all they can, or amuse themselves, in default, at the sport of tormenting or punching each other.

All the seaboard cities have been so often described, and our cousins so often criticised, that although I jot down a few thoughts and impressions, the very last which reaches us, I am not sure that I shall say anything, beyond marking the change which is taking place in men and things, even more striking than among ourselves. No people are more volatile in fashions: even here, in this drab-coloured domain, broad hats, straight collars, and hooks and eyes, have quite disappeared; the Quaker women alone (as with ourselves) sticking to their drab silk bonnets, with all its primitive ugliness. Nor would the young ones be "read out of meeting" if they appeared in Chesnut-street in all the last feather and lace and velvet fashions. Among the young fellows—beards, mustachios, imperials, Kossuth hats, paletôts, and all sorts of extravagant plaids and rainbow ties confront one. Everywhere dissent from the "Established Church" splits itself up all over the States into hundreds of sects unknown in England. The Quakers are nobodies, if old—nay, old folks, no matter what their belief, chapel, or church, all fathers and mothers are nobodies.

I should say of all places on the face of the earth, grey hairs are least honoured in the United States. They are scarcely masters in their own houses from the moment the young ones are full fledged. But first let me observe the face of the material world here—town and country. In a pleasure-loving people one is struck with the besetting sin in every city of having no public gardens (the last were burned in a riot), no parks, no suburb promenade of any sort: here, then, is nothing but Chesnut-street, up and down, with the audience at all the hotel doors and balconies! There is, indeed, the cemetery, which nobody goes to, at Laurel Hill, three miles off, beyond the New Girard College, which has, say they, already cost too much, is in bad taste; and to hide its other faults, is pent up in four high walls.

Yesterday there was a grand commemoration day: some curiously fine speeches at this Girard College; to which all the freemasons of this city marched full dress, two and two, forming a procession a mile or a mile and a half long—some thousands. A fierce hot, dusty day; each lodge with its band, each member with a sprig of cypress at his coat button-hole, to do honour to the memory of this western world Rothschild; but the trustees have made sad hash of the bequeathed dollars (in the same way the secretaries trustees have built a miserable, fantastic College, or Athenæum, at Washington, out of the half million of dollars left them by our late mineralogical philosopher, Mr. Smithson, called the “Smithsonian Institute”). It would seem that moneys left in trust for the good of the public, as it is in England, is made rare ducks and drakes of.

Well, this penitentiary-looking Girard College is on the left of the great avenue running north towards Fairmount Waterworks, where the river Schuylkill is dammed up, and the water thrown up on the hill reservoir; and this is the only thing the fair sex can reckon on for a walk, when they do get there in their omnibuses, a distance of three miles; but as the city keeps creeping northward, it may be now fairly called in the suburbs. Here a range of hills begin on both banks of the Schuylkill, and the ground rises in a healthy schistus rock, running across towards the Delaware, and it forms the favourite spot of late years for the villas of the wealthy merchants from the banks of the river above Fairmount to Germantown; a long, straggling village, six miles off, the healthiest spot anywhere round the city. This Germantown for many years remained in its old stone-housed, steep-roofed, farm-yarded state, in one street of three miles long, for a space out of the “memory of the oldest inhabitant;” but they are now building in it like mad; a single line of rail runs to it, north, out of Ninth-street, and everybody wants to live there, very naturally. Worn out as farms, it cuts up well in building-lots; nothing is seen along the roads but the shining mica of the rock, which is very soft and dry. Crops are thin—won’t pay; but here health is safe from the insidious attacks of the fever and ague, so rife along the banks of both rivers!

Its old woods have long disappeared, and its trees, since sprung up, are Scotch firs, full of robins, who twitter and sing the praises of the spot. Here the country is very agreeably undulated; the hills and valleys are cutting out on each side of the one interminable Dutch street, into lanes full of fine villas and cottages *ornée*, for which the Philadel-

phians pay a rent far beyond what we pay for such things six miles from London. So it has turned out a perfect California for the farmers; and no lords of the manor check its growth; no teasing ground-rent and lease buttons up citizens' pockets—all is freehold. We need look no further for the slow growth of our own country towns, or for the cause of the wretchedly small and badly-built houses in all the outskirts of London. The extravagant rate of house-rent in all the American cities is easily accounted for in the greater riches and ease of the people at large. They can afford it; while their taxes, though increasing, are still as nothing compared with ours.

But oh, let me quit the money-making world and its gods, put myself in a buggy, or fast "waggon," beside a young gent, whose mare, Dolly, flies along a mile in four and a half minutes (five minutes, if she's lazy). Away we go, free from Macadam and turnpikes, splash through ruts, mud, holes, or bowling along on these gossamer-spoked wheels, noiseless as we spin by. It is quite wonderful what these waggons can do; how exquisitely tough they are. A very light one for racing weighs, perhaps, one hundred pounds; mine was, probably, two hundred weight, wheels and all. The horse does not feel it behind him; no whipping, the very sound of the whip is too much. We fly. Hold fast—I certainly expected a spill before we got to the Falls'-village on the Schuylkill, a sweet romantic spot, just above where the Norristown Railway viaduct crosses the river, and near where the beauteous Wissahiccon Creek rushes over its once pebbled bed to join the river.

The fashionable hotel here is presided over by a handsome widow. We sit under a broad old portico, take a dram and light a fresh cigar; lots of other waggons (flyers) are under the sheds, hitched, just to let the critters breathe, and their owners to smoke and spit a little, and smile at the widow. Away again up the glen of this beauteous creek (it would be a river with us), but, alas! they have quite spoiled it, by damming it up to grind flour and saw wood. How well I recollect this sweet sylvan scene! those noble hemlocks, firs, oaks, and hickory shades, with the "woodpeckers tapping," the blackbirds, the robins, when in life's young dream I sauntered here with my fishing-rod, knowing nothing of Isaac Walton, in a blessed state of ignorance and animal life.

Winding up these break-neck hills, some at an angle of thirty-five or forty degrees, we got into Schoolhouse-lane, and dash into Germantown, at the Buttonwood-Tree Hotel—another house of call for all the fast "waggon" youth of Philadelphia. If they wouldn't go quite so fast, these rides would be, indeed, very delightful; but the sensation is, that striking a stone, or the least stumble, would infallibly send us flying over the horse's head, or whirl one out a dozen yards in an upset, with broken bones or a broken neck.

This Germantown (*anglice*, Hampstead or Hendon) is a great blessing to all those easy enough to have a country house; indeed, a great many clerks of late years, and tradesmen well off, live here, coming backwards and forwards, six miles by the railway, in half an hour, for it is a slow domestic bit of road, and its snorting fiery horse goes quietly, to allow the boys to run on before it occasionally, or cross it, and laugh at the danger, if any. Some of the numerous passengers pay by the year (no second-class carriages); a single fare is fifteen cents, or sevenpence-halfpenny.

The conductor, a tall, dry, serious citizen, who walks backwards and forwards taking the cents or the tickets, is known to all his passengers as "Major," and has a friendly word at each double-armed chair as he passes. He has been "hollaring arter them ere young varmint to get off the rail; they'd better mind, I tell you, or the "cars" 'll fix 'em some day yet, I guess."

I often came to this breezy, rocky, sandy, upland Dutch village, walking its whole length (three miles) to Chesnut Hill, where at Chew's (sometimes called Maclanagan's, for shortness) old house us Britishers had a smart skirmish in the old war. The turnpike-road through the town is like all American turnpikes, unspeakably execrable; no Englishman can even imagine such a contrivance of stones, and holes, and ruts, with partial side pavements to match; but all this just now constitutes one of its beauties, and helps the delusion of being a hundred miles away from the great Keystone City, of which people get tired—towards Sunday at any rate.

In forty years I see no perceptible change. The primitive Dutch have, indeed, mostly died off, or cleared out for the Ohio, but the stone houses remain, with the very same shingle roofs I do believe. But the openings, the extended arms chalked out on each side, long roads and lanes, are fast filling up with every description of board and brick cottage, villa, and lodge, quite after our own last fashions in such things, but on a larger scale, and without gardens or lawns, with most rare exceptions, or of any attempt at any ornamental ground of any sort; if there is a square bit at the back called a garden, it is simply fenced in for potatoes, onions, and cabbages, for there is no market, and nothing whatever to be had in the town (yes, bread and milk), except at capricious intervals, and at exorbitant prices! The fact is truly American: nobody thinks it worth while to minister to any other body; if the thing or trade amounts to a rich "placer," why then, perhaps, they take to it, but with an irregularity truly independent. In short, the country round is supplied by the Philadelphia market just as it is contrived in London, where everything is taken in the first instance, and taken back again into the country for ten or twelve miles round, only here housekeepers must take it out home themselves, or go without.

How many good things there are in the States exquisitely good!—but, settler, whoever you are, you must take the *per contra* in a disgusting dose, unless you are indeed very young and very green. Everybody (except ten in a thousand of the fashionable world) does just what they please. There is nobody to direct anybody, nobody is in the least controlled, least of all by the daily papers or public opinion. Thence the amusing and awkward things one witnesses, and which must be put up with, perhaps smiled at, if you can bring yourself to that sweet frame of mind which bursts forth in "Mark Tapley" in the words, "This is jolly—comfortable;" and yet they are extremely like ourselves, with an independent, convenient, inconvenient, transatlantic difference.

Captain Mackinnon is the last who has talked of "domestic manners." He notices the pernicious way some child was spoiled by its mother; I often see the same thing. Baby citizens are allowed to run wild as the Snake Indians, and do whatever they please; not only mothers take no notice, but fathers are equally deaf and blind. How it is that these un-

licked cubs, girls and boys, ever grow up into staid, peaceable citizens, and acquire fortunes, and turn out sensible, sharp people, is the marvel! or that they do not die of clarified molasses and gobbling mixtures of rich food long before they become men and women!

I betray no confidences when I set down an ordinary dialogue, which may be constantly heard all over the Union.

The girl or boy—having their plate full of beefsteak, cornbread, poached eggs, buckwheat cakes, buttered; the whole swimming in molasses:

Child.—I want some ham.

Mother.—Well, you ain't no room.

Child.—I want some ham—(*louder*).

Mother.—I guess you won't like it. (*To waiter.*) Hand the ham up. (*Helps the little animal.*)

Child.—I want some homany.

Mother.—My! well, any how, you ain't ate a'most nothing. (*Helps.*)

Finally, the child, after mauling it about in a listless way, leaves perforce half the monstrous accumulation in its plate untouched. Luckily, the boys are taken out of their feeble hands, go to school, and half-educate themselves in intuitive crude knowingness, but the girls remain under such mother's supervision. As they grow up, if well off, the piano and singing is attempted, but no sort of judicious study or reading is given them, or any ordinary maxims instilled; nor their hours or studies in the least regulated, or their tastes properly directed; neither method, order, or industry, all is left to settle itself any how—very often at their own caprice or whim; while, if sent to school, they are crammed with abstruse subjects, perhaps the mathematics or surgery—in books wholly improper for young females—or mineralogy and Italian, or even Latin, but all in the most superficial way; taught by schoolmistresses who evidently know nothing themselves, not even the twenty-four hours in advance of their scholars of the hedge-schoolmaster, of pleasant memory. They are taught to dress fine, and dance, but the taste in both left totally unguided; in a word, everything is left to their own discretion and intuitive powers of finding out. The results are occasionally startling. And certainly the young ladies do talk—ye gods, how they do talk! Politics, the stars, and globe, flirtations, scandal, chemistry, daguerreotype, namby-pamby poetry (never of any old or good, nor of Shakspeare), but the opera and the last polkas, acting, and Uncle Tom. But, however frivolous, however misdirected, the education of the wealthier American girls, the same thing may be said of the great body of our own citizens at home. The only novelty lies in the tone and manner of it; the bolder and more independent carriage here, by which grown-up young ladies take the lead of their own still youngish mothers, who very often are little better than servants in their own house, while their dashing daughters are parading Chestnut-street, attending lectures on the rights of women, or actually coming out in the Bloomer costume. They are even more fond of balls and dancing than we are. At several balls given lately, according to the annual custom of the Go-ahead Firemen and Hose Companies, the great attraction of the evening was the show off of a few greatly daring Bloomers. Others ventured once or twice to parade Chestnut-street, but the boys, ever fond of mischief, stared and laughed, and crowded

round them, so that they were fairly put out of countenance. This Bloomer idea is soon caught, and is attempted in London; but here it flourishes rather longer, and is not so easily put down; while various halls and concert-rooms are crowded by the smartly-dressed youthful fair, who listen devoutly to a great quantity of nonsense, vouching for the strict equality of the sexes by male and female orators.

How far all this may hold good of the families of the very few retired from trade on large fortunes, the "upper ten," I know not; of course they are more retired, more select, more prudent, but then, it must be added, that they do not lead the fashion of the day, either in thought, dress, or equipage; their only distinction lies in a larger house, situate in the most fashionable quarter—but let me turn to the woods and fields. The general face of the country here, and all around, even close to Philadelphia, is peculiar, and much like what it is along the older cultivated parts of the seaboard from Maine to Carolina, where the sands and swamps, rice-fields and cotton, pine forests and lagoons, give it a new feature down to the Floridas. This northern aspect is the raw look of the lands near the Eye, the fields divided by post and rail fences, with patches of woods here and there, carefully preserved, as parts of the once forest, now most valuable. Though, it must be confessed, in their ploughing they beat us; discarding, as they always have, the slow lumber of three or four horses in a string, with a man or boy driver, where the horse's strength is one-half thrown away tugging at the one behind him, in our clumsy fashion.

They plough as quick again, two horses abreast, guided by light twine reins led through the plough handles, the horses stepping out smartly; old turf or sod rarely has to be broke up, and the soil is light; but if to go deeper, or in stiffer land, they put on four horses; but the expedition and neat economy of the thing it is which makes one wish our farmers would adopt it, instead of the sluggish plan they still stick to, when the work of one hand and one horse, at least, is completely thrown away, besides double the time into the bargain. Their "cradling," too, is very cleverly done (the scythe with fingers), followed by a raker and binder. The famous reaping machines, so vaunted and so uselessly expensive, will never be tried here! The sensation and *furor* created in England won't go down in America, though they are fond of the *éclat* it gave, to help their few hits at the Great Exhibition; but the Americans are pre-eminently a practical people, and won't encourage lumbering, expensive machinery for the sake of a very doubtful time saved! Again, they wisely keep up their "harvest homes," and help each other as the corn-fields ripen, so that they throw thirty or forty men into a field, down with it, shock it, and all complete in a day; making a frolic of it, the evening finished by an excellent supper, and, if they can get a fiddle, a dance. In all America I do not think so much damaged corn could be found (from delay at getting it housed) as I have seen in one single county (Kent) at home, owing to the solitary, dilatory, peddling way our farmers act, waiting, it would seem, stupidly till the patience of sunny days is fairly worn out, and rain sets in. In the same way we have our hay too often spoiled—mown too slowly; the sunshine escapes before it is all cut; now, no crop requires so much vigorous promptness; with our parishes swarming with the idle and unemployed, one sees two or three mowers in large fields and meadows. In America they muster all

their neighbours—down it comes in a day, and is really a *frolic*! for they laugh, sing, and feast, and make a frolic of it.

I stroll about Philadelphia streets to find out *new things*; oyster-cellars and shoeblacking-cellars, so famous twenty years ago, are gone! while the negro population, in its own "nigger quarter" in Cedar-street and "along south," seem to me more ugly, poor, and ill-dressed than formerly. The St. Giles's of all American cities—what stuff we do talk at home about sentimental niggers! Lady Sutherland should take a morning's ramble among these laughing, larking animals! aping, in rags or rainbow finery, all the airs and graces of the sweet "white niggers" of Stafford House! Free or slaves, it is all the same, except that the slaves are better dressed and better fed! and not quite so idle, less care-worn, laugh more, for they need not think of to-morrow! Good Heavens! what nonsense our philanthropists talk, and what mischief they have done our poor West Indies! I continue my walk down Cedar-street, the new-come Irish alone fraternise with the coloured denizens of this quarter; as I pass the groups I get a grin, or some expressive slang greeting, not to tread on the piccaninnies crawling about in the sun. Jews, grog-shops, and slops here do thrive.

Beyond this south quarter the suburbs are called Kensington and Moyamensing; to the north, "Spring gardens" and "northern liberties;" but one hears nothing but our own familiar names generally, few or none of the old melodious Indian ones remain.

The wharves are filled with shipping and steamers, and smaller coasting craft, all beautiful and excellent of their kind; but the length of this noble river, 120 miles to the sea, and its many shoals, prevent the immense Atlantic commerce seen at New York; still the business done here and activity is remarkable, particularly inland transport to the Ohio and Far West.

We have our river ship-hulk chapels; but here, at the foot of Spruce-street, I find a handsome real wooden chapel, with fine spire, afloat, chained to the wharf! This is for seamen, too, and is quite a curiosity. Men may differ about the good found on the American shores, but there can be but one opinion of every floating thing they possess—they are so admirable; many a creeping hour I have "lost and neglected," looking at their beautiful boats, sloops, schooners, smacks, yawls, open or decked, or half-decked, with sliding centre keels; then again, their noble masts! and sails standing "like a board!" with the admirable economy and sea knowledge of all their fittings and contrivances. Our sea lords should be bound 'prentice to these *real* sailors! and should be sent to study in the American naval yards. The floating docks at the yard here, below the city, are remarkable for their simplicity and efficiency; they serve at once as cradle and dock; they could float out a three-decker; there is little or nothing beyond repairs doing here now, but the Navy-yard is complete in stores, and quite ready for any emergency.

Philadelphia, like all the American towns, has doubled its population within these last twenty or thirty years; it now reaches, I believe, half a million. With all the attributes of a great city, with less trade, but in real riches it equals New York, backed by a richer country, and less dependent on foreign trade; both states, indeed, go back to the Ohio and the great lakes, but Pennsylvania has a larger proportion cleared, and her

farms are the finest in the Union; nothing can be richer than her crops; wheat, rye, Indian corn, barley, oats, buckwheat, clover; cattle very numerous and of excellent breeds; their horses, as in New York, celebrated justly for their trotting and high courage; but all quadrupeds seem to thrive and improve, all—except cats!—but neither cats nor dogs are much cared for, I think, in the States. Dogs, indeed, are plentiful enough, but so mixed, one seldom sees a pure breed; still more rarely are they made pets of, or cats either; quite banished from all parlours, all play, all familiarity.

As in most of the American cities, next to the theatres (there are three open here, including Barnum's Museum) are concerts and lectures at the various "rooms" and "halls" for the amusement of the citizens, all numerously attended, often crammed. Sunday evening, seeing a crowd round the Music-hall door, I went in (a sort of Exeter-hall), paying six cents. The place was full of well-dressed people, to hear a lecture on Socialism. I was soon tired of this eloquent, mischievous nonsense, which, however, seemed to give great satisfaction, and harmless enough; for, in America, nobody minds beyond the instant anything whatever said or written; they go home and mind their own inevitable business. Another evening I went to hear readings of Shakspeare, by a tall, thin, pale lady—more easy and natural, methought, than Mrs. Fanny Kemble's, whose colourings struck me as too affected, too violent. Yet is it difficult not to overstep "the modesty of nature;" a difficulty none of our actors ever attempt. Still, our beloved bard exists, if not to the public, at least in our closets. Of our two publics, I do verily believe the American will be the first to recover some little perception of his omniscient beauties. In this respect their pits and galleries are not so very contemptible as ours, and do not laugh and roar so very often in the wrong place; and are infinitely more sparing of that noisy applause so prostituted among ourselves.

The gods here, indeed, make noise enough, but not at all meant as flattering to the actors. But to one or two more positive concerns. The city is well supplied by the Fairmount Waterworks—the facility is enviable—the great reservoir being only three miles off, on its hill, on the left bank of the Schuylkill, as if nature had so meant it, as an inexhaustible supply of pure water for this great city; it commands the highest buildings, and is conducted very cleverly along all the streets. The water and fire plugs are constantly turned on, rushing along the gutters in all directions, cleaning the streets, or putting out fires, on which attempts, at least, there is a constant and vast consumption.

The markets here equal the New York ones in richness and profusion; the one held in the greatest commercial street, Market or High-street, is full half a mile long, under covered arcades, in the centre of the street, from the wharf on the Delaware (where the first section is the fish market) up to Ninth-street; but the country waggons (and pair) backed into the pavement each side, and, side by side, extend almost to Broad-street, or the centre of the city, a full mile. The profusion is quite charming. The things, in their season, not seen with us, are the Indian corn, to boil as a vegetable; sweet potatoes, much eaten, and very good; persimons, hickory nuts, and shelled nuts, ground nuts, cranberries, huckleberries, pumpkins and calabashes, water melons, dried apples and

peaches (cut small), sour kroust, and fifty other roots and fruits peculiar to this country. All the poultry large and fine, but looking yellow and ill-plucked; but very moderate in price, comparatively.

Considering the great quantities of the supply, the prices appear rather high—certainly very much higher these last five-and-twenty years; poultry and meat, of all sorts, less than in London; butter and eggs dearer. Fish is cheap. They have no soles; but among others we have not is the shad, an excellent fish; I think it is a distant cousin of the salmon. I do not see any turbot or John Dory, but their piles of oysters are prodigious.

One thing struck me forcibly. How is it that bread is not much cheaper here than in England, in so grain-growing a state as Pennsylvania; touching the Ohio, too, where flour is quite a drug? nay, the Wilmington flour mills, on the Brandywine, a few miles down the Delaware (a town of mills), grinds flour enough, one would think, for half the Union.

And yet the bakers keep the daily bread here at the fountain-head not a bit cheaper than in London. This is the proof of the pudding; and how satisfactory it is to think that, in spite of our own honest bakers, we have got our bread down to sixpence the quartern loaf. I do not find the fancy bread here so nice as our own, and, as to pastry-cooks, they are, besides being much more expensive, a hundred years behind ours. They affect the French trash—no fruit, all paste and sugar—and bon-bon insipidities.

In the same way, the keep of horses at livery stables is higher than with us in London, and in a very slovenly fashion, which need not at all astonish, all the stablemen being either English or Irish in a transition state, getting too independent to work at all, except for themselves.

I have glanced at the short, little, domestic, easy railroad of six miles to Germantown, with its serious conductor, the Major. Its station is in Ninth-street; coming in from the country, along the centre of the street, its quiet speed slackened to a gentle trot, ringing its bell, perhaps a waggon or cart trotting along amicably beside it. This well-behaved town and country engine, or horse and rail plan of bringing the trains well in towards a central station, holds good in most of the cities. There are three other stations, one westward, along the whole length of the state, crossing the Alleghany mountains to the Ohio; another great one to Baltimore; and one, of some forty miles north, along the banks of the Schuylkill by Norristown, chiefly used as the great coal mart. As, however, all their snorting iron horses are not so sure as the Major's, the Ohio "cars" trot away with four or eight capital horses—mules sometimes—from the very centre of the town, in High and Broad-streets, crossing the Schuylkill bridge, and hooking on the engine on the further bank. In the same way the Baltimore line is trotted from near the same point, in the open street, and crosses, lower down, to the south-west; its course, by Wilmington, Newcastle, and across the Susquehanna in a steamer. In this way they avoid the preposterous expenses of buying up whole streets, as in our "South-Western," extended to the Waterloo-road. Even the Americans stare at the enormous outlay of our railroads, and it hangs, of course, like a millstone round our necks, no matter how much the traffic has increased.

The famous old State-house did contain Peel's Museum, but, of late years, Barnum finds all museums, and joins a theatre to it; when the play is over you walk about among the stuffed specimens, if you are not tired enough already; and very awful specimens they are. The expression given exceeds all power of face, particularly if it is meant to express serious dignity. They have made a rare example of our Queen, who stands among the Union's own great men in a glass case; but, I think, a whole living band in wax was the most stunning thing; it was lucky that the barrels, or the bellows, were on an intermittent plan, and had some mercy on one's ears.

The best things are the Indian dresses, weapons, and ornaments, always perfect in their kind, and beautiful.

One of the lions of Philadelphia is the Mint—I am ashamed to say I did not see it, though very easy of access, as all the public buildings are in America, very much to their credit. On the whole, Philadelphia is a very rich, fine, pleasant city, embracing almost every luxury known to the rest of the world. It is healthy too, the fever and ague being confined to the banks of its two rivers. Mysterious as the Marema of Tuscany or the Pontine Marshes—for it is not exactly from dense forests, or more or less elevation, or the presence of water—they say they have less of it than twenty years ago, when most of the villas and country seats were shut up and going to ruin. Still, here, any Englishman may live very pleasantly (when quite disgusted with his own government), if he is a man of fortune, and if he defies excessive heat and excessive cold, and can laugh at mosquitoes! The same thing may be said of almost any city of the Union, except that the heat and the mosquitoes keep getting more and more awful as he passes to the southward beyond Virginia, or westward towards the Ohio. True, there are other things to consult besides mere physical comforts. I have no letters, and will not pretend to judge of the best tone of society; from what I so far see, I should say the Americans here care less about sociability and intimate friendships than we do; they rarely give dinners, but *thés dansantes* occasionally, where, however, youth is indispensable. The married and middle-aged are barely tolerated; and *wall-flowers* must make up their minds good fifteen years before it becomes essential with us.

By good luck, I am spared any anathemas against the monster-hotels; they abound here as in all their cities; as barracks they are perfect, much more comfortable, perhaps, than our horse guards' at Knightsbridge. I see they have nearly finished a giant structure to outdo all the others in Chesnut-street, to make up two or three hundred beds, and cut the *Astor* out if possible (for there is an immense rivalry between the States). It is got up by a company, and truly it may whip them all to "immortal smash."

The Fire and Hose Companies we are familiar with, and the frequent fires; the State-house bell, by its numbered tolls, telling them in what quarter the fire is. I do not recollect a single night without a fire; often two or three. It is pretty well known not half are by accident; and yet nobody is accused or ever found out by the police; or by anybody else. Indeed, a good big fire is considered good amusement; it's good for trade, and fine fun for the boys and rabble, who help to drag along the engines, led by the engine captain, who with his trumpet

keeps hoo-hooing ahead with all his lungs. The firemen fight their own ring clearance at the fires; no police ever helps, but they stand by each other, and are too strong for the mob. They are rewarded in *foro conscientie*—citizens fork out according to their consciences. To me, from all I can hear, it is a puzzle how these young men like so much trouble and fag (night and day), payless and almost thankless! They build fine engine-houses, too; the engines alone are very expensive, but their pride is touched—they are an order—fast—military!—bands, balls—belles! flowers and hearts are yielded!—*voilà, le pourquoi?*

Can one wonder the Americans sent us nothing but *utilities* in art; all its taste and beauty here (except afloat) is at a very low ebb indeed. Pictures, wretched daubs; a poor, flimsy portrait-painter or two may still pick up a few dollars in spite of the daguerreotypes which eye you with a grim sternness at every window; but all the fine arts are given up to foreigners. French and Germans take the lead in decorations, and all the lighter fashions and elegancies.

No; one must not look for taste of a high order, or the refined elegance in anything, equal to Europe; nor is it at all essential, it will come fast enough, I dare say, when they are less surfeited by the plethora of good living; and when they will have to repine and grumble at the *corruptions* and anomalies of a more refined state of things.

BEAUTIES OF SICILY.*

LORD PALMERSTON has observed of Sicily, that although a fine island full of natural resources, and inhabited by a highly-gifted people, it is, nevertheless, not large enough to be, in the present state of the world, a really independent country; and were it entirely separated from Naples, it would soon run the risk of becoming an object of contest for foreign influence, and of sinking at last into the condition of satellite to some of the more powerful states of Europe.

It is not so only in the present day, it has always been so. Islanded, and yet in proximity to great continents, varied in configuration, fertile in soil, and lovely in climate, Sicily has been always envied by the dominating powers of the world. Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Byzantines, Saracens, Normans, Germans, French, Spaniards, Austrians, and Neapolitans; nay, even the English, have ruled there in succession. The family of Nelson still hold property at Bronte, at the western foot of Etna. Amid such successive invasions, the history and the whereabouts of the Sicilians themselves remains a puzzle for the Aborigines Protection Society.

What is more to our purpose now, is that with these successive conquests, art, science, and poetry have still, ever since the epoch of the

* Pictures from Sicily. By the author of "Forty Days in the Desert." Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Greek colonies, been naturalised on this beautiful island. Then arose those noble temples, the ruins of which still adorn its shores, and which have been succeeded by all that is quaint and characteristic in Saracenic and Norman architecture. With its unequalled scenic advantages super-added to its wealth in art, where is there a country so worthy of panoramic representation as Sicily?

In the time of the Greeks, Syracuse and Agrigentum disputed the palm of excellence. Hiero, King of Syracuse, and Theron, tyrant of Agrigentum, are both celebrated in the immortal poems of Pindar for their victories at the Olympic games. Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and Archimedes, were among the ornaments of the court of Hiero. Carthage and Rome rather detracted from, than added to, either the prosperity of the people, or the resources of the island. With the decline of the Roman Empire: the rise of Christianity, and the conversion of Sicilian cities into episcopal sees, gave a new direction to art and to intellectual culture, and when the chief cities once more changed masters and became the seats of Mussulman amirs, the same elegant civilisation of the Arabs, the same arts and sciences, the same architecture and husbandry, which adorned the Moorish kingdom in Spain, were transplanted to a soil no less congenial for their development.

Thus, when the iron-clad Norman knights arrived, they found the island already full of the people of all nations, having different laws, language, religion, manners, and customs. These respective differences the Normans had the good sense to leave untouched. Architecture was a favourite pursuit with most of their kings, and hence the strong castles nestled on the summit of the mountains, the stern monasteries, and other rock-secluded ecclesiastical edifices; and, above all, the beautiful palaces that adorn the sea-girt island. Brief as was the career of the Normans in Sicily, it was almost unexampled in brilliancy, and it left behind it, both in the institutions and monuments of the country, magnificent memorials of what it once had been.

From that period to our own day, having no longer a resident king, Sicily has never ceased to experience all the evils arising from a distant monarch and a delegated sway—the invasion of parliamentary privilege—the encroachment of the barons—disregard of all public improvements in roads, edifices, or defences—decline of art and manufactures, industry and commerce, and consequent degradation of the people.

If two prominent points remain then still to attract the stranger to Sicily, it is her truly interesting and remarkable monuments, her unrivalled scenery, and beautiful climate. Who will not be delighted to follow Mr. Bartlett in his pen and pencil illustrations of this most lovely island? It is quite a different thing to travel in such company to that of the ordinary jog-trot unillustrated book of travels. With a good map, an excellent picture, and a clear, if not eloquent description to help us, we have at the onset Messina placed as distinctly before us as if we were on the spot. The character of the country, the town and harbour spread before us, the straits, the town of Reggio, and the snow-tipped Calabrian mountains of the opposite side. What more could be desired?

Then again, Etna, that terrible wonder of Sicily; we have the fiery mountain from half a dozen points of view; not the least interesting that

from Nicolosi ; we have a graphic account of an ascent ; a pencil sketch of the well-known Casa Inglese, supposed to be destroyed in the late eruptions ; and a journey round the foot of the monster volcano, including descriptions of the massive Norman square keep and Castle of Paterno, exactly like our Rochester and London towers ; Bronte, with its convents ; and Randazzo, like a town of the middle ages, preserved as a curiosity, with its gloomy walls overhanging a ravine, its Norman churches, and streets of coeval architecture, subsisting almost unaltered to the present day.

The carriage-road from Messina to Catania follows the shores of the Faro, and displays very pleasing scenery all the way. It is, indeed, comparable with the famous Riviera of the Genoese coast, and is hardly less beautiful. Lofty mountains descend to the sea, leaving a narrow view of richly-cultivated plain, sprinkled with towns and villages ; while a broad margin of white sand runs along the shore, and masses of rock have fallen into the transparent water. On this part of the coast is one of the few relics of English dominion that are met with amid the motley remains on the island. It is the fort of St. Alessio, which stands upon a bold promontory, commanding a view of Messina on one side, and Taormina on the other.

Insignificant as this latter place is now, it was one of the most ancient and celebrated cities in all Sicily. It was the last place that held out against the Saracens, and it withstood the Normans for six long months. At present the chief relics are the theatre and some beautiful *morceaux* of Norman architecture, and the view from Taormina is said to be the finest in all Sicily.

"No one," says Mr. Bartlett, "who has seen the sunrise from this glorious spot can ever forget it. Almost at our feet was the immense expanse of murmuring sea ; below, the beautiful sweep of the theatre and the broken arches of the proscenium, overhung by tremendous rocks half covered with tufts of cactus—the town upon its beetling precipice—the winding shore, all the way from Syracuse to Messina—with the stupendous mass of Etna towering above everything beside."

Beyond this, the whole line of coast is haunted with classic and poetical associations. First we have Naxos, one of the earliest Greek colonies in Sicily ; next, the staircase of Aci, where tradition places the murder of the shepherd by his rival Polyphernus ; also the Castle of Aci, beetling over precipitous rocks, the singular cluster of rocky islets called Scopuli Cyclopum, and the port of Ulysses.

Catania, one of the largest and handsomest cities in the island, presents a beautiful appearance with its domes and towers, surrounded by the most luxuriant vegetation. Within, however, notwithstanding its numerous churches, monasteries, and charitable institutions, dirt, dilapidation, and neglect of decency and comfort, give an air of shabbiness even to its finest squares and piazzas. Leaving Catania for Syracuse, a rich and fertile, but, nevertheless, melancholy-looking plain, watered by the Simeto, is traversed, as also Lentini, a poor town afflicted with malaria. This is followed by a rough tract, interspersed with a wild growth of oleander and scented myrtle ; next the town of Augusta, having a good harbour, but now a lifeless, melancholy place ; then the site of Thapsus,

and finally Syracuse itself—the most magnificent of all the Grecian colonies, but now a mere ruin, although ocular proof still remains of the immense extent of the ancient city in the remains of its outer circuit of fortifications. It is, indeed, quite a long ride from the modern town to the extremity of the former city. Tombs cut in the crags, and traces of foundations are seen all around; but hyacinths and wild plants start from the crevices of the cliff, which once was a crowded quarter of the city, and where now no sound arises but that of mules clattering over the stony track. Beyond lies the island of Ortygia, fortified by the Emperor Charles V., and covered by the modern town. On the nearer side the smaller port, and on the further the great harbour, so often the scene of naval conflict. Then again, at the bottom of the latter, the unhealthy valley of the Anapus, and in whose marshy banks still flourishes the papyrus, now only met with on the Nile, south of Khartum. In the neighbourhood are also the *latomia*, or quarries, from which the ancient city was built, subsequently used as prisons, and which present a series of strikingly picturesque scenes. Connected with these is the great excavation known as the “*Ear of Dionysius*.”

Notwithstanding all its claims to interest, Mr. Bartlett says few will be inclined to protract their stay in so dreary and sickly a place as modern Syracuse beyond a day or two, devoted to the examination of its antiquities. Yet, from hence to Girgenti, there is but a mule path to proceed onwards. The inns are also wretched, abounding in vermin, but destitute of larder or cellar; and the whole interior of the island, except for its natural beauties, appears to be in a deplorable state of filth and misery. Amid such drawbacks to the pleasure of travel, Terranova, where *Æschylus* met his death by the fall of a tortoise upon his head, nor *Alicata*, nor *Palma*, which succeed to it, appear to present any attractions to the traveller. The track is very solitary, and it is but rarely that the passenger falls in with anything but a flock of silken-haired goats, and a shepherd wrapped in his huge brown cloak and sheep-skin leggings. But the wild heaths over which the road passes are fragrant with myrtle; and in the season of spring the whole face of the country is enamelled with hyacinths. Through scenery thus wildly pleasing the traveller, after a long and weary pilgrimage, comes at length in sight of the white walls of Girgenti.

The ancient *Agrirentum*, proverbial for the luxury and elegance of its citizens, stood in a most noble and happily-chosen situation. The city, and its temples and acropolis, occupied an immense platform, everywhere defended by precipitous rocks, the highest part 1200 feet above the sea, of which, and as well as of all the surrounding country, it commanded a magnificent prospect. What was formerly city is now covered with luxuriant groves of fig, orange, and olive; and the modern town, “as foul and fetid as the face of nature is fair and smiling,” occupies what was only acropolis—as is so often the case in the East. Along the edge of the precipice, starting from the *Rupe Atenea*, the bold and precipitous rock which forms the north-west angle of the site, every here and there are remains of temples of old; some of which, as the temple of Concord, are still almost entire. On the *Rupe Atenea* alone are remains of two temples—those of *Jupiter* and *Minerva*. At the south-

east angle, on the commanding brink of the precipice, separated by a short interval, stand two temples of Doric architecture, the nearer dedicated to Juno Lucina, presenting an incomparably picturesque group of columns, some upright and others prostrate, or thrown in wild confusion around; the second, that of Concord, still apparently entire. The combination of these temples with the scenery around them, renders this part of Girgenti almost unique in beauty. "Never, perhaps," says Mr. Bartlett, "was there an instance in which the admirable taste of the Greeks in the position of their edifices more remarkably displayed than here. Art and nature are made mutually to enhance each other. From whatever point we view the temples, they are a glorious adornment of the scene; while the view from them is no less magnificent and commanding, over plains, valleys, and mountains, around whose every outline is romantic, and the distant sea, of a soft and slumberous azure, which expands towards the southern horizon. It is in the midst of such a scene that we may comprehend something of the life of the ancient Greeks, and that intense feeling for beauty which was the predominant element of their existence."

The temple of Concord, supposed to have been erected after the Punic war, stands in lonely beauty near the edge of the rock, silent and forsaken, except by flocks of goats that browse among the odoriferous shrubs. The temple of Jupiter, the most colossal in scale, is now a shapeless heap of ruins. Of the temple of Hercules but a single column is now standing. Of the temple of Æsculapius, or Castor and Pollux, there remains but a picturesque fragment of two Doric columns, and a portion of the entablature. Such is a glance at the principal remains of the once splendid and luxurious city.

Sciacca, the birthplace of Agathocles, celebrated for its hot sulphur baths, is now a small port, that exhibits some little bustle. Selinunte (ancient Selinus) is a wide-spread mass of ruins, in which a few pillars alone remain upright amidst a wilderness of fallen blocks. It was destroyed by an earthquake, and the site is given up to utter and awful desolation.

Passing from the south to the north coast, by Castel Vetrano, Salemi, an ancient and picturesque town on the top of a hill, overtopped by the mouldering remains of a mediæval castle, and overlooking a wide expanse of corn-covered plains and hilla, Calatafimi (Kala, a castle), with its hedges of immense aloes, the traveller comes suddenly upon a most majestic vision—the temple of Segeste, standing in lonely sublimity on a lofty precipice, surrounded by an amphitheatre of craggy mountains, closed in by the graceful peaks of Eryx. "The startling manner," Mr. Bartlett says, "in which we were introduced to this glorious combination of nature and art, produced a most vivid impression, affording another and most striking instance of the manner in which the Greeks placed their edifices, so as to harmonise with, and be heightened by, the grandeur of the surrounding scenery."

The temple of Segeste, simple in form, colossal in its proportions, and complete in its exterior except the roof, is unquestionably the grandest in the whole island. Standing on the brink of a deep precipice, and surrounded on all sides with lofty, desolate mountains, with little or no

vegetation, it impresses the most careless spectator with a feeling of overpowering awe, akin to that which it was intended to produce in the mind of the worshipper of old. Close by is the theatre, one of the most perfect of any in Sicily, and in the distance Mount Eryx, where was the temple of Venus Erycina—the most sensual of all the heathen establishments—whose priestesses were chosen for their beauty, and to whose support the revenues of several cities were appropriated. Segesta, or Ægesta, was one of the oldest colonies in the island, and is supposed to be of Asiatic origin. Æneas landed at its tower—

Whose hollow earth Anchises' bones contains,
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns!

Little remains more to be recorded of the fairy island save a word or two for Palermo, its modern capital. There the hotels are good, the streets handsome, although rather remarkable for *shirt scenery* and ranges of overhanging galleries. Like most southern towns, Palermo presents a strange and incongruous admixture of magnificence and meanness, of stench and splendour. Its numerous convents and monasteries constitute a very gloomy feature in its social as well as its architectural condition.

The sumptuous palaces of La Cuba and La Ziza preserve the monumental interest of Saracenic times; the Palazzo Reale, the Capella Reale, La Martorana, and many other edifices, still records the epoch of Norman rule. The celebrated cathedral of Palermo was founded by Walter Ofamilio, the Englishman, in the reign of William the Good. The architecture of Sicily is, however, like its language and the blood of its people, modified by the admixture of Greek, Arabic, Norman, and Spanish types. The pointed style which first appear in this magnificent building, undergoes further transitions in the Monasterio della Pietà, San Francisco di Assisi, and others. The Palazzo dei Tribunali, the Ospedale Grande and the Vecchio Dogana are the best specimens of domestic architecture. The Marina, at Palermo, is avowedly the most beautiful promenade in Europe. The botanical garden is a perfect garden of Armida. Monte Pellegrino is another Gibraltar—without the fortifications.

In the neighbourhood are the convents of Santa Maria di Gesu, of Norman foundation, buried in the most beautiful vegetation; the church and monastery of Santo Spirito, where is that oft-spoken-of collection of skeletons, among which may be seen soldiers in all their regimental finery, and females in white kid gloves, their skulls grinning horribly from the midst of ribbons and laces. Far more worthy of visit are the convent of San Martino, than which few palaces are more vast or inspiring, and the magnificent Norman cathedral of Monreale. The suburban villas, especially at Bagaria, are also gems of eccentricity and fantastic taste, expended on the most bountiful of all soils, and the most lovely of all climates. Who would not travel, at this gloomy season—which he can do with Mr. Bartlett's book in hand, without moving from his arm-chair—in this island so redolent of beauties?

L I T E R A R Y L E A F L E T S.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. V.—MISS MITFORD.

It has been observed by an intelligent and graceful foreign writer—who has been styled the Addison of his own country's literature*—that whereas in some lands the large cities absorb the wealth and fashion of the nation, and are the only fixed abodes of elegant and cultured society, while the country is inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry, in England, on the contrary, the metropolis is a mere gathering place, or general rendezvous of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gaiety and dissipation, and having indulged this kind of carnival, return again to the apparently more congenial habits of rural life.† Hence Geoffrey Crayon's warning to the stranger who would correctly appreciate English character, not to confine his observations to London, but to examine our rural life. The traveller, he says, "must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens, along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches, attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humours." As for him who travels not, and is dependent on books for his acquaintance with the village life and rural characteristics of England, few records can compete with those of Miss Mitford, in quaint adaptation to the spirit of the subject, in graphic sketches from nature at first hand, in cordial sympathy with the diversified topics under review, and in a quiet, home-bred humour, itself racy of the soil. Like Geoffrey Crayon himself, she may be chargeable with occasionally idealising and over-beautifying her favourite scenery and her pet *protégés*; but every hearty English soul must acknowledge her skill in the difficult art of description.

The "difficult" art of description? Is that a tenable phrase? Does not, on the contrary, every free Briton who writes letters—and a prodigious per centage of the population must own *that* soft impeachment, in these days when Rowland Hill and the schoolmaster are both abroad, and have met, and mutually embraced—does not every retailer of pot-hooks fancy himself, herself, or (duly to accommodate the scale to tender years) itself, a powerful hand at describing, be the object described what it may, from the Crystal Palace to the penny wax-works? Is it allowable to call that difficult which, by hypothesis, all can do; and which, by postulate, all can do well?

To describe external objects, one by one, says Christopher North, is no doubt easy; and accordingly it is often done very well. But—as he

* " . . . The genius of Washington Irving—the Goldsmith, nay, even the Addison of America."—Lord Mahon's "History of England," vol. v., p. 101.

† "The Sketch Book." Miss Mitford has modelled her style, perhaps too closely, on that of this agreeable Miscellany, and its still more entertaining companion, "Bracebridge Hall."

goes on to show—to produce a picture in words, there must be a principle of selection, and that principle cannot be comprehended without much reflection on the mode in which external objects operate upon the mind. “Sometimes a happy genius, and sometimes a strong passion, vivifies a whole scene in a single line. But the observer of nature, who has neither genius, nor passion, nor metaphysics, can do little or nothing but enumerate. That he may do with great accuracy, for he may be a noticing and strong-sighted person. Not a feature of a landscape shall escape him—each sentence of his description shall constitute a natural and true image, and ordinary people like himself will think it admirable. Yet shall it be altogether worthless; while one stanza of Burns’ wafts you into the very heart of Paradise.” And thus it is that such a man as Wordsworth will make more of

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,

than men of low degree will make of a cedar of Lebanon, or a Royal Oak:—“he will make a better poem on a gooseberry bush, than you will do on the great Persian sycamore, which is about seventy feet in girth.” There is a “knack” in first-rate descriptions; and this knack is innate, or connate, or what you will—except acquired. Improved and refined by practice it unquestionably is; but the artificial manufacture of it is Brummagem ware—and the difference between them is that between delf and porcelain, plated and plate.

Now, Miss Mitford has a natural gift for description. It is not, perhaps, of a very lofty order, or large compass; and though tinged with the *couleur de rose* of fancy which idealises, it has little of the imaginative, creative

Light that never was on sea or shore.

But in her own sphere, she is a fine describer. Let but her foot be on her native heath, and her name is—Miss Mitford. Her testimony is not given on hearsay, or on the strength of a well-stocked library; she testifies to what she has seen, and heard, and felt, on the breezy downs of the Day-side of Nature. To her we may apply what an eminent French critic says of the greatest of living French novelists:—“On n’a pas affaire ici à un peintre amateur qui a traversé les champs pour y prendre des points de vue : le peintre y a vécu, y a habité des années ; il en connaît toute chose et en sait l’âme.”* Some three-and-twenty years since, the Shepherd of the *Noctes* was made to say, “I’m just vera fond o’ that lassie—Mitford. She has an ee like a hawk’s, that misses naething, however far off—and yet like a dove’s, that sees only what is nearest and dearest, and round about the hame-circle o’ its central nest. I’m just excessive fond o’ Miss Mitford.”† Cowper does not more effectually transport us, without material locomotion, from the fireside by

* “Causeries du Lundi,” tom. i., p. 282.

† The gallant shepherd goes on, in his fervour, to protest that “the young gentlemen o’ England should be ashamed o’ theirsells for letting her name be Mitford. They should marry her whether she wull or no—for she would mak baith a useful and agreeable wife. That,” concludes honest James,—“that’s the best creetishism on her warks.”—*Noctes*, No. xli. (1829); see also *Noctes*, Nos. xxix. and xxxix.

which we are reading him, to the scenes of our home counties : so that there is truth as well as prettiness in Mr. W. C. Bennett's Sonnet to the Lady about whom we write :

Out have I been this morning—out—away,
Far from the bustling carefulness of towns,
Through April gleams and showers—on windy downs,
By rushy meadow-streams with willows grey ;
In thick-leaved woods have hid me from the day
Sultry with June—and where the windmill crowns
The hill's green height, the landscape that renowns
Thy own green county, have I, as I lay
Crushing the sweetness of the flowering thyme,
Tracked through the misty distance. Village greens
All shout and cheerfulness in cricket time,
Red winter firesides—autumn cornfield scenes,
All have I seen, ere I my chair forsook,
Thank to the magic of thy breezy book. *

A deceased critic, who had the reputation of being crabbed and scolding in every review he penned, except when Miss Mitford was his theme, once met the stigma, or compliment, whichever he might think it, by saying, "And in *her* case how could I be otherwise than kind? she speaks to the heart and to the understanding, and deals in national beings and landscapes, such as a plain man may hope to see without going to another world. She is the only painter of true English nature that I know of: the rest are splendid daubers—all light and shade, darkness and sunshine; Mary Mitford gives the land and the people, and for that I honour her." It was something to win a sweeping panegyric like this from such a censor. Miss Mitford, indeed, enjoys the privilege of favouritism in all quarters: broad England loves her as one of its true aborigines—loves her hearty interest in its mannerisms, her appreciation of its excellences, her cheery, blythe, hopeful spirit, in which, ever beaming with sisterly good-will, her every fellow-countryman recognises tokens of personal sympathy—

Φαίδρα γοῦν ἀπ' ὀμμάτων
Σαίνει με προστειχούσα.†

This cheerful temperament imparts a special charm to the autumn of her days; for though it is right that the man at manhood should put away childish things, it is not right that he should include in his renunciation the chilk-like spirit, the faith and buoyancy and promise of life's spring. Happy that soil of the heart which yields this after-math! blessed that existence whose dimpled six years and furrowed sixty are bound each to each by natural piety! If Sparta so honoured Age, in its universal, and therefore its commonly forbidding aspects—how should we delight to honour those white hairs which have a crown of glory all their own, brightened not dulled, brightening not fading, with years that bring the philosophic mind.

Of Miss Mitford's early literary ventures in "high art," we have not

* Poems by W. C. Bennett, p. 97—a collection of pleasant verses, "affectionately inscribed to" Mary Russell Mitford herself, by a seemingly congenial spirit.

† Œdip. Coloneus.

much to say. "Christina, the Maid of the South Seas," was introduced to the public in six cantos; and we sadly fear the public found them half-a-dozen cantos too many. Those were the days when the imitative epidemic had Walter Scott's poetry for its *font et origo*, when the press teemed with metrical romances quite equal in quantity, and gloriously unequal in quality, to the stories of William of Deloraine and Ellen of Douglas—with noble "Margarets of Anjou," and "Legends of Iona," and "Fights of Falkirk." Miss Mitford's verse is pronounced by Moir deficient in that nameless adaptation of expression to thought, which is accomplished by some "indescribable collocation of the best words in their best places." Yet, in one at least of her tragedies, she has been thought to rival Joanna Baillie herself. Tragedy perhaps ill squares with the popular notion of "Our Village" gossip; yet has she written and succeeded under the tutelage of Melpomene. At the "Feast of the Violets," Apollo exclaims :

And Mitford, all hail! with a head that for green
From your glad village crowners can hardly be seen : —

whereupon the Apollonic secretary, Leigh Hunt, observes,

And with that he shone on it, and set us all blinking;
but is careful to add,

And yet at her kind heart sat tragedy, thinking.

"Rienzi" and "Julian" were both attractive plays for a season, and, in reference to them, Allan Cunningham said that the author had witnessed that slope of wet faces, from the pit to the roof, which, according to Cowper, is the accompaniment of a well-written and well-acted tragedy. Her "Charles the First," produced under indifferent auspices, made less stir.

But it is to "manners-painting Mitford"—at home amidst her Hampshire and Berkshire haunts—that one turns with a more ready and abiding interest. A pleasant *dépôt* of rural characteristics is "Our Village"—with its close-packed inhabitants, insulated, as the author says, like ants in an ant-hill, or bees in a hive, or sheep in a fold, or nuns in a convent, or sailors in a ship—everybody interested in everybody : a spot over which we are invited to ramble, and form a friendship with the fields and coppices, the birds, and mice, and squirrels—with the retired publican's tidy, square, red cottage ; and the blacksmith's gloomy dwelling ; and the village shop, multifarious as a bazaar, a repository for bread, shoes, tea, cheese, tape, ribands, bacon, and everything except the one particular thing which you happen to want at the moment ; and the village inn, white-washed and bow-windowed, with its portly landlord in his eternal red waistcoat ; and the cottages up the hill, where the road winds, with its broad green borders and hedge-rows so thickly timbered ; and the old farm-house on the common, with pointed roofs and clustered chimneys, looking out from its blooming orchard, and backed by woody hills—the common itself half covered with low furze, and alive with cows and sheep, and two sets of cricketers. A delightful companion is the author along the high-ways and by-ways of her village;—there is something contagious in her keen delight at pioneering you about, and you get to walk with step well-nigh springy as her own upon the mazy

roads of her favourite coppice, and amidst its steep declivities, sunny slopes, and sudden swells and falls, with the dark verdure of fir-plantations hanging over the picturesque unequal paling, partly covered with moss and ivy—the firs interspersed with shining orange-leaved beech, and the glossy stems of the “lady of the woods,” the delicate weeping birch; while beneath grows a rich underwood, where the old thorn’s red-spotted leaves and redder berries, and the bramble’s scarlet festoons, and tall fern of every hue, seem to vie with the brilliant mosaic of the ground, now covered with dead leaves, and strewn with fir-cones, now, where a little glade intervenes, gay with various mosses and splendid *fungi*. On she guides us, on a calm mild November day, along a beautiful lane, decorated with a thousand colours: the brown road, and the rich verdure that borders it, strewn with the pale yellow leaves of the elm, just beginning to fall; hedge-rows glowing with long wreaths of the bramble in every variety of purplish red; and overhead the unchanged green of the fir, contrasting with the spotted sycamore, the tawny beech, and the dry sere leaves of the oak, which rustle as the light wind passes through them; a few common yellow flowers, still blowing in spite of the season, and ruddy berries glowing through all. On she posts us up the hill where the road widens, with the group of cattle by the way-side, and the little boy-messenger, trundling his hoop at full speed, making all the better haste in his work, because he cheats himself into thinking it play; and so we reach the patch of common on the hill-top with the clear pool, where three cottar’s children—elves of three, and four, and five years old—without any distinction of sex in their sunburnt faces and tattered drapery, are dipping up water in their little homely cups, shining with cleanliness, and a small brown pitcher with the lid broken, which, when it is filled, their united strength will never be able to lift: and, as we gaze, we *ex animo* subscribe assent to our guide’s assertion that these infants are quite a group for a painter, with their rosy cheeks, and chubby hands, and round merry faces; and the low cottage in the back-ground, peeping out of its vine leaves and china roses, with the good wife at the door, tidy, and comely, and smiling, preparing the potatoes for the pot, and watching the tiny labourers at the pool. Or she makes us cross the river, and lean, as by instinct, over the rails of the bridge, and gaze on the fine grounds of the Great House, with their magnificent clusters of limes, and firs, and poplars; the green meadows opposite, studded with oaks and elms; the clear winding Loddon itself; the mill with its picturesque old buildings bounding the scene. Not a ramble do we take with her, but her pretty Italian greyhound, Mayflower, is there also—for May is as welcome a presence as the season of that name—and, confesses her mistress, to accomplish a walk in the country without *her*, would be like an adventure of Don Quixote without his faithful squire Sancho. And then, what real village life-and-blood personages we are introduced to! That retired publican, for instance, who piques himself on independence and idleness, talks politics, reads newspapers, hates the minister, and cries out for reform—who, in chronic *ennui*, hangs over his gate, and tries to entice passengers to stop and chat; who volunteers little jobs all round, smokes cherry-trees to cure the blight, and traces and blows up all the wasp-nests in the parish. And big, burly Tom Cordery—that gentlest of savages, and wildest of civilised men—rat-catcher, hare-

finder, and broom-maker—whose home menagerie of ferrets, and terriers, and mongrels, do really look, as his crony, the head-keeper, can't help hinting, "fitter to find Christian hares and pheasants, than rats, and such vermin." And there is Jack Hatch—as mystic a personage in some respects as Geoffrey Crayon's Stout Gentleman—whom not to know argues oneself unknown in "Our Village."—Not know Jack Hatch? the best cricketer in the parish, in the county, in the country: Jack Hatch, who has got seven notches at one hit: Jack Hatch, who has trolled, and caught out a whole eleven:* Jack Hatch, who is moreover the best bowler and the best musician in the hundred—can dance a hornpipe and a minuet, sing a whole song-book, bark like a dog, mew like a cat, crow like a cock, and go through Punch from beginning to end! Not know Jack Hatch! Such ignorance is of course preposterous, and it would be equally an affectation to pretend ignorance of Aunt Martha, that most delightful of old maids; and Hannah Besit, that energetic little dairy-woman; and Lizzy, the spoiled child of the village; and the old family-servant, Mrs. Mosse, in appearance so eminently "respectable" (not at all in the sense of Steerforth's Littimer); and that comely vulgarian and boisterous sportsman, Tom Hopkins; and Lucy, that wholesale coquette; and Doctor Tubb, all-accomplished barber-surgeon, with accommodations in his pocket-book for distressed man and beast; and gentle Olive Hathaway, lame and pensive, the village mantua-maker "by appointment," the sound of whose crutch subdues every rough temper, and whose fame is far-spread for begging off condemned kittens, and nursing sick ducklings, and giving her last penny to prevent a wayward urchin from taking a bird's nest. On the whole, little wonder was it that an obscure Berkshire hamlet, as Mr. Chorley says, by the magic of talent and kindly feeling, was converted into a place of resort and interest† for not a few of the finest spirits of the age.

"Belford Regis" transfers and enlarges the sphere of observation from a village to a market town. There are some touching sketches—as that of "The Old Emigré," and humorous ones by the dozen, such as Mrs. Tomkins, the cheesemonger; and Mrs. Hollis, the fruiterer; and

* Miss Mitford has been charged with speaking at random on her favourite theme, the cricket-field. Who but Miss Mitford, asks an authority both in literature and in field sports, ever heard of a cricket-ball being thrown five hundred yards? And the conclusion is, that ladies never can make themselves mistresses of the rules, technicalities, and character of male games. Which conclusion need not exclude those ladies, however, from taking their revenge in the thought that equally fallible are their barbarian critics, when a game is going on from the "Lady's Own Book," or some labyrinthine recreation in crotchet and Berlin wool.

† "Miss Mitford," says one of her transatlantic visitors (though 'tis twelve summers since), "is dressed a little quaintly, and as unlike as possible to the faces we have seen of her in the magazines, which have all a broad humour, bordering on coarseness. She has a pale grey, soul-lit eye, and hair as white as snow: a wintry sign that has come prematurely upon her, as like signs come upon us, while the year is yet fresh and undecayed. Her voice has a sweet, low tone, and her manner a naturalness, frankness, and affectionateness that we have so long been familiar with in their other modes of manifestation, that it would have been, indeed, a disappointment not to have found them."—Miss SEDGWICK's "*Letters from Abroad*."

that "useless old beau," King Harwood. The description of the good town itself is perhaps better still; we become as familiar with its ins and outs as though we had paid rent and taxes there, and had run up long bills with Mrs. Tomkins for double Gloucester, or privately effected a barter with her of unsold (alas, unsaleable) copies of our last "octavo, cloth boards," for base instalments of butter and eggs.

Miss Mitford's scattered contributions to annuals and magazines, who shall reckon up? With her, literary occupation is evidently a labour of love. Literature has ever been to her at once a passion and a solace—from the days when she found such sweetness in the stolen waters of Corneille and Racine, to the present time, when she corresponds so zealously with unnumbered dons in the republic of letters. How cordial and catholic her taste is, in estimating the merits of "all the talents," may be seen in her latest work, "Recollections of a Literary Life" (1851). The book is a disappointing book, if taken up, as naturally it is, in the expectation of enjoying a connected biographical narrative. It is a thing of shreds and patches—an *omniumgatherum* of waifs and strays—a *mélange* of tid-bits, ana and analecta from scribes and scribblers, old and new, native and foreign, known and unknown. The "court-teous reader" is told in the preface—why was he not told in the title-page?—that he must just take the three volumes for what they are—"an attempt to make others relish a few favourite writers as heartily as" Miss Mitford has relished them herself. However, having once recovered from the sense of being "at sea," through the "false colours" hung out at the mainmast of this contraband trader, we settle down to enjoy such stores as it carries, including, perchance, occasional scraps of dry remainder ship-biscuit. And after all, books of this kind are valuable, as introducing to more general society the names and works of neglected or unrecognised authors; as in this case, those of witty, accomplished, refined Mackworth Praed, and the rising American poet-doctor, Oliver Holmes; and Daniel Webster's forensic oratory, little known in the Old Country; and the slenderly-observed merits of John Kenyon and George Darley, Catherine Fanshaw and Thomas Davis, besides such old-fashioned performances as "Cowley's Essays" (which the world should not, and which Miss Mitford *will* not, willingly let die), and "Richardson's Correspondence," and "Holcroft's Memoirs:" the last, by the way, is worthily lauded by Tom Moore in his "Diary," as a model of a literary man's personal recollections, and has recently acquired something of its due popularity by being reprinted in Messrs. Longman's well-selected "Traveller's Library."

It is to be hoped that Miss Mitford will yet, with many another work, give us a more methodical and detailed history of herself—the present memoir being a misnomer. Seems it so?

Seems, madam? nay, it *is*; we know not seems.

WINCHELSEA'S DELIVERANCE; OR, THE STOUT ABBOT OF BATTAYLE.

BALLADS OF THE SOUTH.—NO. I.

The Argument.

"The Frenchmen came to the town of Winchelsea, where understanding the Abbot of Battell was come to defend it, they sent him word to redeeme the towne: unto whom the abbot answered, he needed not to redeeme the thing that was not lost, but willed them to desist from molesting the towne upon paine of that which might follow. The French, exasperated at this answer, requested him that if hee would not have peace, hee would send forth to fight man to man, or more in number if hee would, to trye the matter in view of armes; but neyther would the abbot admitte the one request or the other, saying hee was a religious man, and therefore [ought] not to admitte such petitions, and that hee came not hither to fight, but to defend and preserve the peace of the country. These things being heard, the Frenchmen, supposing the abbot and his people wanted courage, they assaulted the towne with such instruments of warre as cast forth stones far off, not ceasing from noone till evening; but, by the laudable prowess of the abbot and such as were with him, the French prevailed nothing, but left it as they found it."—*Stowe's Chronicle*, pp. 278-9.

This happened in the year of grace 1377, the first of Richard II. Hamo de Offington was abbot of Battel from 1364 to 1383. Battel Abbey was dedicated to St. Martin, and St. Thomas and St. Giles were the patrons of Winchelsea, in which town the Alards were a distinguished family. Brother Dunk is not wholly an imaginary personage, for the Chronicles inform us, that a short time previously to the attack of Winchelsea, the French, in one of their marauding excursions, captured a monk of Battayle clad in complete armour. None but the hypercritical will doubt that this was the identical brother who figures to so much advantage in the ensuing verses.

Spite ye ffirste.

It was Midsummer time, at the season of prime,
When many a knock and a shout
Did fiercely assail the great gate of Battayle,
And call forth the warder so stout.
"Saynt Martin! for sure!" as he opened the door,
Says he, "'tis the young Squire Alárd,
From fair Winchelsea, as it seemeth to me.
Good syr, you have ridden full hard."
"I have not ridden slow, as my jennet doth know,"
To him said the right gallant youth;
"Now to the lord abbot I pray thee to go,
And tell him this word from my mouth:
"The Frenchmen are coming to burn Winchelsea,
Are coming with tall galleys ten,
And unless we have aid, I am sorely afraid
"Twill go hard with the Winchelsea men."
Now hearing the rout my lord abbot came out,
And without any needless delay,
Bade summon his men, two hundred and ten,
A goodly and doughty array.
"Brother Clement," he said, "go fetch my good blade,
That hangeth up in the great hall;
There's my jacket of mail hard by on a nail,
And my greaves and my helmet withal.
"And, Sacristan Gower, quick hie to the tower,
And ring out Saint Martin's great bell!
The men of Battayle for sure will not fail
To know what it meaneth right well."

He bade a tall groom bring horses forth soon—

He said, and the thing it was done ;

For no order in vain gave he to his men,

Stout Hamo, surnamed Offington.

Without the great gate his coming did wait

Of tenants a sturdy long row,

In doublets of leather, in each cap a feather,

In each hand a trusty yew bow.

There were yeomen and hinds from the forest so wide,

And men from the mill and the forge ;

And Alard did ride by the abbot his side,

With the pennon of bold Saint George.

Knights and squires one or tway had taken their way,

To lead on the valorous crowd,

While old Clement Dunk, a tall, sword-loving monk,

Chanted paters and aves aloud.

The abbot on horse showed the footmen their course

Through many a green glade and lea,

And in a short space, by'r Lady's good grace,

They were come unto brave Winchelsea.

Scène Seconde.

Now the Frenchmen were coming full fast to the town,

Were coming full fast to the wall,

When a herald did blow a terly-lo-lo,

And loud on the abbot 'gan call.

" *Monsieur Abbé*," said he, on his low-bended knee,

" A word with my lord, *s'il vous plait* ;

'Tis our capitaine's will you should ransom *cette ville*,

With red gold, and then he will away !"

Then the abbot out said : " By Saint Denis his head,

Bid thy maister to hold in his boast ;

Methinks, by the masse, he must deem me an asse,

To ransom what never was lost !"

This angered the foe, both noble and low,

And chiefly the grand capitaine,

Who swore a great oath by Saint Sepulchre's tooth,

And sent forth his herald again.

" *Le grand Chevalier*, milord, sends me here,

To challenge you forth to the fight ;

He biddeth me say you will suffer, this day,

The loss of full many a wight."

But Hamo of Offington meekly replied :

" Carnal weapons, as holy writ saith.

'Vail little, and I, as a son of the Church,

Fight only the good fight of faith."

Brother Dunk, who stood by, rather turned up his eye,

As he thought of the helmet and sword

He had fetched from the hall, at the good abbot's call

That morning—but said not a word.

The herald went back, and the Frenchmen, not slack

To curse the lord abbot's reply,

Called him cowardly knave, and declared he should have

Good space to repent by-and-by.

So their engines they fetch, and their cables they stretch,
 To bring up each mighty machine ;
 The catapults all they put nigh to the wall,
 With battering-rams set between.
 The portsmen prepare to perform well their share
 In defending their gates from the foe ;
 The young Squire Alárd, too, is setting the guard ;
 Brother Dunk runneth swift to and fro.
 The abbot hath donned his bright raiment of steel,
 Saint Martin defend his old head !
 The men of Battayle will never him fail,
 While life-blood remains to be shed.
 Huge stones fly about, and the Frenchmen all shout :
 " Work the catapults ! " " Rams to the breach ! "
 But good brother Dunk (that most valorous monk)
 Replies with hot lead and burnt pitch.
 Now Saint Thomas defend ! and Saint Giles his aid lend !
 Burning houses and dead men are here ;
 But the brave young Alárd is fighting full hard,
 And bidding the portsmen good cheer.

Fyfte ye Thyrde.

" But where is the abbot ? and where is the monk ?
 And where are the men of Battayle ?
 They're gone every one, and we're surely undone ;
 Well-a-day when such brave men turn tayle.
 " Alas and alas, that this cometh to pass ! "
 Said the Winchelsea men—all but one ;
 For Alárd well knew that the abbot was true,
 Though he knew not for why he was gone.
 But listen ! a shout from the town walls without,
 " Saint Martin ! Saint Martin's " the cry.
 From a low-sunken trench, at the rear of the French,
 Ten-score of bright arrows do fly.
 For the abbot so bold (and as true as fine gold),
 With his bowmen two hundred and mo',
 By a postern hath sped, and hath gallantly led
 Them unseen to the back of the foe.
 " Saint Martin ! Saint Martin ! " again is the word,
 And again all, at once, bend the yew ;
 The cloth-yards have fled, and a Frenchman lies dead
 'Neath each arrow so keen and so true.
 The foes in amaze right ruefully gaze
 On each other awhile, till at last
 A trumpet is blown, and the Frenchmen are flown
 To the shore and their galleys in haste.
 Then up, stalwart Offington ! up, gallant Dunk !
 And forth come ye portsmen so free !
 For, thanks to the deeds of the abbot and monk,
 You've gotten a brave victorie.
 Now rest thee, lord abbot, till morning's fair light,
 Then betake thee to Battayle again,
 And let loud *Te Deums* be chanted aright
 At the holy Saint Martin his fane.
 And Alárd, God save thee, thou gallant young squire,
 And thy kindred in brave Winchelsea ;
 Let masses be said in Saint Thomas's choir
 For the foes whom the bowmen did slee !

CENTRAL AFRICA.*

Race of Men with Tails—Northern Central Africa—Snow Mountains of Eastern Africa—Lakes and Sources of the Nile—Damara Land—Ovampo Corn Lands—Hydrographical Basin of Central South Africa—Africa one great Lacustrine Basin.

WHEN the reader sets bravely to the task of grappling with the length and breadth of a sheet of the *Times*, he at least congratulates himself that he is feasting upon the news of the world. This is, however, in reality not the case. Laying aside minor matters which escape editorial ubiquity, and occurrences which find their way into the papers of no country, positive wars are actually being carried on, on the limited face of the globe that we inhabit, and which we vainly imagine to be furrowed by our ships and ransacked by our travellers, for the knowledge of which we are indebted to some explorers that happen to have been more than usually adventurous and enterprising. Thus it appears that in 1851 the Shaikh of Burnu, who, according to Denham and Clapperton, commands 30,000 well-trained cavalry, almost always engaged in ghazias, or predatory incursions, into the neighbouring African kingdoms in the pursuit of slaves, invaded the countries situated eastward from Lake Tsad; but that they were met by such patriotic resistance, that these Burnuese slave captors were defeated and driven back with slaughter. Shortly after this another similar inroad was directed against the Sultan of Mandara by the Wuzir of Burnu, at the head of 10,000 cavalry and 10,000 infantry, with innumerable trains of camels and other beasts of burden, and this expedition returned, in January, 1852, with a booty of about 5000 human beings and 10,000 head of cattle!

What is still more curious is that from information which, as we shall subsequently see, was collected by a French traveller, the Fellatahs, a more powerful nation than the Burnuese, and like them slave capturers, are said to have been led in the pursuit of human game into countries where the race itself was so deteriorated, having, in fact, tails like monkeys, that their conquerors rejected them as unfit for the honours of slavery. The statement appears at the first blush so extravagant, that many will feel inclined to reject it without consideration, but it must be remembered that the tradition of a race of pigmies and of a race with tails existing in Central Africa has long since obtained.

* Renseignements sur l'Afrique Centrale et sur une Nation d'Hommes a Queue qui s'y trouverait, d'après le Rapport des Nègres du Soudan, Esclaves a Bahia. Par Francis de Castelnau. Bertrand, Paris.

Inner Africa Laid Open, in an Attempt to trace the Chief Lines of Communication across that Continent South of the Equator; with the Routes to the Muroque and the Cazembe, Moenemoezi and Lake Nyassa, &c. By William Desborough Cooley. Longman and Co., London.

Notes on the Present State of the Geography of some Parts of Africa. By James MacQueen. — Second Visit to the South African Lake. By the Rev. David Livingston. — Mission of Messrs. Richardson, Barth, and Overweg, to Central Africa. — Expedition to the Interior of South-West Africa. By Francis Galton, Esq., F.R.G.S. — Explorations in Central Africa by Messrs. Livingston and Oswell, in Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Vols. xx., xxi., and xxii. John Murray.

A French traveller has lately attested to having seen an individual so constituted in Arabia. The missionary Krapf learnt from Kivoi, the chief of Kikuyu (Krapf's furthest) that he (Kivoi) had been to a country north-west of Jagga, where he saw men with tails. This is precisely the direction of M. de Castelnau's Niam-Niams. Kivoi is designated by Mr. Cooley (p. 107) as the "honest African" *par excellence*. Geological induction would, as we shall also afterwards see, tend to show that it is still likely that some of the missing links in the chain of creation may be recovered in Inner Africa.

The origin of the revival of this old tradition concerning a caudate race of human beings inhabiting Central Africa, is as follows:

M. Francis de Castelnau, author of a work on the central parts of South America, now in course of publication under the auspices of the French government, having accidentally heard from one Mahammah, a slave at Bahia, of a race of men inhabiting Central Africa who were invested with the apparently superfluous appendage of a caudal extremity—in vulgar parlance, a tail—and who asserted that he himself had seen the nation thus profusely decorated by the bounteous hand of nature, he, M. de Castelnau, set to work with praiseworthy industry to obtain further information upon a point so interesting to the natural history of the human race. The result of these inquiries was a considerable mass of corroborative testimony, which we will venture to sift in a few words.

Mahammah was a native of Kano, the great mart of commerce between the Kawara (Quorra, or Niger) and Lake Tsad, a first-rate town in the empire of the Fellatahs,* or Fulahs. It is, indeed, said to be a larger city than Sukutu, variously written Soccato and Socoto, but in which we find the Arabic word Suk, a market, and which was created, according to Clapperton, by the Arab shaiikh Usman or Osman, the founder of the Fellatah dynasty. There can therefore be little doubt as to its correct etymology. Sukutu is the capital of the country variously called Hausa, Houssa, and Haoussa, and the residence of the Sultan of the Fellatahs.

This Mahannah, then, a negro native of Kano in the empire of the Hausa, informed M. de Castelnau that he had made part of an expedition against a people whom he calls Niam-Niams. We will not trouble our readers with the geographical details of the expedition, as they are alike uncertain and uninteresting. On his way, however, there lay a great forest abounding in wild animals, among which were said to be wild camels, as also a great river abounding in crocodiles, hippopotami, and

* These Fellatahs appear to be of nearly similar origin to the Fellahs of the Nile. De Castelnau, who calls them Filanis, Foulahs, or Foullatahs, says they are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, the conquerors of Central Africa, and a cross between the red and the black races. They are said to call themselves Fellan or Faulan; but they are variously designated by the different African nations. The word Fellatah, used by the natives of Hausa and Burnu, appears to be a term of reproach. Mungo Park calls them Fulah, and Mollier, Puhls. Clapperton calls them Fellatahs. It is difficult to say what their real name is. Mr. Hodgson contends that they are not of Arabian or Berber origin, but that they have descended from the elevated plateau where the Niger takes its origin.

rhinoceroses. The Fellatahs were nine days getting through this great forest, and beyond it they came to lofty mountains, where they first fell in with a party of Niam-Niams. These people were sleeping in the sun; the Haussas approached them unperceived and slew them all. They had tails nearly half a French yard in length, quite smooth, and the people themselves were naked. The Niam-Niams were also anthropagists, one party of them having been surprised eating human flesh, and roasting human heads before a fire stuck on wooden stakes. They lived mainly in rock caverns, the country being very mountainous, but some of them built straw huts. They were perfectly black, and their hair was woolly. They cultivated rice and maize, and had clubs, arrows, and assegais for weapons. They had small cattle without horns, and a very fine breed of sheep and goats. They wished to make peace, but the Sultan of Hausa would not hear of it, because they had tails, and were of no use as slaves.

Mahammah also spoke of another expedition made by the Fellatahs against the native tribes of Africa, under the usual excuse of their being anthropagists, but in reality to capture slaves, in the territory of Wasay, which lies between Hausa and the country just described. He designated these people also as Niam-Niams, although they had no tails.

Another negro, Brax by name, a native of Zu-Zu, capital of the independent Fellatah kingdom of Zariyah (some make Zariyah the name of the capital, and call the country Zeg-Zeg), had heard of the tail-bearing Niam-Niams.

A third negro, Karu, a native of Burnu, made prisoner by the Fellatahs of Hausa, asserted having been in the country of the Niam-Niams, near Bushah, and which he describes as being very rocky and mountainous. He described the Niam-Niams as anthropagists, and the men as wearing pieces of wood in the ears, and the women similar primitive ornaments in the lips, but in other respects they were like other human beings. Karu had, however, heard say that some Niam-Niams had tails. Mamaru, another Burnuese, who had travelled a good deal, especially in Baghirmi and in Wadday, which he describes as mountainous countries, said he had heard of people with tails, but had never seen them. Su-Allah, a native of Adamah, had seen children with tails about the length and thickness of the finger, who had been brought to Bushay by the Fellatahs as objects of curiosity. Grusa, a native of Zu-Zu, in Hausa, said that every one knew the existence of the tailed Niam-Niams, but he never saw any. Muhammad, an aged Marabut from Hausa, had heard from new-comers that savages called Niam-Niams had been discovered with tails in a mountainous country to the south, since he had been led into captivity—a period of fifty years ago. Buay, another native of Zu-Zu, had often heard speak of Niam-Niams with tails, but had never seen any. Griss, a native of Lavia, near Bushay, had been among the cannibal Niam-Niams; but they had no tails; he had, however, heard that there existed others who possessed such adventitious appendages. Mai-Dassara, a native of Kano, had been in an expedition against the Niam-Niams who had tails. He saw one man whose tail was upwards of half a French yard in length; the general length was half a yard. This tail was black and smooth. They had seats to sit upon, in which a hole was pierced to

allow of the passage of their caudal extremities! The expedition, which was under the personal superintendence of the sultan, brought back three prisoners to Kano, who excited great curiosity; but the sultan ordered them to be clothed. We shall pass over the testimony of Ibrahim, as M. de Castelnau himself says he was unworthy of confidence.

To sum up, then, M. de Castelnau examined twenty-three negroes, of whom four stated that they had seen the caudate race; five had heard of them; but the remaining fourteen knew nothing about them. Of the four who testified to having seen them, one Ibrahim, of Burnu, places them in a mountainous country called Kacha-liaga, to the south of Fur (Darfur?), and M. de Castelnau admits that he appeared to be unworthy of credit. Mahammah, of Kano, appears to have taken the lead in this strange story, and any one familiar with the low state of morality among these poor barbarous slaves, will not wonder that eight were found to lend their countenance to the statement—three to have seen them, and five to have heard of them. Only two religious literate old men (Marabuts) were examined: one had heard of the Niam-Niams, but only from the new-comers; the other, although he had money given to him and presents made to him, would have nothing to do with the mystification, and refused to go back to the house of the Christian dog who had propounded such questions to him! All travellers know the danger of putting a leading question when he wishes to obtain correct information. Mahammah and Mai-Dassara alone agreed as to the position of the country of the Niam-Niams, and both alluded to the great forest of Lanchandon, but the first, starting from Kano, went through fourteen villages and towns, among which were the great Fellatah city of Bushay and the large town of Gursum, on a considerable tributary to Lake Tsad, and returned the same way. The other mentions only two places, Garay and Bakuru; the latter a large town, inhabited by naked negroes! Mai-Dassara also describes the horses as being smaller than asses; a fact which Mahammah, who is very detailed in his natural history, omits to mention. Mai-Dassara is also manifestly giving a climax to Mahammah's story, when he describes the chairs as being pierced for the convenience of these miserable troglodytes. As to Su-Allah, he had only seen some children favoured with this unnecessary appendage at Bushay.

The evidence obtained of the existence of a race of human beings with tails from the opposite side of the coast, is contained in the following paragraphs:

"The people of Ukambani are willing to labour for wages, and seem to be without slaves. They are not negroes. Kivoi, the chief of Ukambani, told Dr. Krapf that he had been to a country north-west of Jagga, where he saw men with tails. Ivory is very abundant in all the adjacent countries."—*Notes on the Present State of the Geography of some Parts of Africa*. By James MacQueen, Esq., in "Journal of Royal Geographical Society," vol. xx., p. 250.

This Kivoi is the man whom Mr. Cooley calls "an intelligent native chief," "an honest African," "incapable even of affectation," still less, we are bound to suppose, of an untruth.—*Inner Africa Laid Open*, p. 107.

The testimony, such as it is—and although it is now a long time since current traditions have existed of races of pigmies and races of men with tails in Central Africa—is very weak. It is only, indeed, to Central

Africa, where there still remains a vast extent of unknown lands, that such traditions can be still made to attach themselves with anything like plausibility; and it is remarkable that the country in which these much-talked-of caudate races are supposed to exist, keeps on always retrograding as positive geographical knowledge advances. Thus we may remark that the expeditions sent by Muhammad Ali up the White Nile extended in the east to beyond the parallel in which the negroes of Hausa and Burnu place the Niam-Niams in the west. Discovery is also advancing from the south and west, and will soon limit all such mysterious populations to within an exceedingly small compass. Monsol, the capital of the Anziko of D'Anville, and Muata Yanoo of Douville, for example, trench closely upon the territory of the Niam-Niams.

The arguments derived from zoology and from comparative anatomy against the existence of a race of human beings possessing that appendage with which the eccentric Lord Monboddo was pleased to decorate the whole human race in aboriginal times, are peculiarly strong. It is found that in the monkey tribe, the more these approximate to man in other structures, the more limited the tail becomes, till in the highest of the series it is no longer found, except in a merely rudimentary state. In the human race, as far as is yet known, the prolongation of the spine is curved inwards, and there is not even a rudimentary tail. Lastly, apart from the poverty and inconsistency of the details collected by M. de Castelnau when subjected to close criticism, it will be seen that his informants describe two nations of Niam-Niams—one with tails, the other without; the former naturally being further off than the first. Now, is it at all likely that people living in large towns, with a regular government and a large army, like the Fellatahs—that is to say, having attained a certain degree of civilisation—should designate by the same name two races of people so utterly distinct, as that one race has tails and the other not? This simple fact we should consider fatal to the accuracy and the fidelity of M. de Castelnau's informants. At the same time, it is but fair to the Frenchman to say that he did not collect his materials to serve a theory. Mahammah, who was a great traveller, volunteered the fact, and that led M. de Castelnau to make further inquiries; nor would he have published the result, but that he learnt, on his return to France, that information of a similar character had been obtained from Arabia; nor does he pretend to guarantee in any degree the correctness of a fact which appears to be opposed to the first principles of zoology, although he remarks that the best received theory in science has often been overthrown by a single observation.

It is curious, that of all M. de Castelnau's informants, only the two Marabuts had ever heard of Timbuktu, or Timbuctoo, the mysterious city of Inner Africa, reached only by Laing and Caillié. Muhammad Abdullah, one of these Marabuts, said at first that it was the name of Mekka, and then said, hesitatingly, that it was the same as the city which the people of Hausa call Raddah.* It is not impossible that Timbuktu may be a holy name or designation applied to a city known

* Captain Bancroft went up to Rabbah on the Kawara in the *Ethiopia*, in 1840. Baqua, a native of Rabbah, called it Odum.—CASTELNAU, p. 45. Raddah is evidently a mis spelling for Rabbah.

to the natives by some more familiar name, and hence the difficulty of acquiring information in regard to its position. Caillié places it eight miles south of the Julibah. Adams, the American sailor who was conveyed thither as a slave, places it on La Mar Zawah. Leo Africanus states that the branch river of Timbuktu flows to the west, and joins the Niger at Cabra. Caillié also states himself to have disembarked at Cabra. Sidi Hamet also describes the large river called Zulibil (Dhioliba of Caillié and our Juliba) as being two hours to the southward of Timbuktu.

Mahammah described the rivers Coquensaqua, elsewhere written Coquinsaqua (Kukuan Sukua) which waters Kano; Dulumah, which receives the Pano from Wangara and Gualo (Kuwalú), the great river of the Niam-Niams, as flowing into Lake Tsad. The river at Sukutu is a tributary to the Kaduna, which again flows into the Kawara. Braz placed Zu-Zu on the Copimwambay, also known by the names of Wimbey and of Conquinsaqua, the river of Kano, and which flows into Lake Tsad. According to the same authority, the Kaduna unites with the Kawara at Gigui. Abubakir, a Baghirmi, describes Massaignah as a large town on the Shary, ten days' journey from Lake Tsad. Mammaru, a Burnuese, called the river of Kanu, Oitari. Buyah, of Hausa, describes the river of Bushay as flowing to the west towards the sea. He also notices the river of Gourara as flowing through Mandara into the Kawarra. Rasku, a native of Upiya, described the King of Upiyah as residing at Aati, a large town on a fresh-water lake called Ashinmara. Mahammah called the capital of Burnu, Kukawa, evidently the Kuka of Major Denham. Damuturu called it Burni Burnu. Almost all the negroes, it is to be observed, who were examined by M. de Castelnau, were brought down for sale to Akka (Egga, of Captain William Allen; Eko, of De Castelnau), on the Niger, and where the *Albert* anchored from the 28th of September, 1841, to the 5th of October of the same year. Egga is, according to Captain Allen, the capital of the great district of Eggara (Akkara?) or Igalla.

To turn now to information transmitted to this country by the two adventurous explorers of Central Africa, Messrs. Barth and Overweg, it appears from these communications, thus arriving from a kind of *terra incognita*, that the Shaikh of Burnu sent, in the latter end of 1851, an army to invade the countries situated eastward from Lake Tsad, and that army the travellers accompanied, hoping, under their protection, to explore the region as far as Borgu and Wadai. At no great distance from Lake Tsad, however, they were met by the enemy, defeated, and put to flight so suddenly, that Barth and Overweg saved their lives and instruments only by a quick retreat.

Having again reached Kuka, they learnt that another and a very considerable ghazzia was to be despatched, led on by the Wuzir of Burnu himself; but this time it was directed against the Sultan of Mandara, a country to the south of Burnu, already known through Major Denham, who there met with so narrow an escape on a similar occasion. The two travellers, however, were not to be discouraged, and set out again with the Burnuese army, which consisted of about 10,000 horse and the same number of foot soldiers, with innumerable trains of camels and other beasts of burden. On this occasion the army was more fortunate, the enemy

retreating as it advanced, and no regular battle even ensued. The army—and the travellers with them—went a considerable distance beyond Denham's furthest, and were only then stopped by the Sirbinal, a very considerable river running into the Shary.* The ghazzia thence returned with a booty of about 5000 slaves and 10,000 head of cattle, having been absent two months (December, 1851, and January, 1852). The regions visited are described as most fertile and rich. From the end of March to the end of May last, Dr. Overweg made a successful journey from Kuka in a south-westerly direction, and reached to within 150 English miles of Yacuba, the great town of the Fallatahs, while Dr. Barth went south-east on a journey to the powerful kingdom of Baghirmi. On the 15th of August, the former had not yet returned from that country to rejoin his companion at Kuka, their intention then being to push on to the south, towards the Indian Ocean, which to reach is their ultimate goal and the grand object of their gigantic journey, and which other three or four years will be necessary to bring to a close.

It appears that in the interval Overweg had also explored Lake Tsad by means of a boat, which had been conveyed with great labour from Tripoli on camels. Dr. Barth also succeeded in penetrating 350 miles to the south as far as Yula, the capital of Adamana, but there are no details as yet published of this journey. It is in Adamah, as he writes it, that De Castelnau places his Lake Yurara, which, according to his informant Mahammah, is situated three and a half days' march south of the capital, and which he calls Coineha (p. 11) and Cuaneha (p. 24) (Kuinka?). Mahammah described this capital of Adamah as a large city, situated on a fine river which flowed towards Lake Tsad, (?) but Dr. Barth reports having crossed, in his journey to Adamana, a splendid river, half a mile broad, and ten feet deep, which he calls the Benue, and which he ascertained to be the upper course of the Tsadda.

Further despatches and communications have since been received from the African travellers, from which it appears that Dr. Barth, after exploring the "powerful" kingdom of Baghirmi, had returned to Kuka in excellent health and spirits. The travellers, who had received liberal supplies from our own and the Prussian government, were still bent on crossing the African continent to the Indian Ocean—a most desirable route—which would bring them, in all probability, in contact with the snow mountains and lakes at or near the sources of the Nile. The travellers dwell strongly upon the urgency of a contemporary exploration of the country situated between the Kawara and Tchadda and the Equator. This is a region open to maritime survey, and, according to Mr. Petermann, a *reconnaissance* of these interesting regions is likely to be undertaken by the American expedition under Captain Lynch. They also recommend, and very justly so, as worthy of the attention of some enterprising and adventurous traveller, an exploratory journey from Mozambique or Kilwa in the direction of Lake Nyassi. The success of Mr.

* It appears from subsequent communications (see *Athenæum*, No. 1314, p. 26), that Masinna, or Maseña, the capital of Baghirmi, is situated on the Shary, or Asu, a tributary to Lake Tsad; and that the river which runs through the country of Loggene (Denham's Loggun) is not the Shary, as hitherto supposed, but only one of its tributaries. The real name of the river of Loggene is Loggeme (Lugguni and Laggumi ?), and it is called Sirbinal, or Serbenal, in its upper course.

Galton will no doubt pave the way for many future expeditions of a similar character, as that success tends to show that various portions of the interior may be reached, under favourable circumstances, from the nearest coast point; and in the Mozambique, as in the Bight of Benin, the labours of the missionaries have done much to facilitate the progress of future explorers, by removing the feeling everywhere prevalent among the natives in the neighbourhood of Portuguese settlements, that white men have only one object in travel—that of discovering new victims for bondage and slavery.

In connexion with the progress of geographical discovery in this part of Africa, Mr. A. Petermann writes :

The ascent of the Kawara (commonly called Niger) is at present once more seriously thought of in the plan of Lieutenant M'Leod, R.N., which, there is little doubt, is superior to any previous one, and justifies the hope of success. If this project be realised, it would be worthy of consideration to attempt the further exploration of the Tchadda on the same excellent plan. This river, as is well known, unites with the Kawara not far from its mouth, "which it certainly rivals, if it does not surpass it in magnificence." That this immense river—a second Niger—extends right into the heart of Inner Africa, was conjectured some time since, but only last year was this supposition corroborated by the actual exploration of Dr. Barth, who, in his journey to Adamana, crossed the Benue, a splendid river, half a mile broad, and ten feet deep, which he ascertained to be the upper course of the Tchadda. From all that Dr. Barth says in his last, as well as in his previous letters, I am inclined to think that the Tchadda will eventually form the natural and most important line from the west for spreading commerce and civilisation into the very heart of Inner Africa, and extinguishing the slave-trade by extending European influence to the sources of the slave supply. The Sheikh of Bornu has repeatedly expressed to the two travellers his desire of forming a closer bond of friendship with the English, for the purpose of establishing a peaceful and regular commerce, and abolishing the slave-trade, and the best proof of his sincerity towards the English is the kind and generous manner in which he has at all times treated their representatives. The kingdom of Adamana, situated in the valley of the upper Tchadda, with its pastoral and agricultural population, is spoken of as the most beautiful country in Central Africa, and as such may probably become the key to the interior of that continent.

At present the town of Kano, situated between the Kawara and Lake Tsad, is the great mart of the interior; there the English merchandise coming from the north by the very tedious and imperfect roads through the Great Desert, meets with the American merchandise coming by steam up the Kawara from the south, where, as is well known, American influence is spreading fast. The Great Desert will ever form a natural barrier and prevent the establishing of European commerce of any considerable magnitude; it is to the Kawara and the Tchadda, and more particularly the latter, that we must look as the means of a ready access into the virgin countries and the inexhaustible natural wealth of Inner Africa.

The "veteran African geographer," Mr. James MacQueen, in his "Notes on the Present State of the Geography of some Parts of Africa," published in the twentieth volume of the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," not only places due faith in the discovery of snow in the Kilimandjaro, but he also coincides with the discoverers of Lake Ngami, in the opinion that there is snow in the mountains east-north-east of that lake. De Lisle has a lake in about fifteen south latitude, and MacQueen believes, from information obtained by Viscount Bandeira, that there is more than one lake in the same mountain district, furnishing supplies to the

Coanza, or Quanza. The same geographer believes that the waters flowing from the northern sides of Kilimandjaro, flow into a lake called Ro, which almost vanishes during the dry season, leaving a very profitable incrustation of salt. Near and to the north-west of the same mountain another lake, called Lucajo, is supposed to exist, formed by the melting of the snow.

Monomoises, Mr. MacQueen says, is the name of a people, and not of a country; the capital of the Monomoises is Usambara, from whence is probably derived the well-known name and lake, Zambre. Mr. Cooley combats this view of the subject, arguing that Zambre is only another form for Zambese. Of still greater interest is the great lake Taganika, Zarahwah, or Bahar Safi, the existence of which is certified by Mr. MacQueen, from Krapf, the United States consul, the Prince of Muscat, and other authorities. This lake is crossed by the Luffia, Lufiji, or Roofoo, and is studded with islands—it would appear, indeed, to be rather a prolonged river expanded around low islands than a true lake. MacQueen places it in about 4 deg. 30 min. south latitude, and 31 deg. east longitude, and it is incorporated by Mr. Cooley into his far-spreading Nyassa. There is, says the latter critic, as Lopez has declared, *only one lake in these countries*.

Laying aside, however, such summary modes of disposing of a difficult question, the first Egyptian expedition up the White Nile, it will be remembered, left the Nile in 3 deg. 22 min. north latitude, descending from the south-east, and said to be from a lake. This would appear to be the most northerly of the lakes of Eastern Africa. From the point where Krapf learnt that a river took its origin from the northern acclivities of the snow-clad Kenia, to flow onwards to the country of the white people, is only about 245 miles. Krapf and MacQueen seem to consider these as the sources of the White Nile. But where the Egyptian expedition left that river, it was 1390 feet broad and about 3 deep, and such a body of water could scarcely have accumulated in so short a distance; hence we are inclined to think that the most remote sources will be found some distance south and south-west of Mount Kenia; and, as far as can be gathered from existing data, to be situated in the Kilima-ja-jeu, or Mountain of Whiteness (snow mountain), in the district of Kikuyu, of which Krapf received information from Kivoi, the chief of Kitui. It is true that Mr. Cooley is very wrath with this notice of another snow mountain in the interior of Eastern Africa. He does not believe that such an expression as Kilima-ja-jeu ever came from Kivoi's mouth. Mountain of Whiteness for White Mountain is, he says, a piece of affectation, of which he believes the "honest" (this, we suppose, by way of antithesis) African incapable, and the whole expression, he adds, "is evidently deficient in genuine grammar."* This may be true; the name may or may not be correctly given; but in a simple case like this, where a positive contradiction is given to the reports of, as far as we have reason to believe, a trustworthy traveller, upon mere critical grounds of grammatical construction, such a contradiction will be received at its true worth. These

* Baron von Muller ("Journ. of R. G. S.," vol. xx., p. 287) heard, on the "White River" itself, that it came from a high mountain, the top of which is quite white, and it was because it came from such a white mountain, that it was called the White River, or Bahr al Abiyad.

snowy mountains, whatever their name, and which appeared to Krapf, in the distance, "like a white stripe," appear to constitute the line of division between the tributaries of the Nile in the north, and of rivers flowing to the Indian Ocean to the south. Martin of Tyre, Mr. MacQueen remarks, stated that the Nile of Egypt rose under the Equator; the priests of the Temple of Minerva in Egypt told Herodotus the same, when they informed him that one-half of the waters of Africa ran to the north, and the other half to the south; Bruce also maintained that the furthest source of the White Nile was near the Equator.

To turn next to the consideration of Mr. Cooley's work, "*Inner Africa Laid Open*," we do not really see, notwithstanding its boastful title, that it contains much that is new, although there is certainly a great deal that is exceedingly conjectural. The Nile is still made to flow, against all modern evidence, except M. d'Abaddie's, from the east, first running south or south-west, and then turning round to flow due north! Mr. W. D. Cooley is staunch, even to obstinacy, in wielding geographical materials to suit his own purposes and his previously published ideas. The Lupata, or Spine of the World, identified by Dr. Beke with Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon, he discards altogether; while, *en revanche*, he brings the hilly or mountain district immediately north-east of Lake Nyassi into bold relief. The Monomoezi of the same author's "Memoir on the Geography of the Nyassi," published in the "*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*," vol. xv., 1845, are now changed to Moenemoezi. The word Uniamesi, which, he says, "Dr. Krapf, who coined it, renders 'possession of the moon,'" rests on abuse of analogy, and an imperfect perception of the first principles of the language, and is a flagrant specimen of mission-house jargon! "If Muenemoezi," he adds, with characteristic urbanity of style, "be the 'possessor of the moon,' surely his territory is the moon, and not the 'possession of the moon.' This moonstruck etymology exhibits sad drivelling." Mr. Cooley has shown, at all events, that he can vary his orthography as well as others. He admits that the word *mono*, *muna*, or *muene*, in the languages or dialects of Eastern Africa, implies a sovereign, but he says the name of the moon is written *mézi*, not *moezi*. Now Dr. Krapf and Mr. Rebmann, who have been in the country, say the natives call it *Monomezi* and *Uniamenzi*; but Mr. Cooley says that "the Sawahili pronounce either *Moennemoezi* (*Mwene Mwezi*) or *Manamoezi*, and write the latter, *but probably* their practice is not invariable." This merely to prove that the word has no reference to the moon. But if Mr. Cooley could have to alter the first syllable *mon* in his first publication, into *moen* in the present, so he may equally have erred in adopting *moezi* for *mezi*. If *Monomoezi*, or *Monomezi*, does not signify sovereignty of the moon, or moon-land, it behoved Mr. Cooley to say what it did signify. He might, as far as the argument at present stands, just as well say that Ptolemy never placed any Mountains of the Moon in Central Africa, or that Fernandez de Enciso did not say that the Nile had its origin in a great lake in the Mountains of the Moon. At all events, the question is involved in difficulties, which by no means warrant the abuse vented by Mr. Cooley upon the hard-working and truth-seeking missionaries.

Mr. Cooley admits the existence of Mount Kenia and Kilimandjaro,

which he alters into Kilima Njaro, but only as isolated peaks,* and he rejects indignantly the idea of the latter being a snow-clad mountain. Mr. Rebmann, he says, was confessedly short-sighted. He could not even see the rhinoceroses in his path ! The reverend missionaries' statements, he adds, betray weak powers of observation, strong fancy, an eager craving for wonders, and childish reasoning. This, because certain Sawahili traders questioned by Mr. Cooley denied the existence of perpetual snow in Africa as far as their knowledge extended. But Dr. Krapf also saw the snows on Kilimandjaro several times. He may, Mr. Cooley says, have seen "pure white quartz." Pure quartz, we may observe, would be translucent, not white.

Mr. Cooley rejects, in the same supercilious tone, all the information obtained by the reverend missionaries as to the rivers which have their sources on the western slopes of Mounts Kilimandjaro and Kenia, and their offsets, as also the existence of a Lake Ndurkenia, or Kirenja, and of the River Nsaraddi flowing thence into Lake Baringo. The geographical information collected by Dr. Krapf, he says, is so confused and indefinite as to be nearly valueless :—" Miserably poor in facts, he is profuse in theory, his distances are exaggerated, his bearings all in disorder, his etymologies puerile, and he seems to want altogether those habits of mental accuracy without which active reason is a dangerous faculty!"

This is what Mr. Cooley calls reducing the discoveries recently made in Eastern Africa by the missionaries settled near Mombas "to an authentic shape, and in their just proportions." The public will, we suspect, rather think that it is treating the positive assertions of two reverend travellers with very little deference. The soreness seems to lie in the resolute energy with which Dr. Krapf aims at solving, single-handed (for, says Mr. Cooley, "he repels every aid"), all the great problems of African geography. No wonder that ambitious, energetic, hard-working men in this spot—men who hold that geographical discovery should precede evangelisation—should dispense with theories begat in the smoke of London, to investigate and describe the realities before them ! Which will the public, till further light is thrown upon the subject, choose between—the actual statements of the travellers Krapf and Rebmann, or the controversies of Mr. Cooley ? But even supposing Mr. Cooley to be in the right, and rivers five yards broad and five inches deep, and that in summer time, are not indicative of the vicinity of perpetual snow, and Messrs. Krapf and Rebmann to be in error upon that particular point ; what possible good purpose does it answer to assail the indefatigable and often suffering travellers in such terms as Mr. Cooley indulges in ? The attack upon M. Douville's private character is in sufficiently bad taste ; but the language in which the reverend missionaries are spoken of, is such as no person who has the character of a gentleman to uphold, would for a moment give way to. If the reverend missionaries are wrong, surely they could be set right without vituperation and scurrility : the use of such weapons of itself betrays a bad cause, a passionate partisanship, and an uncontrollable controversial bias. If, on the contrary, time shows that

* What has become of the Jagga Mountains, the Teita Mountains to the east, the Ugoni Mountains south-west, and others to the north, which rose to a height of from 4000 to 6000 feet ? What, also, of the Bura and Ndara Mountains, close to Kilimandjaro, or Kilima-dja-aro ?

the missionaries are in the right, in what position will that man stand who, not content with disputing the authenticity of the travellers, has proclaimed their reasoning to be childish, their powers of observation to be weak, their facts valueless, their minds inaccurate, their testimony (by implication) dishonest, and their very veracity doubtful? It has been truly remarked, that that which best promotes a liberal way of thinking is a thorough knowledge of ourselves, and a candid allowance for the faults of others. We fear Mr. Cooley is sadly deficient in both these points. Certainly, since the days of Bruce, there has been no such an example of so illiberal and so extraordinary an assault in the part of a stay-at-home critic and cabinet geographer, on two absent and defenceless travellers.

But this dull, cynical critic has made us as morose as himself. There are no geographical popes—no cosmological infallibilities, and we may fairly be allowed to pass on to other subjects. The Nyassi of Mr. Cooley in 1845, and Nyassa of the same author in 1852, and which in the former year was allowed a genial expanse, stretching indefinitely within the meridian of 30 deg. east, is now, by a great sacrifice on the part of this redoubtable critical geographer, withdrawn within the said meridian. The new Zambese, which the same infallible critic made in 1845 to flow into the south-east end of the Nyassi, is now made to flow in an exactly opposite direction into the Luapula. If any other unfortunate map-maker had been guilty of such an inconsistency, what an onslaught would have awaited him from the pen of this doughty champion of African geography! The dominions of the Cazembe are now called Alunda. The Movisa Mountains, Muchinque Tanga, and Quichinga have disappeared, and the kingdom of Muropua is replaced by the city of Muropoe or Muata Yanoof.

At the time when Mr. Cooley's work was compiled, the results of the travels in the interior of South Africa of Mr. Galton, and of the later travels of Messrs. Livingston and Oswell, published in the 22nd volume of the "*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*," were not available to the author; and we need not say how much more "*Inner Africa*" has really been "*laid open*" by these journeys, than by the publication of so much cabinet criticism.

It appears from these researches, that the region of the Ovaherero, or Damara—a blank in Mr. Cooley's map—is a thinly inhabited district, with a very diversified configuration, and that the Swakop and Walvisch Bay are the natural and hitherto neglected approaches to the interior in that direction. It appears, also, that the Ovampo country, to the north of this, and the natural approach to which is the Nourse, or some neighbouring river, is a charming corn country, inhabited by a happy, prosperous, intelligent people, living under a king, and enjoying a certain degree of civilisation. And it further appears that the great expanse of Central Southern Africa, north of the Kalahari Desert, is a great hydrographical basin, of which Lake Ngami and its congener appear to constitute the axis. The chief rivers in this basin are the Embarah, the Tzo, the Teoge, and the Zouga. The Tzo, the sources of which are strangely placed in Mr. Cooley's map close to Lake Ngami, flows into the Zouga. A branch of the Chobé, itself a tributary to the Zambese, is also made to flow into the Zouge by the Mahabé; as a branch of the Embarah is also made to flow into the Chobé. These are hydrographical puzzles that require further investigation before they can be

admitted as positively proven. The great central river Sesheke—the Tobatsi of Cooley, and which the latter depicts as losing itself in the Twelve Salt Pans—is determined to be a tributary to the Zambese. This river forces its way through the mountains to the Indian Ocean by the Mosi-oa-tunya, or the Sikota Falls. This course of the Sesheke will explain that which struck so much the intelligent editor of the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," that Sebitoane's people knew the Zambesa.

Mr. Galton landed in Walfisch Bay in August, 1850, but having to purchase and break in oxen for his onward journey, he did not start for the interior till February, 1851. The country was at the time in a state of great confusion, the Namaquas being at war with the Damaras. His course from Barmen led him through the middle and most populous part of Damara-land, at the further frontier of which, one of the waggons breaking down, he rode on across a Bushman tract to the Ovampo, and returned thence to his then mended waggon, and came back to Barmen, which he reached in August, 1851. He thence sent a messenger overland to the Cape, to make arrangements for forwarding a vessel to meet him at Walfisch Bay in December or January; and, lightening one waggon as far as he could, he started, with all his available oxen, on a quick journey eastwards. At a place called Elephant Fountain, he was joined by Amiral, a Hottentot chief; and leaving his waggon there, he rode on with him as far as Otchombindé (called by the Hottentots Tounobis), and returning thence, he arrived with utterly exhausted oxen on the coast in December, 1851.

The new country explored in these adventurous expeditions, Mr. Galton describes as being the broadly developed end of that chain of hills and high land which runs parallel and near to the western coast, from Cape Colony upwards, and separates the Fish River from the sea. Though this country is dotted over with hills, and even groups of hills, and is very deeply scored on its western face with water-courses, yet, in its general aspect, it consists simply of a plain, sloping steadily away on all sides from a small district of the greatest elevation, which is situated about the sites of the mountains Omatako, Diambotodthu, and thence to Awass, and which (from boiling water observation) lies some 6000 feet above the sea level. From this district the watershed, eastwards, falls with a very gentle inclination to the cup-shaped basin of Central South Africa, to its lakes, its flooded lands, and interlacing rivers; northwards, with still less incline, to a large river, of which the Cunene is a tributary, and which appears to drain that basin; southwards from Awass, Fish River begins its long and peculiar course towards the colony; and the comparatively steep western slope is ploughed up by the Kuisip, the Swakop, and five other more northerly river-courses, which run into the Atlantic. The sea face of this broad belt is, except along the water-courses, uninhabitable, as during half the year there is no water, and scarcely any pasturage. A strip of desert sand, forty miles wide, follows the coast line; beyond which lies, north of Walfisch Bay, the barren Kaoko, and to the south of it the arid Namaqua land. The summit of the belt is a dense, impracticable thorn coppice, though affording grass and a few scanty springs; but as we descend westward, and at about 220 miles from the coast, the thorns almost cease, and the land assumes the appearance of those broad plains covered

with grass and timber trees, that have so often been described as lying between the Orange River and the Limpopo. Again, in the far north, at the latitude of Ondonga, the country becomes one of most striking and peculiar fertility.

Over all these parts the rains are periodical; but the true rainy season may be considered to be between the first of January and the last of April. The rivers are also all periodical, and run to different extents in different years. The Kuisip has been known to reach the sea only about three times in six years. Of late the Swakop has flowed three or four times every rainy season; yet, when it was first seen by Europeans, about ten years ago, the whole of the lower part of its course was choked with sand-hills, bushes, and trees; these the first inundation swept entirely away, since which most violent torrents have passed down it.

Mr. Galton describes his approach to Ondonga, the extreme point north that he reached, and not far from the Nourse river, in glowing terms. "It is difficult," he says, "for me to express the delight we all felt when in the evening of the next day we suddenly emerged out of the dense and thorny coppice in which we had so long been journeying, and the charming corn country of Ondonga lay stretched like a sea before us. The agricultural wealth of the land, so far exceeding our most sanguine expectations—the beautifully grouped groves of palms—the dense, magnificent, park-like trees—the broad, level fields of corn, interspersed with pasturage, and the orderly villages on every side, gave an appearance of diffused opulence and content, with which I know no other country that I could refer to for a parallel."

Mr. Galton spent three weeks very pleasantly at the residence of Nangoro, king of the corn district of Ovampo; but this chief would not allow him to proceed further north, although he was only four long, or five comparatively easy journeys to the "Great River."*

As the result of the second journey eastward to T'ounobis, not very far from Lake Ngami, Mr. Galton says, "I can guarantee the road from Walfisch Bay towards the interior to be perfectly open at any season of the year, and, except in the driest of times, from T'ounobis onwards." T'ounobis itself is only a fountain in a river-course, with a large village of Bushmen. The land all around is hard sand, with plenty of trees, but not so thickly overgrown as to form any obstacle to a waggon, and growing but very few thorns. The spring is described as being frequented by a perfectly marvellous quantity of game.

The Bushmen called Lake Ngami, Il'Annee, and described it as being seven days' journey, or some 120 geographical miles thence, in a direction north, 75 deg. east, compass.

Mr. Galton describes Ovampo-land as a remarkably healthy country, and so, also, is Damara-land. The corn-growing tribes of Ovampo are considered as blacks, a highly civilised people, well-ordered, honest, laborious, and neat. The Damaras are a vagabond, lazy, thieving, pastoral race. Hottentots live to the south; Mationa Caffres to the east; and besides these, are the Bushmen, Namaqua Hottentots, and the Ghou Damup, whom Mr. Galton supposes to be the aborigines of the country south of the Ovampo. The Damaras are tall, upright, and often remark-

* Mr. Galton doubts if this river is the same as the Nourse. He thinks it is a distinct river flowing into Little Fish Bay.

ably handsome men, with fine, manly, open countenances, and beautifully chiselled features. They have no idea of a Supreme Being; two trees are supposed to be the universal progenitors. They have no government, and are devoid of all national or social ties. Ondonga, on the contrary, in Ovampo, is plotted out into small, well-farmed holdings of corn and pasturage, each occupied by a family. Every one has the appearance of plenty. The king is despotic, and laws against theft are peculiarly severe. The tribute to the king is small, and paid by a per centage on the tobacco grown, and not on the corn. The Ovampo possess the entire carrying trade between the Damaras and the Portuguese.

Messrs. Livingston and W. C. Oswell, in their latest explorations, followed their former route till they came to 'Nchokota. From thence they crossed the dry bed of the Zouga into the central district of salt pans, one of which was at least fifteen miles broad, and perhaps one hundred long. Beyond these the country was level and hard, and covered with mopane and baobab-trees, the underlying rock being white tufa, in which a great number of springs of good water are found. The country was inhabited by a superior race of Bushmen, who feed upon insects that live in a dwelling like a limpet-shell, fixed on the leaves of the mopane. When they reached the Mababe, it was infested with the terrible fly, called Tsetse, the bite of which is fatal to all domestic animals. Thence they reached the Chobé, in latitude 18 deg. 20 min. south, and longitude 26 deg. east, where they stayed for upwards of two months, visiting in the interval the great river Sesheke. The whole of this district is now governed by the Makololo, or Quilolo (captain?), in the name of the daughter of Sebitoane, who died while the travellers were on the Chobé.

This central district of South Africa is described as being nearly a dead level, intersected by numerous deep rivers, amid which immense reedy bogs or swamps stretch away in almost every direction. The rivers in this region are not like many which bear the name in South Africa, dry at certain seasons, but they were found to flow with considerable rapidity at the end of an extraordinary dry season. This would seem to indicate an origin from some central mountain district that rises about the line of perpetual snow. The lands on which the people pasture their cattle, make their gardens, and build their towns, are raised only a few feet above the prevailing level. The rivers overflow their banks annually, and at such a time the whole country presents the appearance of a vast lake, with numerous islands scattered over its surface. The natives then traverse the country in every direction in their canoes, to visit their island gardens and pastures. The baobab, date-tree, Palmyra, and many fruit-bearing evergreens grow in this region, and alligators and hippopotami abound in the rivers. The slave-trade is said to have begun in this region only in 1850. The natives are black, and the language of the court is the Sichuana.

An immense field is thus opened by these discoveries to geographers and travellers, and to missionary and commercial enterprise. The Zambezi points out the way to the central Makololo district, the Swakop and Nourse rivers, to the Damara and Ovampo lands, and to the central hydrographical basin of Southern Africa beyond. The friendly feelings of the followers of Sebitoane, and the predominance of dialects of the Sichuana, give facilities to the former, the abundance of long-neglected stores of ivory would alone reward the latter.

To turn from these facts to considerations even of a higher order, Mr. A. Bain has shown that the oldest rocks at Cape Colony (whether crystalline gneiss or clay-slate, here and there penetrated by granite), form a broken coast fringe around the colony, from the southern to its western and eastern shores, and are surmounted by sandstones, which appear, from the fossils they contain, to be the equivalents of the Silurian or oldest fossil-bearing rocks. These primeval strata, occupying the higher grounds, of which the Table Mountain is an example, and dipping inland from all sides, are overlaid by carboniferous strata, in which, if no good coal has yet been found, it is clear, as Sir Roderick Murchison has remarked, that its true place is ascertained; and as Mr. Bain has detected many species of fossil plants of that age, we may still find the mineral pabulum for the steamers which frequent these coasts.

Above all these ancient strata, and occupying, therefore, a great central trough or basin, strata occur, which are remarkable from being charged with terrestrial and fresh-water remains only; and it is in a portion of this great accumulation that Mr. Bain disinterred fossil bones of most peculiar quadrupeds. One of the types of these, which Professor Owen named *Dicynodon* from its bidental upper jaw, is a representative, during a remote secondary period, of the lacertine associates of the hippopotami of the present lakes and waters.

The consideration of these facts, and the contemplation of the general physical features of Africa, as displayed to us by recent researches, have led Sir Roderick I. Murchison to speculate upon what he justly designates as the entirely new and grand geographical phenomenon, that such as Africa is now, such have been her main features during countless past ages anterior to the creation of the human race.—(Address at the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, 24th of May, 1852.)

The old rocks which form the outer fringe of the African continent, unquestionably circled round an interior marshy or lacustrine country, in which the *Dicynodon* flourished at a time, when not a single animal was similar to any living thing which now inhabits the surface of our globe. The present central and meridian zone of waters, whether lakes, rivers, or marshes, extending from Lake Tshad to Lake Ngami, with hippopotami on their banks, are, therefore, but the great modern, residual, geographical phenomena of those of a mesozoic age. The differences, however, between the geological past of Africa and her present state are enormous. Since that primeval time the lands have been much elevated above the sea-level—eruptive rocks piercing in parts through them; deep rents and defiles have been suddenly formed in the subtending ridges, through which some rivers escape outwards, whilst others flowing inwards are lost in the interior sands and lakes; and with those great ancient changes entirely new races have been created.

Travellers will eventually ascertain whether the basin-shaped structure, which is here announced as having been the great feature of the most ancient, as it is of the actual geography of Southern Africa (i. e., from primeval times to the present day), does or does not extend into Northern Africa. Looking at that much broader portion of the continent, we have some reason to surmise, that the higher mountains also form, in a general sense, its flanks only. Thus, wherever the sources of the Nile may ultimately be fixed and defined, we are now pretty well assured that they lie in lofty mountains at no great distance from the

east coast. In the absence of adequate data, we are not yet entitled to speculate too confidently on the true sources of the White Nile; but, judging from the observations of the missionaries Krapf and Rebmann, and the position of the snow-capped mountains called Kilimandjaro and Kenia (only distant from the eastern sea about 300 miles), and still more particularly the Kilima-ja-jeu, it may be said that there is no exploration in Africa to which greater value would be attached than an ascent of them from the east coast, possibly from near Mombas. The adventurous travellers who shall first lay down the true position of these equatorial snowy mountains, and who shall satisfy us that they not only throw off the waters of the White Nile to the north, but some to the east, and will further answer the query, whether they may not also shed off other streams to a great lacustrine and sandy interior of this continent, will be justly considered among the greatest benefactors of this age to geographical science!

The great east and west range of the Atlas, which in a similar general sense forms the northern frontier of Africa, is, indeed, already known to be composed of primeval strata and eruptive rocks, like those which encircle the Cape Colony on the south, and is equally fissured by transverse rents. As to the hills which fringe the west coast, and through apertures of which the Niger and the Gambia escape, we have yet to learn if they are representatives of similar ancient rocks, and thus complete the analogy of Northern with Southern Africa. Still, everything, as Sir R. I. Murchison more or less satisfactorily shows, tends to establish an original basin-like arrangement of all Africa, through the existence of a grand encircling girdle of the older rocks, which, though exhibited at certain distances from her present shores, is still external, as regards her vast interior.

With no region of the old world have we been till very lately so ill acquainted as Africa. But now the light is dawning quickly upon us from all sides; and in the generation which follows (says the same authority), I have no doubt that many of the links in the chain of inductive reasoning, as to the history of the successively lost races of that part of the globe, will be made known, from the earliest recognisable zones of animal life, through the secondary and tertiary periods of geologists. Passing thence to the creation of mankind, and to the subsequent accumulations of the great delta of the Nile, we have recently been put in the way of learning what has been the amount of wear and tear of the upland or granitic rocks, and what the additions to the great alluvial plain of Lower Egypt, since man inhabited that almost holy region, and erected in it some of his earliest monuments. But how long will it be before we shall be able to calculate backwards by our finite measure of time, to those remote periods in which some of the greatest physical features of this continent were impressed upon it, when the lofty mountains from which the Nile flows were elevated, and when the centre of Africa (certainly all its southern portion) was a great lacustrine jungle, inhabited by the Dicynodon and other lost races of animals? How far, it might be added, to this able summary of recent African discovery, would the discovery of a caudate race of men in the same lands, add also to the links in the chain of inductive reasoning applied to a successive creation, and help to fill up the lost links in the gradation of the animal kingdom?

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NOW PUBLISHING
IN THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE FLITCH OF BACON:

OR,

The Custom of Dunmow.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

This Tale of English Home was commenced in the JANUARY NUMBER of the NEW MONTHLY, and will be continued regularly until completion.

JANUARY.

PART THE FIRST.—THE OLD INN AT DUNMOW.—Chap. I. From which it may be inferred that Perseverance in a Good Cause will meet its Reward. II. How Jonas Nettlebed counted his Chickens before they were hatched. III. Of the Strange Guest who arrived at the Flitch. IV. How Abel Roper, the Steward, obtained an insight into the Old Gentleman's breast. V. Showing that Frank Woodbine should have Looked before he Leaped. VI. The Jury of Bachelors and Maidens; and what they did.

FEBRUARY.

PART THE SECOND.—THE GAMEKEEPER'S COTTAGE.—Chap. I. How Dr. Plot visited the Old Priory Church of Dunmow. II. A Peep at the Gamekeeper's Wife. III. Dr. Plot gives Reasons for his Disbelief in Conjugal Felicity; and relates the Particulars of an Unfortunate Marriage. IV. The Pigeon and the Book.

MORNING POST.

"MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH's new story, entitled the 'Flitch of Bacon; or, the Custom of Dunmow,' if conducted to its close with the same spirit that has so agreeably signalised its opening, will do more for the literary reputation of its author than any work he has yet essayed. It is dramatic in incident, highly diversified in character, and thoroughly English in sentiment. If MR. AINSWORTH will only continue as he has begun, we shall have to thank him for as pleasant a story as we have read for many a day."

SUN.

"We have reason now to congratulate the readers of the *New Monthly*, not only upon the return of MR. AINSWORTH to them in his capacity as a 'Story-teller,' but also upon his beginning once more for their pleasure to interlard his romances with Ballads like those which some time back imparted so much zest to '*Crichton*,' and to '*Rookwood*.'"

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 198, PICCADILLY.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE FLITCH OF BACON:

OR,

THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW.

A TALE OF ENGLISH HOME.*

BY THE EDITOR.

The Bacon was not set for them I trow,
That some men have in Essex at Dunmow.

CHAUCER. *Wife of Bath's Prologue.*

PART THE THIRD.

The Lord of the Manor of Little Dunmow.

I.

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT THERE MAY BE MORE WAYS THAN ONE OUT OF A CELLAR; AND MORE ROOMS, THAN ARE GENERALLY SUSPECTED, IN AN OLD HOUSE.

FRANK WOODBINE was locked up in the cellar. That we know. Now to see what he did there.

Not expecting his confinement to be of very long duration, since Nelly had promised to liberate him as soon as the coast was clear, Frank took it quietly enough at first, amusing himself by thinking how cleverly the bailiffs had been tricked; but when a long interval of time had elapsed: and it seemed much longer to him than it really was: he began to find the detention exceedingly irksome, and made several futile attempts to force open the door.

Another hour of restraint increased his impatience to such a degree, that unable to rest inactive, he began to grope about the place in every direction to ascertain if, by possibility, any other mode of egress existed. Though he moved as carefully as he could in the dark, he managed to upset a good many bottles, and more than once came in contact with a mouldy old beer-cask; but at length, he contrived to hit upon the entrance to the inner vaults, and passing through it, went on, with even greater

*  NOTICE.—The Author reserves the copyright of this Tale in France, and the right of publishing a French Translation of the work; as provided by the Treaty.

caution than before; becoming sensible from the increased dampness of the atmosphere, and the broken condition of the floor, together with the litter scattered about, that he had got into some neglected depository of rubbish, where there might be danger of a serious fall. Happily, no such accident occurred to him.

A second doorway ensued, and a second vault, full of rubbish like the first. Here he found a ladder lying on the ground, and placed—as he luckily discovered in time—across the mouth of a deep, circular hole: an old well it might be, to judge from the dampness of the brickwork: into which he had a narrow escape of being precipitated, headlong.

Passing by this dangerous abyss with a shudder at the risk he had run, he entered a third vault terminated by a short flight of stone steps, down which he descended, wondering where they would land him. When at the bottom, his further progress was impeded by a door. It was locked; but being in no mood to be stopped, and the lock chancing to be on the side next him, he took up a brick from the loose pavement, and knocked off the rusty fastening with a blow.

No further hindrance then. A narrow passage presented itself; circuitous, and gradually rising as he advanced along it. He was delighted to find the air become fresher, and the obscurity decrease with each step he took, until at last, the full light of the moon burst upon him, shining down from a grated aperture in the walls. Unluckily, this aperture was out of reach; but even if accessible, the closeness and strength of the bars rendered escape by it wholly impracticable.

Further on, a blank wall opposed him. The passage had evidently communicated with some chamber beyond, but the doorway had been blocked up, as was shown by the comparative freshness of the brickwork.

To all appearance, he had reached the end of his course. All this trouble had been taken, all this risk run, for nothing.

But he would not go back till he had looked carefully round. Trap-doors and secret passages he knew were to be found in many old houses. Might not similar contrivances exist here? Entertaining the conviction that they might, he examined the walls, and sounded the brickwork; but with no satisfactory result.

At last, when just giving up the search, he chanced upon a small stone let into the wall, with the figure V. carved upon it.

What could it mean? There was no corresponding mark near it that he could detect; and yet the figure must have some significance.

He counted five yards, and they brought him exactly to the blocked-up doorway. Returning to the starting-point, he took the like number of steps in the opposite direction, and being still within the scope of the moon's rays, clearly perceived the figure IV. cut on the wall. Four steps more brought him to III.; three to II.; and though the next movement almost involved him in gloom, he could trace with his finger, upon a piece of stone, the number I.

Here he halted.

The walls, on examination, proved to be of hard brickwork. The floor sounded firm beneath his tread, and returned no hollow reverberation. Looking upwards, he could just distinguish, in the partial obscurity, a chain dangling from the roof.

The chain seemed within reach, and springing aloft, he succeeded in

grasping it, and in maintaining his hold. But the attempt had nearly proved his destruction ; for his weight brought down a heavy board to which the iron links were attached, and the edge of the wood striking him in its fall, and grazing one of his temples, laid him prostrate, bleeding, and senseless.

How long he remained in this state he knew not ; but when he recovered, his limbs felt stiff, and he could only move them at first with considerable difficulty. His hair and face were covered with coagulated blood. A wonder he had not been killed.

Serious, however, as might have been the accident, it rendered him an important service. The fall of the board had left a square opening in the roof, through which he could distinguish some portion of a chamber illumined by the moon. From the bolts and rings as well as the rusty chain attached to it, it was evident the board had been used as a trap-door.

How to attain the room above was now the question ? He was not long in solving it. Bethinking him of the ladder he had met with in the vaults, he resolved to fetch it. The plan was no sooner conceived than executed ; and on application, the ladder being found to reach the square hole above, it was soon securely planted, and mounting the steps with eagerness, he effected an entrance near the fireplace of a large deserted-looking chamber.

Deserted, indeed.

No human footstep, it would seem, had invaded it for many and many a year. Whether it was equally avoided by members of the Invisible World, was not so clear. It seemed especially adapted to them, and a ghostly atmosphere pervaded the place. The room had once been magnificently decorated ; but time and neglect had despoiled it of its splendour. The lofty windows were boarded up, but some of the planks having given way from the effects of weather, the moonlight streamed in through the interstices. The walls were panelled, and the wainscots had been covered with rich tapestry, but the arras was mildewed, stained, and rotten, as were the window-curtains, and hung down in strips and tatters. The mirrors in their richly gilt and curiously-carved frames were dull and tarnished. The moulded ceiling was cracked and blistered, and festooned with cobwebs. The furniture was of an antique and cumbrous form, but its gilt leather and silken coverings were sullied and moth-eaten. The portraits had nearly all perished, and the canvas on which several had been painted, had dropped from their frames.

Two only, from some unaccountable reason, remained in a tolerable state of preservation. Both of these were full-length portraits, admirably painted, and almost lifelike in character and expression. One was the likeness of a man, between forty and fifty, habited in a rich court dress of George the First's time ; the other that of an exquisitely beautiful woman, some twenty years younger, and equally richly attired in robes of the same period. Yet in spite of the lady's beauty, there were traces of sadness in her looks. Her splendid garb seemed to hide an anxious heart, and the smile upon her sundered lips had a touch of melancholy in it. She was of a noble presence, stately figure, and majestic carriage, with a full person, rounded arms, and fine shoulders.

Her eyes were black and large, but though their brilliancy was softened by the sadness pervading the mouth, they were full of latent fire and spirit. The brows were dark and well defined; the hair jetty, raised from the beautiful forehead, and crowning the head as with a natural tiara. The features were classical in shape; the complexion of a rich brown.

This portrait riveted Frank Woodbine's attention. He continued to gaze at it until tears rushed to his eyes, and as a relief, turned to the other picture.

To deny that the person here represented was handsome would be impossible. Yet his good looks were almost entirely marred by a peculiar and forbidding expression. It was not easy to say in what the expression consisted, or whence it arose. It might be pride, or suspicion, or excessive irritability. All these feelings seemed to lurk there, and indeed broke forth in parts of the singular physiognomy—singular, because there was as much good in it as evil; the former qualities being in such strength that they might have preponderated, if allowed fair play. Irritability, scorn, and sarcasm hovered about the mouth; but they were held in check, or corrected by highly nervous sensibility. Pride was the dominant expression of the face; and yet the haughty brow and imperious eye were tempered and restrained by a look suggestive of benevolence and even humility. So many opposite qualities were blended and confounded together, that the face seemed a mere bundle of contradictions, enough to puzzle any one who made it his study. The features were sharp, well defined, and full of intelligence. In stature, this oddly-compounded personage was rather above the ordinary standard; but he lost something of his height from lameness: a defect which, instead of being concealed, was rather obtrusively displayed by the artist; probably at the suggestion of the original of the picture. Apart from this drawback, the figure was finely formed, though, perhaps, too spare. The eyes looked out of the picture, steadily confronting the beholder, and seeming to follow him with their keen glances about the room.

The contemplation of this picture produced no such effects on Frank Woodbine as had been excited by the first. On the contrary, his aspect assumed unwonted sternness, and he frowned angrily as he met the penetrating gaze it seemed to fix upon him. This sentiment of displeasure, however, soon gave way to pity; and, as if fearing his indignation might be re-awakened, he placed himself once more under the gentler though saddening influence of the lady's melancholy eyes.

While thus occupied, Frank completely forgot the situation in which he was placed. Thoughts of the past—painful thoughts—swept over his mind, to the exclusion, for the moment, of all other considerations. But at length, the necessity of exertion rousing him from his sombre reverie, he went towards the windows for the purpose of ascertaining on what they opened; ever and anon looking back at the two portraits, and thinking one of them was watching him with its keen glances.

Clouded with long-accumulated dust, and further obscured by the action of the frost, the windows were so dimmed, that no view could be obtained from them, except through a broken pane; and hence he discovered that immediately beneath him there was a small secluded court,

screened from outer observation by a thick belt of trees. This court, moreover, having been excavated to a considerable depth below the rest of the habitation, in all probability faced the walled-up chamber, once communicating with the passage he had recently traversed; making it evident that every precaution had been taken to secure privacy and seclusion to this part of the building, when in occupation. It became evident also, on further investigation, that the apartments had been very suddenly as well as very carefully closed, and had continued wholly undisturbed until his intrusion upon them.

Abandoning all idea of descent from the windows, Frank looked about for some other outlet, and was then astonished by a peculiarity in the chamber, which had hitherto escaped his notice: there was no door to it.

Here then was a fresh dilemma, out of which he saw no means of extricating himself. He must go back after all, and had unwillingly come to this conclusion, when chancing to cast a glance at the portrait, the eyes of which seemed constantly tracking him, he fancied he could read so much mockery and malice in its looks that he resolved not to give up his search for the secret entrance; feeling convinced, from the peculiar arrangements of the room, that such an entrance must exist.

While shaking the panels, and pressing against them to see if one would slide back, he came upon a table on which an *escritoire* was placed, with writing materials near it; affording ample evidence of the suddenness with which the chamber had been forsaken and shut up. Nothing had been removed from the room; and probably no one had been allowed to enter it, after it was abandoned by its occupant. The *escritoire* was open, and an unfinished letter was lying near it—the paper discoloured by time, and the ink faded. Incited by curiosity, Frank took it to the window to read it. Its perusal roused new emotions, and of a wholly different character, in his breast. He again glanced at the portrait, and fancy now changed the look he encountered to one of sadness and sympathy. Carefully folding the letter, he placed it within his breast.

Within the *escritoire* were several documents and papers, with none of which Frank thought it right to meddle, until he came to a packet sealed with black wax, and inscribed—"FOR LADY FITZWALTER. TO BE DELIVERED, AFTER MY DEATH.—W. F.W."

With trembling hands, Frank took up this packet; his first thought being to secure it. But the portrait seemed to admonish him to desist, and he laid it down again, though not without reluctance.

He had scarcely done so, when he was greatly startled by an occurrence which, for the moment, seemed to partake of the supernatural; though it was presently explained. Appearing to detach itself from its frame, the portrait advanced towards him. He hastily retreated; and it was well he did so, for he was scarcely out of reach when the picture fell to the ground with a tremendous clatter that shook the whole room, and filled it with a cloud of dust. The explanation of the occurrence was obvious. His own hasty movements had no doubt shaken the picture, and dislodged it from its supports, which it appeared, on examination, were rusty and decayed. With some difficulty he managed to rear it up again, though not to its former position, and in doing so, he perceived what he had been searching for so anxiously—a sliding panel.

On the fall of the picture, the panel had flown open ; the spring being in some way connected with the frame, which had moved upon hinges like a door. His course was now uninterrupted.

The passage, into which the sliding panel admitted him, was very narrow and intricate, and its close mouldy smell showed how long it had been disused. After traversing it for some time, and speculating where and when it would terminate, for it evidently led to the other end of the building; he mounted a short flight of wooden steps, and came to a small closet.

It was now quite clear that he had gained the habitable part of the house, for he could not only see a light through the chinks in the oak boards forming the front of the closet, but could hear voices, some of which he recognised. Jonas Nettlebed and his wife were making merry, it appeared, with some company in the hall below. Frank now knew where he was. The little closet was partitioned off the gallery, near the head of the staircase, and was no doubt quite unknown to the present inmates of the house. Nor did he desire they should be made acquainted with its existence, or with that of the chamber he had discovered. So he hesitated to go forth, though he easily detected a secret door amid the boards, and had only to press a knob of iron to become free. He was compelled to act thus cautiously from hearing a whispering sound in the gallery, as if two persons were standing there, engaged in muttered discourse. These persons he found were Carrotty Dick and Peggy, and it was the light of the candle held by the pretty chambermaid that reached him through the cracks in the boards.

While thus detained, Frank examined the place into which he had got. It was little more than a large cupboard, and constituted a receptacle for strange lumber. Amongst other things, he found a suit of old armour placed upon a stand. Most likely it had been put there out of the way, and forgotten. This knightly equipment, which might have belonged to the first Fitzwalter, as it had some of the peculiarities of the mailed statue on the tomb in the old Priory Church, was complete from top to toe : plate armour with a chain shirt beneath it. If the panoply could stalk forth, how it would terrify the loiterers on the gallery, and rout all the laughing company below. What so easy as to carry this notion into effect ? Thinking so, Frank instantly set to work, and arrayed himself in the old warrior's battle harness, putting on the chain shirt, the breast-plate and greaves, the vantagebraces and gauntlets ; and binding his handkerchief round his head, to protect his wounded temple, finally clapped on the casque. The armour fitted as if fashioned for him.

When fully equipped, he moved towards the secret door, slowly and with difficulty, for the weight of iron considerably impeded his movements. Having reached the point of exit, he listened for a moment. All seemed quiet in the gallery, and the light was gone, but loud laughter and revelry continued to resound from below. He then drew down the visor, and touched the spring of the secret door. It flew open, and he stalked forth into the gallery.

Tramp ! tramp ! tramp ! The boards creaked awfully.

At this moment, Peggy issued from the dark corridor followed by Carrotty Dick. As her eye alighted on the mail-clad apparition, she uttered a shriek loud enough to rouse the whole house, dropped her candle, and fell back into the arms of the almost equally-terrified ostler.

II.

THE WAGER.

To be sure, what a disturbance Captain Juddock's arrival occasioned at the Dunmow Flitch.

He threatened to turn the Old Inn topsy-turvy. For some time, nothing was heard, but the clatter of his enormous boots, and the roar of his stentorian voice : singing, swearing, shouting—all in a breath. The old chairs were not safe for him—he broke the back of one in sitting down ; and the solid oak table shook beneath the unaccustomed weight as he flung himself upon it. But he was never quiet for three minutes together. He must be doing something. And as Nelly had gone to the cellar (for a purpose we wot of), and had not returned, he began to make love to pretty Peggy, chucking her under the chin, and whisking her towards the mistletoe bough, which his quick eye had detected in the recess ; but his purpose was interrupted by Carrotty Dick, who, planting himself in front of the window, forbade all approach to the sacred branch. During the scuffle that ensued, Peggy managed to make her escape, and Dick followed her in double quick time, his movements being accelerated by an application of one of the baffled giant's large boots.

All this had been witnessed, with many internal qualms, by Jonas, who bitterly bewailed the hour that had brought such an overgrown and unruly monster, to disturb the peace and comfort of his dwelling. He feared there would be no getting rid of him, since the impudent and intrusive rascal had once obtained a lodgement. Something dreadful was sure to happen : the long-coveted Flitch, itself, was in fearful jeopardy.

The circumstances seemed critical. Something must be done ; and without delay. He tried to summon up his courage : to feel like a man. But the blustering deportment of the giant unnerved him ; and his chicken heart quailed. However, he expostulated with himself ; and got to the sticking-point, just as Peggy and Dick had taken to their heels. A fitting occasion for a respectable landlord's interference, who piqued himself on maintaining the decorum of his house.

Jonas coughed rather loudly to attract the giant's attention, and clear his own throat. Juddock echoed back the sound from his mighty lungs in an infinitely louder key, and advancing towards the discomfited landlord, clapped him on the back, with such force, that poor Nettlebed's wig was nearly shaken from his head, water started to his eyes, and his red face grew redder than ever.

"Well, mine host—what now?" the captain exclaimed, in a voice of thunder.

"Really, Captain Juddock," Jonas replied, arranging his wig, and rubbing his shoulders, "I must be permitted to observe that I cannot allow such proceedings in my house. The Flitch is a particularly well-conducted inn, sir—the best in Essex, and it's my pride to keep it so. The servants know their places, the landlord knows his, and he expects his guests to know theirs. If not, he can dispense with their company. By the marry masks! I think I've hit him as hard as he hit me. I hope he'll take the hint," he added to himself.

Juddock burst into a great roar of laughter.

"Why, what a punctilious little fellow you must be, landlord!" he cried. "If you dismiss every guest who casts a sheep's eye at your pretty chambermaid, I'll warrant me you'll soon have a clear house. But you regard her as your own property, I conclude, and allow no interference with your rights, eh?—Zounds! man, never look so sheep-faced. Mrs. N.'s not by, now. Where's Sir G.? Still in his own room, upstairs, I suppose. By-the-by, I must look after my bed-chamber. Tell your wife to show it me."

"I'll show it you, myself," Jonas rejoined hastily—"that is, if you're determined to stay all night. Stop! let me see. How unfortunate!—but it can't be helped. Sorry I can't accommodate you, sir."

"Not accommodate me!" Juddock roared. "You *MUST*. I shall stay here a week—a month—a year—a century, perhaps! I shall *never* leave!"

"Oh, dear! I thought he wouldn't," Jonas muttered. "But what's to be done? There isn't a spare bed. Sir Gilbert has taken the last."

"Then I'll sleep on that bench by the fireside," the captain rejoined; "for here I remain—that's flat. You won't easily get rid of me, landlord. But I don't believe a word you say. Mrs. N. told me there was a very comfortable bed—quite at my service."

"Mrs. N., as you rather too familiarly call her, was quite mistaken—I assure you she was. Oh! the Flitch! the Flitch! It is written I *can* never to win it!" he exclaimed aside.

"Well, we shall see when she makes her appearance," Juddock replied. "Meantime, I'll keep up the fire, in case of accidents."

So saying, he lifted the huge Yule log from the hearth as easily as if it had been a common fagot, and tossed it upon the blazing coals, where it presently began to spit and crackle in emulation of them. Jonas could not repress a groan; but he was afraid to interfere, lest, peradventure, he might follow the log.

"And now, landlord, what can we have for supper?" the giant demanded. "The best inn in Essex must have an excellent larder, especially at Christmas time:—cold chine, cold turkey, cold ham, cold pie, cold plum pudding,—cold everything, no doubt. But I want something hot—a carbonado—a grill—a devil. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand well enough," Jonas rejoined—"but—but I'm extremely sorry——"

"More excuses!" Juddock interrupted, knitting his brows. "Landlord, I will have none of them. Supper I must have. A hot supper, mark me. The best must be forthcoming. No paltry makeshifts—no miserable kickshaws. A couple of wild ducks—nicely roasted—I know they're in the larder, and who gave them—Mrs. N. has let me into the secret."

"The devil she has!" Jonas muttered. "Oh! the Flitch! the Flitch! What *will* become of it?"

"Then, in the way of tippie, you've some prime October, I'm given to understand—bright and pale as sherris—I mean to give my opinion upon it.—And you've also got some wonderful old brandy I'm informed. I shall pronounce upon that, too."

Jonas lifted up his hands in absolute despair.

"The traitress! to tell such a swillbowl as this of the old brandy," he mentally ejaculated.

"You see I've not lost my time, landlord," Juddock continued, in a self-complacent tone. "Mrs. N. was very confidential during our walk. I shall know all your secrets before long. There's one more I've learnt; but that's no secret. You expect to carry off the great matrimonial prize of Dunmow—the Flitch of Bacon. Don't you wish you may get it? Ho! ho!"

"Most decidedly I do, sir," Jonas rejoined, bristling up, and picking up a few crumbs of courage, for his tenderest point had been touched by this sting. "Most decidedly I do, sir," he repeated, looking up, and staring the insolent giant in the face; "I not only *do* wish I may get it, but by the marry maskins! I am certain I *shall* get it; and that's more. Have you anything to say to the contrary?"

"Oh, no! nothing at all," Juddock said, still indulging in his boisterous merriment. "If you and Mrs. N. choose to take the Oath, that's your concern, not mine."

"To be sure it is; and I don't think it at all likely you will be consulted on the occasion, sir."

"Hum! that remains to be seen," the giant muttered. "Well, I admire your confidence. Now what will you bet, that you don't win this prize after all?"

"What will I bet?" Jonas echoed, rather staggered. "I never do lay wagers."

"But if you're certain to win there can be no harm," the giant rejoined. "I'll lay you Ten Thousand to Fifty, you lose the Flitch."

"By the marry maskins! those are long odds," Jonas exclaimed, opening his eyes to their fullest extent. "Ten Thousand Pounds would be better than the Flitch itself," he muttered. "I'll take him. But he won't pay. These empty boasters never do. However, I'll risk it.—Done! captain,—done," he exclaimed, aloud—"I accept your bet. You are to pay me 10,000*l.* if I win the Flitch; but, if I lose it, I must hand you over fifty."

"That's it exactly, landlord," the giant rejoined. "But I shan't give you such a chance as this, without a slight reservation."

"I thought not," Jonas observed, drily.

"You must pay me a guinea a week till you're enabled to claim it. Not that I want the money—oh! no. I will hand it over to the High Bailiff of Dunmow to be applied to some charitable purpose. But this will bring the bet to an issue. Are you agreed?"

"I think I may safely do it," Jonas reflected. "Four days have only to run before I can legally make the claim—that's under the week. Yes, captain, I *am* agreed," he added, aloud.

"Your hand upon it then," Juddock cried, giving him a terrible squeeze that again drew water to his eyes. "And now, the caution-money?"

"The what?" Jonas cried.

"The guinea. You must pay one week in advance."

"Adzooks! I didn't count upon that," the landlord exclaimed, with a blank look. "Well, here it is," he added, producing a well-filled leather-bag, which seemed to attract the greedy giant's attention, and taking a piece of gold from it. "And now, sir, what security am I to have that you will pay me the 10,000*l.*?"

"What security?" the giant roared, putting on an offended look. "My word, sir. Is not that sufficient?"

"It must be, I suppose. But I would rather have your bond."

"Bond me no bonds—I will sign none of them. My word is my bond, as it is with every man of honour. Captain Juddock never said the thing he didn't maintain. 10,000*l.* is yours, if fairly won. If not, the 50*l.*'s mine. That's settled. Book the bet, while I pay a visit to the kitchen, and ascertain, from personal inspection, the state of the larder. I'm an old campaigner, and accustomed to foraging expeditions."

So saying, he put his great clattering boots once more in motion, and marched off towards the back part of the premises.

"Well, I think I have him any way," Jonas soliloquised, looking after him. "If he don't pay the bet he'll be obliged to decamp—that's one comfort. But I sadly begrudge my guinea."

The fat cook was in the kitchen, frying eggs and bacon for the household supper, when the giant made his appearance, and on perceiving what she was about, his appetite, which was perfectly Gargantuan, was so tickled by the inviting dish that he was fain to make an immediate onslaught upon it, and with that view endeavoured to snatch the frying-pan from her. But though taken by surprise, mistress cook would not submit to such an indignity, but threatened to knock the pan about his ears if he meddled with her; and the menace had the desired effect, for Juddock turned away and began to prosecute his examination of the larder. This soon resulted in a discovery of the wild ducks, and many other good things which Jonas would have desired to keep in the background; and tossing the birds towards the cook, together with a string of black puddings, the captain bade her prepare them, as soon as she could, for supper; telling her he would begin with a dish of eggs and bacon, and conclude with toasted cheese. These orders being authoritatively delivered, he returned towards the hall, and meeting Peggy by the way, after again chucking her under the chin, enjoined her to see them executed.

The pretty chambermaid found the cook quite flustered by what had occurred, and uncertain how to act: but Peggy told her she had better do as the tall gentleman had bidden her, for missis was sure to be content, whatever master might be; and, made easy by this assurance, the cook finished off the eggs and bacon, and sat down cheerfully, with Peggy, to pluck the wild fowl.

On re-entering the hall, Captain Juddock found the host and hostess and all the principal guests assembled within it. Sir Gilbert de Montfichet had come down stairs, and was pacing the chamber, to and fro, by himself. Dr. Plot and Mr. Roper were seated near the fire, and a screen being placed round their table, afforded them a certain sort of privacy. Dr. Plot's presence was evidently a considerable restraint to the young baronet, and he hailed Juddock's return as a relief, since it gave him some one to talk to, as well as something to laugh at. Thinking Nelly looked uneasy, and attributing her anxiety to a private lecture she might have received from Jonas on his account, Juddock exerted all his powers of pleasantry for her diversion, and speedily succeeded in raising a smile upon her good-natured countenance. Nelly, it must be confessed, was not difficult to amuse. Very little did it. She felt every disposition to be entertained now, but her tendency to merriment was somewhat checked by thoughts of Frank, and speculations as to what had become of him. However, she made no allusion to the cause of her uneasiness, and by-and-by, it disappeared altogether: Juddock's merriment was

contagious. As to Jonas, though he could not shake off his dislike of the captain, nor feel less distrust in him, he could not help secretly confessing that he was a very droll and diverting fellow, nor avoid laughing at some of his jests. The wager was not without its effect in reconciling him to his troublesome guest.

In anticipation of supper, and to give a whet to his appetite, Juddock called for a jug of ale, and rose still higher in the landlord's opinion by the hearty praise he bestowed on the beverage.

Thus a better understanding prevailed among the party, when a loud rattling was heard at the window, and a "Yoicks! tally ho!" given by a loud cheery voice, as if at a fox-chase, accompanied by the blowing of a huntsman's horn.

"By the marry maskins! there's Squire Monkbury," Jonas exclaimed. "I should know his halloa wherever I heard it. Wife!—Nelly!—get ready to receive him directly!—Coming, your honour, coming!"

"Bless us!" Nelly cried, looking rather annoyed, "what can have brought the Squire here at this time of night, I wonder?"

"Can't say," Jonas replied; "but our business is to see what he wants. To the door, wife! to the door! What the deuce is the matter with the woman?"

Nelly, however, paid no attention to his injunctions, but ran off. Before she got half-way up the great staircase her purpose was arrested by the appearance of Squire Monkbury, who opened the door for himself, and stepped in. He was accompanied by Dr. Sidebottom, the vicar, and followed by his old huntsman, Paul Flitwick.

III.

AN ESSEX FOXHUNTER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

MARK MONKBURY, ESQUIRE, of Monkbury Place, commonly known as "the Squire" in that part of the country, where most of the resident gentry could boast of some title or other, being either baronets or peers; Squire Monkbury, we say, was the owner of an ancient house, which he kept up at a bountiful rate, and the lord of many acres which had been in the possession of his family for centuries. There was not in the whole county of Essex, nor in any other county, a gentleman's house where hospitality was more profusely or more constantly exercised than at Monkbury Place. It was almost always full of visitors, and some of them stayed a long time, though scarcely ever longer than was agreeable to the host. The Squire was a true lover of Country Life, and abominated Town, though he knew nothing of it, except by report, and could never be induced to go up to London. Indeed, he only went to the county town when compelled to do so by a summons to the Quarter Sessions, or by the desire to witness a horse race on Gallywood Common. His own estate, which was of considerable size, and came within a few miles of Dunmow, closely adjoining that of Sir Gilbert de Montfichet, afforded him admirable hunting, coursing, shooting, and fishing, and in all these sports he delighted; pursuing them with nearly the same ardour, now that nearly sixty years had flown over his head, that he did in the season of his hottest youth. He kept a capital pack of hounds; was constantly in exercise;

and could not live without it, he said, though he never made any trial how staying in-doors would agree with him, except when he broke his arm or his collar-bone from a fall received while hunting; and even these accidents did not keep him quiet long. As to minor ailments, he was never troubled with them, and enjoyed a redundancy of health and animal spirits. Indeed, he had never known a day's real illness. His countenance was fresh and ruddy, beaming with health and good humour; and though he indulged rather too freely in the pleasures of the table, and was, perhaps, somewhat too convivial in his habits (it must be recollected it was rather a hard-drinking age), these practices did not appear to have impaired his vigorous constitution; though he did not ride so light, by some stones, as he did at thirty, in spite of all his exercise.

Squire Monkbury was a confirmed old bachelor, though he was by no means indifferent to the sex, and indeed was rather gallant than otherwise; but he could never be induced to commit matrimony, nor to listen to any suggestions of the sort made to him by his friends. Country gossips pretended to assign as a reason for this, that he had sustained a great disappointment in his younger days, and had never been able to get over it; but sentiment had so little share in the Squire's composition, that it is scarcely probable this could have been the real cause. One thing is quite certain; namely, that he resisted all overtures made to him of a matrimonial nature. People talked to him of the necessity of having an heir to his ancient name and his large property; but even this argument, though sufficiently cogent, one would think, failed in effect. He shrugged his shoulders, laughed, and said he had not yet arrived at years of discretion. When he did, he might think of marrying—not before. If the truth must be confessed, the Squire was almost as rank an unbeliever as Dr. Plot himself in conjugal felicity; and though he had no such experience, as had fallen to the other's share, on which to found his opinions, he maintained them as stoutly as if he had. The freedom and happiness of a bachelor's life was ever the burthen of his song; and his married acquaintance of all degrees, were his constant butts. Not that he hit them very hard. He was too good-natured for that. But he liked a joke at their expense; and rarely omitted it.

Of late some change had been wrought in the Squire's establishment by the introduction of a niece, who had been confided to him by his only near relative—a sister who had died in a distant part of England. About a year ago, Barbara Bassingbourne came to live with him. She was then a lovely girl of seventeen, and had now ripened into a perfect beauty of eighteen. The Squire had become uncommonly fond of her, and she did just what she liked with him. He who would never submit to the control of a wife, was now ruled by his niece. Sooth to say, the yoke was so easy, that he never felt it. Bab suited him exactly. She loved a Country Life quite as well as he, and never talked of Town, unless to decry it. She shared in almost all his sports and exercises, and regularly hunted with him. She managed his house; and managed it remarkably well too, as he soon found, by the improvement that took place in it. She did not interfere with his general arrangements, but kept him a little more select in his acquaintances; and he speedily perceived the benefit of the change. In short, the arrival of Bab Bassingbourne at Monkbury Place formed an important epoch in the history of its owner. In

one particular, Bab especially resembled her uncle ; and this was in a decided aversion to matrimony. She rejected all offers, and plenty were made her, when it became known she was to be the Squire's heiress. What was more, she could not tolerate the society of young men, and if any one approached her in the character of a suitor, he was sure (if she suspected it) to meet with immediate dismissal. Such was the Niece, whom hereafter we may have the pleasure of introducing in person to the reader, should he feel inclined to visit Monkbury Place with us. Our immediate business is with the Uncle.

One important item in the description of Squire Monkbury must not be omitted. In addition to his other signorial rights, he was Lord of the Manor of Little Dunmow : a circumstance which, if he had possessed no other title to his respect, would have given him paramount importance in the eyes of Jonas Nettlebed. As Donor of the Flitch, Jonas regarded him with an awe little short of veneration. The Lordship of Little Dunmow was originally granted by Henry the Eighth on the suppression of the Priory, to Robert, Earl of Sussex, but afterwards passed into the possession of other families, until it was eventually purchased some fifty years back by the sire of the present Squire Monkbury, and now formed part of the territorial property of his son.

A popular man was the Squire; popular with his neighbours; popular with his tenantry; popular with everybody, except the poacher, whom he dealt with pretty strictly. The only kind of vagrant he tolerated was the gipsy, and he confessed to a sneaking liking to this licensed vagabond, and seldom disturbed him, when his tent was pitched in his lanes, or on his commons. The Squire had a kind word with all, and made little distinction as to classes in his style of address, though, on the other hand, he would permit no undue familiarity, and indeed such was never attempted with him. With the wives of his tenantry, and their daughters, he was especially affable and condescending, and was an immense favourite with them in consequence. He liked to attend their marriages and christenings; standing godfather, now and then; sometimes giving a pretty girl away, when there was no one else to do it; and in such cases he never failed to bestow a little marriage-portion adequate to the circumstances. As Justice of the Peace, his functions were satisfactorily enough discharged, and his decisions rarely called in question; though they were often given according to his own particular view of the case, rather than in entire accordance with strict rules of law. He was a staunch upholder of Church and State, and though he took no very active part in the Rebellion of '45, he had raised a troop at his own expense in '15. His sympathies were not on the side of the Stuarts, whom he looked upon as inimical to the Protestant Faith, and the true interests of the realm. A regular attendant at church, he would once upon a time constantly slumber through the sermon, and keep up a tolerably loud bass accompaniment to the Vicar's discourse, but of late this habit had been corrected in him, in a great degree, by his niece; and though even she failed sometimes in making him keep his eyes open, she managed to check his snoring.

Very bountiful was the Squire, and very charitable. His house was full of ancient servitors and retainers, many of them as old as himself, and some few older. Paul Flitwick, the huntsman who was with him, was full fifteen years his senior, though still a hale old fellow. The

Squire's entertainments were not confined to his wealthy friends. Humbler guests often sat at his board ; and those whom he did not care to admit to his own table were sent to the servants' hall, where he himself would see them regaled. None entered Monkbury without partaking, in some way or other, of its lord's hospitality.

The Squire's habiliments were of an antiquated cut. Abhorring modern fashions, he stuck to the style of dress in vogue in William the Third's time—whose glorious memory he held in especial reverence, and daily toasted. And as the costume of that period was far handsomer than any that had succeeded it, he could not be blamed for his predilection. He wore the broad-leaved Spanish-looking hat, the flowing peruke, the long, graceful riding-dress (altogether different in make, though similar in colour, being scarlet, to that of Sir Gilbert de Mont-fiehet), and flexible boots which could either be drawn down or pulled high up on the thigh.

The Squire's personal appearance was highly prepossessing. His broad, handsome, and thoroughly Saxon physiognomy was radiant with health and good humour. In height he was somewhat under six feet, broad in the shoulders, stout in the leg, and portly in person. His manner was hearty, yet not wanting in a certain sort of dignity. His bright blue eye sparkled with fun and enjoyment.

Doctor Sidebottom, Vicar of Dunmow, was a boon companion of the Squire ; and many a haunch of venison had they consumed together, many a bottle of old wine discussed in concert. The Squire had been dining at the Vicarage now, and as it was not unusual in those days of good-fellowship for gentlemen to adjourn to a tavern after dinner, he expressed a wish to have a bowl of punch at the Flitch, where he knew it was admirably brewed, and the jovial Vicar, nothing loth, agreed to accompany him and partake of it.

Broad in the beam, and heavily laden with flesh generally, was Dr. Sidebottom, and rather unwieldy in his movements in consequence. His long loose waistcoat, with immense pockets flapping down to his knees, very imperfectly concealed his excessive obesity, and his enormous calves, protected by an under covering of lamb's-wool, bulged out his silken hose. He always appeared in his cassock and bands, well-powdered bushy wig, and clerical hat looped up at the sides, with a huge rose in front. The doctor's face was large and dull, with great pasty cheeks, and an uncommonly broad nose. With his equals or superiors he was friendly and familiar enough, but pompous and patronising to his inferiors. The highest of high churchmen was the Doctor ; rigorously orthodox ; regarding any species of dissent as infinitely worse than infidelity.

A thin, frosty, but tough, wiry, hatchet-faced old fellow was Paul Flitwick. He had lost all his teeth, and his nose and chin rattled like a pair of nutcrackers ; but though he mumbled in his talk, and over his food, old Paul could blow a horn, vociferate in the field, or utter any sort of huntsman's cry with the loudest or shrillest of them. His seat was still firm in the saddle ; his judgment perfect ; his knowledge of the country unequalled by that of any younger hand ; and his whip was not a bit lighter than it used to be, as any faulty hound was sure to discover. Paul's costume would not have found favour with a modern huntsman ; the only article bearing any resemblance to existing equip-

ments being the jockey-cap. Boots, leathers, and jacket were all of a bygone day and bygone mode; but, like himself, they had known more wear and tear, than was ever perhaps experienced by the habiliments of his smartest successors, and were made for work, not show. In spite of his attire, and his years, old Paul was a very keen blade, and had a thoroughly sporting air.

Such were the three personages who now entered the Dunmow Flitch.

IV.

IN WHICH THE TABLES ARE SLIGHTLY TURNED UPON CAPTAIN JUDDOCK;
AND JONAS BEGINS TO LOOK UP A LITTLE.

"So ho! little Nelly—so ho!" the Squire shouted in his cheery tones, as he caught sight of the landlady on the staircase. "Wearing off, eh? Nay, that won't do. We shall be after you, and in full cry, too, if you attempt to give us the slip. Hark back! lass, hark back! Why, you look as blooming and buxom as ever!—prettier, i'faith! Nelly Nettlebed is an improvement upon little Nelly Nodder. Egad! marriage seems to agree with you."

"Tolerably well, thank your honour," Mrs. Nettlebed replied demurely, and without raising her eyes. "Hope your honour is quite well, and the young lady, too?"

"Both hearty, thank ye, Nelly. Well, when you're tired of inn-keeping, you must come and take up your quarters with me. My women are all so abominably old and ugly I can't abide the sight of 'em. Besides, I want a housekeeper."

"Greatly obliged to your honour, I'm sure," Nelly replied, still in the same demure tone, and maintaining the same downcast looks; "but I fancy you are very well provided for in that respect. Miss Basingbourne is said to be an excellent manager; and I'm sure you cannot complain of want of youth or beauty while she is with you."

"Fairly enough answered, Nelly," the Squire rejoined; "but then my niece may not stay with me for ever, you know. One must provide against a rainy day, doctor."

"But not by carrying off Mrs. Nettlebed, I hope, Squire," Dr. Sidebottom rejoined, with a fat chuckle. "Her worthy husband, I fancy," pointing to the host, who stood bowing and scraping before them most obsequiously, "would object to such a proceeding."

"Indeed, I should, your reverence," Jonas replied. "Nelly is the apple of my eye; and I wouldn't part with her for a king's ransom. I am mainly, if not entirely indebted for the treasure I possess to his honour himself, since he was instrumental in obtaining Nelly for me."

"Poh-poh! say no more about it, man," the Squire rejoined. "No obligation at all."

"Begging your honour's pardon," Jonas said, "I feel it to be a very great obligation, and one I shall never be able adequately to discharge. If your honour will recollect, you were good enough to mention Nelly Nodder to me—to paint her beauties in irresistible language—and to tell me——"

"Sdeath, never mind what I told you," the Squire interrupted.

"Your honour won't deprive me of the satisfaction of repeating it, I'm sure," Jonas pursued. "You told me you took an almost paternal interest in her, and would like to see her well married; adding, in the most obliging and condescending manner, that she couldn't have a better or more suitable husband than myself. Her mother, your honour said, was a most respectable woman, and had lived with you as—as—dairy-maid—till——"

"Well—well we know all this," the Squire said, looking rather disconcerted.

"Till she married Tom Nodder, your cowherd, who didn't treat her as well as he ought, but went away and left her with her sweet little babby—my own darling little Nelly that was to be. So your honour had naturally to look after the neglected mother, and became a sort of father to the infant: and a much better father you were than Tom Nodder: and took care of her, until Nelly coming of age, you wanted to see her comfortably settled, and thought I should make her a fitting spouse—and so if I was agreeable (which of course I was) you would engage to bring the matter about."

"Do stop his mouth, Nelly," the Squire said.

"And while I was debating it in my mind," Jonas continued, holding his wife, who endeavoured to obey the Squire's commands, at arm's length, "you decided me by declaring you would give her a good wedding portion—no, there I'm wrong, that didn't decide me; but what did, was the assurance given me by your honour, that little Nelly was such a sweet, amiable creature that we couldn't fail to live happily together, and I was certain, through her means, to win the Flitch at last. That clinched it."

"How fond your husband must be of hearing himself talk, Nelly! Have you done now, Jonas?" the Squire asked.

"Very nearly," the landlord replied. "To your honour's praise be it spoken, you made good your words in every particular. You brought Nelly and me together. Got us married. Gave the wedding portion. And now you mean to give us the Flitch."

"Halt there, friend Jonas," the Squire cried. "That last donation is beyond my control. You must prove your title to it, and take the Oath before I can confer it upon you. But these conditions I've no doubt you'll be able to fulfil—so I look upon your possession of the prize as matter of certainty. In recommending Nelly to you, I knew she would do us both credit; and it's quite true, as you asserted, that I took, and always shall take, a paternal interest in her. Nelly was always a good girl—though a bit of a coquette—weren't you, child?—always one of my favourites."

"Your honour has only one favourite now," Nelly observed somewhat reproachfully, and looking up for the first time. "All others have given place to Miss Basingbourne."

"And very properly so too," the Vicar remarked. "Very properly."

"Well, I confess my niece is my chief favourite," the Squire rejoined, smiling. "Bab is a girl in a thousand, and suits my tastes exactly. You should see her with the hounds, Nelly. 'Tis a treat. Seat perfect, hand light as a fairy's. No fence can stop her. Clears everything. Always in at the death; and I don't know how many brushes she has got, though she has only been at it for the last twelve—

month. Never had a fall. She knows every hound in the pack—Towler, Jowler, and Music—just as well as old Paul himself knows 'em."

"Ay that a daas, yar hon'r, and th' haands knaws *her* too reet well, blass her pratty fece!" the old huntsman remarked.

"'Tis a picture to see her, when animated in the chase," the Squire continued, waxing enthusiastic; "her countenance lighted up with pleasure and excitement. Talk about damask roses, and that sort of thing; her cheeks would put them to the blush. And as to her eyes, they shine, like—I don't know what—I'm a bad hand at a simile—but diamonds may do; though they don't come up to the lustre of Bab's sparklers."

"Udsbores! a rare lass that, if all old Nimrod says be true of her. Have you seen her, Sir G.?" Captain Juddock inquired of the young baronet, with whom he had moved a little aside, on the appearance of the new-comers.

"No; she had not come to Monkbury, when I was last in Essex—some fifteen months ago," Montfichet rejoined. "I never heard of her until t'other day, when I was surprised to learn the Squire had a niece residing with him. At the same time, I was told of her wonderful achievements in the field. A perfect Diana, by all accounts."

"But Miss Bassingbourne does not devote herself merely to the pleasures of the chase, and out-door amusements," Dr. Sidebottom remarked. "Her great merit in my eyes consists in her being so companionable and amusing in-doors."

"Companionable! to be sure she is," the Squire rejoined. "She'll rattle away to me by the hour; and when I'm tired of talking, will sing, or play the harpsichord, or take a hand at dominos or backgammon with me."

"Dominos and backgammon!" Juddock echoed contemptuously—"poor sport that! Udsbores! give me doublets, or glee. Hazard is *our* game, Sir G. We like to hear the dice rattle—ha!"

"But as to housekeeping—your honour said the young lady looked after everything?" Nelly inquired.

"So she does," the Squire replied, "so she does.—Bab looks after everything and everybody, and me into the bargain. She takes care of house, garden, farm, stables, horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry. Baking, brewing, pickling, preserving, cooking, she's mistress of it all.—Nothing comes amiss to her, from the curing of a ham to the manufacture of a marrow-pudding. Her hand is so light at pastry that you might blow her puffs away."

"And no great loss, either," Juddock observed. "I prefer something substantial. Crust an inch thick, at the very least. Puffs—pahaw!"

"All trouble is taken off my hands now," the Squire pursued. "No more rating of servants. Under Bab's management they never require scolding. How she does it is the wonder. 'Miss Bassingbourne likes to have this,' they say—or 'Miss Bassingbourne prefers that.' Everything is right Miss Bassingbourne does. Her will is law at Monkbury. Nobody grumbles now, and there was plenty of grumbling before—grumbling, because the sloths had nothing to do, and at present there is not an idle person about the place. I'm a confirmed old bachelor, as you know, doctor. Feeling quite sure I should never be able to offer any

legitimate title to the Flitch, about the possession of which our worthy Jonas is so anxious, I never would marry. But if I had chosen a wife, it should have been one on the model of my niece, Bab Bassingbourne."

"She wouldn't suit us at all, Sir G.," Juddock remarked. "Udsbores! such a girl would govern us, as well as the servants. It's clear she manages him."

"It's a wonder Miss Barbara don't marry, since she's so clever, and so beautiful," Nelly observed, in a tone of slight pique; "but I dare say she will one of these days."

"No, she won't," the Squire said. "I've ascertained her opinion on the subject; and she is quite decided on remaining single. To be sure it's rather early to come to such a conclusion—seeing she is only just eighteen—but I think she'll adhere to it. At all events, I've had no hand in persuading her. I would never influence her one way or the other. She will have my fortune, married or not. But she can't bear young men."

"Law! that is strange," Nelly exclaimed. "I shouldn't have been surprised if she couldn't bear old ones; but not to like young men passes my comprehension. As to changing her condition, I don't know but she may be right in remaining as she is."

"Oh fie! Nelly—I didn't expect such a sentiment from you," the Squire said. "I hope it was uttered inadvertently."

"It was—it was," Jonas interposed hastily. "Your honour mustn't attach the least importance to it. Do be careful," he added aside, plucking her elbow.

"So it seems this matchless creature, who manages everything and everybody, dislikes us young fellows, and will have nothing to say to us," Juddock observed to Sir Gilbert. "Bodikins! I should like to try her."

"If I could only get Rose out of my head I would soon satisfy the Squire whether his niece's objection to an enterprising coxcomb, like myself, was firmly-rooted or not," Montfichet exclaimed. "But hang it! Rose has got possession of my breast, and there's no dislodging her."

"No necessity whatever to do so at present," quoth his mentor. "But zounds! there's a vast deal of exaggeration in what we've just heard about the young lady. Old Nimrod has been sounding the trumpet, because he knew a rich young baronet was close at hand to listen to it. Only a lure, depend on't."

"You know nothing of the Squire, Jack, or you wouldn't say so," Sir Gilbert replied. "He's the honestest, most straightforward fellow breathing; incapable of doing anything unbecoming a gentleman. He is not aware of my presence, I'll be sworn!"

And so it proved. For at that moment, the young baronet, who had hitherto been obscured by his towering companion, placed himself within the Squire's ken, and was instantly hailed with a view holloa from the latter.

"Whoop! tallyho! why, who'd ha' thought it? Oddslife! if it be not Montfichet! Welcome, Sir Gilbert—welcome back to Essex," the Squire exclaimed, advancing to the young baronet, and shaking him cordially by both hands. "You've been a long time away from us—

leading a gay life in Lunnun, I dare say? That is, you'd call it a gay life; but 'twouldn't suit me. You won't catch the old Squire in Town, I can promise you. I should be stifled—I know I should. So many houses—such crowded streets—no air, fit to breathe—no horses worth looking at—no hunting except the Epping Hunt—and that a mere cockney affair, fit only for your fat citizens. No, no; I'm content with quiet Essex, it's fresh air, open country, and healthful amusements. No town-life for me."

"I'm well aware of your tastes, Squire," Montfichet rejoined; "and so far agree with you, that I'm heartily sick of Town, myself."

"Overdone it, eh, Sir Gilbert?" the Squire rejoined, with a laugh. "Pace too fast to be kept up—ah! You left us all on a sudden—I did hear the reason—something about a pretty girl, I think, but I forget what—and now you're come back on a sudden. Not in consequence of another love-affair, I hope! Glad to see you again, at any rate. You must come over to Monkbury. Can't offer you any hunting just now, as you must be aware, owing to this confoundedly severe weather. Beg pardon, Doctor—I ought not to complain of the weather, since it's doing the country so much good, and benefiting my tenantry as well as myself; but a hard frost always makes a fox-hunter swear. But as I was saying, Sir Gilbert, you must come over to see me—and come soon, too. I want to make you acquainted with my niece."

"There it comes, Sir G.," the giant whispered the young baronet. "Didn't I say so?"

"It will charm me to be presented to Miss Bassingbourne," Montfichet said, bowing his acknowledgments. "I hear delightful accounts of her."

"I must prepare you for a strange madcap, Sir Gilbert," the Squire rejoined. "Bab's as wilful as a filly that has never known the bridle. You mustn't be surprised at any reception you may meet with from her. I let her have her own way completely."

"You pique my curiosity, Squire," Montfichet said. "I'm all impatience to behold this charming, untameable creature; being vain enough to think I may form an exception to the country bumpkins she has hitherto seen, and may be honoured with a smile."

"Well, we shall see, Sir Gilbert,—we shall see. I can't answer for her. But who's your tall friend, eh?"

"Your pardon, Squire,—I ought to have introduced him before. Give me leave to present Captain Juddock to you. A town friend, who is staying with me at Stansted."

"Happy to make his acquaintance," the Squire said, returning the giant's exaggerated *congé*; "and of course as he is your guest, I shall be happy to see Captain Juddock with you at Monkbury."

"'Twill afford me the greatest pleasure, Squire, to accompany Sir G.," the captain replied, toning down his usually loud notes to a dulcet sweetness, and assuming, as well as he could, the air of a *petit maître*—"Foregad! I shall be enchanted to behold that sylvan beauty, that lovely wood-nymph, your adorable niece."

"More than she will be with you—or I'm much mistaken," the Squire observed, aside. "What a strange animal! If those are town manners we have the best of it, even in point of breeding, in the country. And

now, my worthy host," he added to Jonas, "let us have a bowl of punch, of your best brewing. Will you help us to discuss it, gentlemen?"

Sir Gilbert readily assented, and Juddock very reluctantly declined, alleging that having ordered supper, he must of necessity eat it, before he should be ready for the punch. That duty performed, he would be delighted to join them.

"What, a second supper, Jack?" Montfichet cried. "On my faith, your appetite passes belief."

The captain, however, was not to be laughed out of his supper, and as it was soon afterwards served, he sat down to it, alone—Sir Gilbert declining to eat anything, and speedily demonstrated,—that however largely they might have been called on before, his powers as a treacher-man were still unexhausted. The wild-ducks were done to a turn, and even the Squire, as he sat at an adjoining table with Dr. Sidebottom and Montfichet over a smoking bowl of punch, could not help expressing approbation at the perfect manner in which they were dressed.

"Those ducks were a present to me from Frank Woodbine, your honour," Nelly said.

"Then you ought to have kept them for your own, or your husband's eating—for I fancy there won't be much left for hashing to-morrow," the Squire rejoined, with a laugh.

"There, do you hear that?" Jonas observed to her in a reproachful whisper.

"And now a thimble-full of brandy, landlord," Juddock cried. "Mind, it must be the good old stuff Mrs. N. recommended—just to keep all quiet. And then, as soon as I've discussed the toasted cheese, and another glass of your excellent October, I shall be ready for the punch. By-the-by, your fat cook is a famous hand at black puddings. I never tasted better. Take it as a general order that I have some regularly at supper. D'ye hear, landlord?"

"Oh! yes, sir, I hear," Jonas replied, pouring him out a glass of brandy, and wishing, internally, it might choke him. Instead of which, it appeared so satisfactory to the giant, that he immediately demanded a further supply, and Jonas having replenished the glass, was fain to make off with the bottle to prevent further claims upon it.

"A perfect cormorant!" he muttered. "There'll be a famine in the house, if he stays here a week."

"You were speaking of Frank Woodbine, Nelly," the Squire remarked, as he helped himself to a glass of punch. "An uncommonly fine young fellow he is; and I should be glad to have him as one of my own keepers if he were not otherwise engaged. His wife I'm told is a beauty. Odd! though they're tenants of mine, I don't happen to have seen her. But my steward, Mr. Roper, declares he doesn't know her equal."

"Mr. Roper is in the house now, your honour," Nelly remarked. "There, by the fire—with that old gentleman."

"Ah! is he so?" the Squire exclaimed. "Inquire if he will take a glass of punch with us, Nelly."

"I fancy he's engaged on some particular business with Dr. Plot," she replied.

"Oh, don't disturb him, if that's the case. I'll see him before he

goes. Dr. Plot you say is with him. I never heard of such a person. A stranger I suppose?"

"Family physician to Sir Walter Fitzwalter, I believe, your honour," Nelly said.

"Ah! was he?—I don't remember the name—but it's so long ago, it may have slipped from my memory."

"That old gentleman, whom you call Dr. Plot, must have more names than one," Montfichet remarked. "I have met him before—under particular circumstances which fix him upon my memory, and, indeed, he himself has reminded me of them to-night—and he was then known as plain John Johnson."

"Udsbores! he seems to have as many aliases as Bully Dawson or Jack Ogle," Juddock shouted from the supper table.

"A suspicious character," the Squire observed. "I must make some inquiries about him of Roper. I wonder what has become of my poor old friend Sir Walter?"

"Oblige me by no further allusion to him, Squire," Montfichet said, colouring angrily.

"I crave your pardon, Sir Gilbert, for my inadvertence. But I seem to forget everything. Let me see; what were we talking about, before this question was started? Oh! Rose Woodbine. Frank, they say, makes her an excellent husband. Next to our model pair here, I'm told, they're the happiest couple in Dunmow. Do you chance to have seen this pretty Rose, Sir Gilbert?"

"Why, yes—I have seen her," Montfichet replied, with some hesitation. "But you must excuse my giving any opinion about her."

Nelly here leaned towards the Squire, and whispered something in his ear, which caused the latter to whistle and feign to pull up one of his boots.

"Whew!—put my foot in it again! Take a glass of punch with me, Sir Gilbert—and let's thank our stars we're still bachelors. There's just as good fish in the sea as any ta'en out of it. In spite of all these married folks may say, there's no life like a bachelor's life!"

"Exactly my maxim, Squire," Juddock cried, drawing to the table, and filling a tumbler with punch—"and I'll drink it in a bumper. Shake a loose leg as long as you can. I've seldom felt any disposition to matrimony, or if I have, there has always been this obstacle in the way, that the charmers by whom I've been smitten were married already."

While uttering this speech he cast a tender glance at Nelly, and kissed the rim of the glass to her before he drained it; but she took no notice of his gallantry. Ever since the Squire's appearance, the landlady's deportment had totally changed. Pretending not to observe any of her admirer's leers and innuendoes, and turning a deaf ear to all his soft whispers, though he kept ogling during supper, now and then beckoning her to come near him, she kept entirely aloof, placing herself behind the Squire's chair, and leaving Juddock to the care of Tom Tapster and Jonas. The amorous swain did not know what to make of it. Having gone on so swimmingly before, this sudden coldness quite took him aback. But not being easily discouraged, even after the failure of his

last address, he made an attempt to seize her hand as she passed near him, but she snatched it away hastily—with a look of real, or feigned displeasure.

This was a great rebuff, and not unobserved of Jonas, who had already remarked his wife's change of manner, and with infinite satisfaction, for although he attributed it to its true cause, the presence of the Squire, he was not the less pleased by it, as it gave him a momentary triumph over the impudent disturber of his peace, and he determined to improve his position as far as he could. Juddock's last piece of familiarity gave him the desired opportunity.

"I think you must observe, captain," he said, with sarcastic politeness, "that your attentions are not so agreeable to Mrs. Nettlebed as to make their repetition necessary or desirable. I shall take it as a particular favour if you will desist from them—as a very particular favour, sir."

"You are not perhaps aware, captain, that our host is a candidate for the Dunmow Flitch?" the Squire observed with a laugh.

"Oh, yes I am," Juddock rejoined—"I've a trifling bet upon it."

"He calls 10,000*l.* a trifling bet," Jonas thought. "His ideas are as lofty as himself."

"If you have betted against Jonas's chance, I think you are likely to lose," the Squire said. "At all events, I will venture to back him."

"Oh! your honour is too good," the little landlord cried, in a transport of delight. "My prospects begin to brighten again," he added to himself, "and the Flitch once more appears fully in view."

"Well, to confess the truth, Squire," Juddock said, with apparently good-natured indifference, "I would rather lose than win. But having always doubted the possibility of any couple in these days venturing upon making such a claim, I offered the bet."

"I wonder whether he's in earnest," Jonas thought. "A man who can afford to throw away 10,000*l.*, and not care about it, must be a great man, indeed."

"Well, if no unfair advantage be taken, I think the claim will be successfully preferred in this instance," the Squire said. "I've every reliance on Nelly."

"I trust I shall do nothing to forfeit your honour's good opinion," the little hypocrite replied. "Jonas knows how devoted I am to him."

An affectionate embrace was the landlord's reply.

"How easily some folks are bamboozled!" the giant muttered.

"You've heard, I suppose, there is another claimant besides yourself, Jonas?" the Squire said.

"Frank Woodbine your honour means," the landlord replied. "But I don't think he's likely to get it. I know him to be an unfaithful husband; and I've evidence to prove it."

"You surprise me greatly," the Squire said.

"Put me in possession of that evidence, landlord," Sir Gilbert cried, quickly. "I'll make it worth your while. Rose ought not to be left in ignorance of the worthless character of the man she has chosen."

"Step forward, then, Paul Flitwick, and declare what you have seen," Jonas exclaimed. "This is my evidence against Frank, Sir Gilbert, and his honour knows whether it may be relied upon."

"Maun a do't, yar han'r?" Paul inquired, scratching his frosty poll, and looking at his master.

"Do it—no!" the latter cried, with a sudden explosion of wrath. "What the devil business have you to meddle with other people's affairs, sirrah! Do you set yourself for a saint, you hoary old sinner? Were you always true to your own wife, eh? And how would you have liked a d—d babbling old cur to bewray you? Keep a quiet tongue in your head in future, or I'll strip your red coat from your back, I will, you talkative hound. You want the whip, sirrah—and you shall have it, too; if you're in fault again." Then turning from the crestfallen huntsman, who looked the very picture of despair, he addressed the landlord. "I won't allow mischief to be made between man and wife. There may be truth in what you have asserted, or there may not. But whatever it be, the seeds of unhappiness must not be wantonly sown. I therefore lay my strict injunctions upon you, Jonas, that you say nothing more relative to this matter, whatever inducement may be held out to you to speak, until you have laid the full particulars before me. I will then decide what is best to be done."

Having thus delivered himself, the Squire became somewhat mollified by the old huntsman's penitent looks, and thinking, perhaps, he had been rather too angry with him, he offered him a glass of punch.

"Never mind what old Nimrod says, Sir G.," Juddock whispered the young baronet as he rose from his chair. "I'll worm out the secret for you. You can use it as you think fit. Frank Woodbine ought to be very much obliged to you, Squire," he added. "I'm sure I should, under the circumstances."

And walking past the old huntsman, who was still sipping his glass of punch, he whispered:

"A guinea for what you know about Frank Woodbine."

"Gie me twanty—ay, fatty—a wadn't." Old Paul replied, with a grin. "Nowt wad mey me disobee mester. Na—na."

Juddock then moved towards Jonas, and plucking his sleeve, said in a low tone:

"Landlord, a guinea for your proofs against the gamekeeper. It's your interest to tell, you know."

"The guinea first?" Jonas replied, in a whisper.

Juddock slipped the money into his hand. "Now?" he said.

"Well, then," Jonas replied, "my proofs rest with Paul Flitwick. Take him to Mrs. Woodbine and force him to disclose all he has witnessed."

The giant perceived he was sold. He made no complaint, however, but resumed his seat. The movement had not passed unnoticed by the Squire, who guessed its import, but as he felt sure his caution would be attended to by both parties, he did not think it worth while to interfere.

"Egad! landlord," Juddock exclaimed; "you deserve to be ranked among the benefactors of your species, since you brew such punch as this. It has quite put my voice in tune, and if not disagreeable to the company, I'll sing them a song. Sorry, my dear Mrs. N.," he added, turning to Nelly, "that I don't happen to recollect anything of an amatory or sentimental nature. My ditties are chiefly Bacchanalian. I'll

give you a few words of caution which I'm in the habit of addressing to a landlord, when I suspect him of a design of putting me off with a bad bottle. They'll be quite out of place here—where all is so superlatively good. But no matter."

Whereupon, he broke into the following melody :

The Wine-Drinker's Declaration.

TO ALL AND SUNDRY WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I.

THE Toper who knows how to empty his can,
Is not half so afraid of a highwayman,
As he is of indifferent tipples :
With the last a stout fellow may fight for his purse ;
Of the other the consequence certain is worse,
Down his throat if permitted to ripple.

II.

If acetose claret I happen to sip,
'Tis my wish, as the beaker I dash from my lip,
That my throat to a short span would dwindle ;
But when I get hold of the vintage I prize,
I care not, although it should shoot out in size,
Until like a crane's neck it spindle.

III.

All wat'ry potations I let them alone,
And never will use such, until I am grown
A Hermit, and dwell in a cavern ;
But then the good Anchorite brandy must get
(An anker, right often,) his whistle to wet,
Or else he will sigh for the tavern.

IV.

My maxim is ever to drink of the best,
And in that I resemble sound soakers at rest ;
Our Fathers we always should follow :
Old customs, old manners we never should quit,
Or the World will judge us, as some folks judge of it,
And declare our professions are hollow.

The laughter occasioned by this song awakened Dr. Sidebottom, who overcome by the coldness of the weather, or the potency of the punch, had fallen comfortably asleep in his chair, and now, after indulging in a most portentous yawn, exclaimed :

"Was I dreaming, or did I hear some allusion made to Sir Walter Fitzwalter?"

"You were dreaming, Doctor," the Squire rejoined, with a slight cough to call his attention to Sir Gilbert de Montfichet, who again began to frown.

The hint was disregarded.

"Well, it's very strange," the Vicar pursued—"I thought I heard you speak of him, and directly after I fancied he was come back again to dwell in his old mansion."

"What here!" Jonas exclaimed—"I'm very glad it was nothing more than a dream, your reverence."

"Dreams sometimes foreshadow coming events," Dr. Sidebottom remarked gravely; "and I have known some remarkable instances of their verification. I thought Sir Walter had returned to the hall of his ancestors. I saw him as plainly as I see——" The rest of the sentence expired upon his lips.

"As you see what, Doctor?" the Squire asked.

"Look there!—look there! Do you see nothing, sir?"

"Gracious heavens! can it be possible?" the Squire ejaculated, following the direction of the Vicar's gaze, and becoming, like him, transfixed with astonishment, not wholly free from a superstitious dread, which presently diffused itself throughout the assemblage, though they scarcely knew why.

The screen had been removed, disclosing the figure of Dr. Plot, who having risen to his feet, continued for a few minutes to regard the group fixedly.

"Why, that's the impostor you were inquiring about," Montfichet said. "That's John Johnson, who now styles himself Dr. Plot."

"John Johnson or not, he's no impostor," the Squire rejoined, in a low earnest tone.

"But I'll have it out of him—I'll know who he is," Montfichet exclaimed. "He bullied me just now; but by heavens! he shall not do so again with impunity."

"Sit down, Sir Gilbert," the Squire said, with a certain look of authority not to be resisted. "Let him preserve his incognito, if he will."

"You know him, then?"

The Squire nodded.

"Why not address him?"

Monkbury shook his head.

"You, also, appear to recognise him, Doctor?" Sir Gilbert said, turning to the Vicar. "Speak to him."

"Not I—unless he addresses me first," Dr. Sidebottom replied, in a low, solemn tone.

"I believe it's the old gentleman in person, Sir G.," Captain Juddock whispered. "Don't you notice his club-foot? No doubt he has managed to conceal his tail."

"It certainly is very mysterious," Montfichet rejoined, staring at the singular personage on whom all eyes were fixed, and beginning to be infected with the general feeling of dread.

This feeling rather increased as Dr. Plot advanced towards them, slowly, and with as much stateliness as his deformed limb would permit. There was a melancholy kindness in the regards, which he addressed exclusively to the Squire and the Vicar—but chiefly to the former. As he drew near, Monkbury, who had looked hard at him all the while, stretched out his hand, but said nothing.

Dr. Plot shook his head mournfully, murmuring, rather than giving distinct utterance to the words—"Not yet!—not yet!" though what he meant to say seemed to reach the Squire's ear. He then raised his thin finger to his lips; bowed gravely to the Vicar, who respectfully returned his salutation; and imposing silence on him by a gesture similar to that addressed to the Squire; moved silently on like a ghost.

On—on towards the staircase.

So impressive, so singularly awe-inspiring was his manner, that no one ventured to address him. Though half disposed to disobey the Squire's injunctions, Montfichet felt his courage forsake him, and he sat still and speechless. Juddock held his breath, as the singular being passed him, and drew in his huge outstretched shanks to make way. Jonas and his wife looked on in mute wonder, and Paul Flitwick rubbed his eyes, as if doubting whether they served him truly.

Arrived at the foot of the staircase, Dr. Plot encountered Peggy, who had just descended with Carrot Dick, and taking a candle from her, slowly mounted them, and passed along the gallery:—all eyes following him, and the same hushing silence prevailing till he disappeared down the dark corridor.

Everybody then breathed more freely.

The first to break silence was Jonas.

"Why, I declare he knows his way about the house as if he were used to it," he said. "He has gone straight to his room, though no one has shown it to him."

The next to find utterance was Paul Flitwick, who rushing up to his master with his rough white locks standing on end, ejaculated:

"Yar han'r seed un? Ya know'd un?"

"Saw him, and knew him too, Paul," his master rejoined. "But as I intimated just now, a discreet man will see everything, and say nothing. You understand."

The old huntsman nodded his head, and retreated.

"I didn't perceive any caudal appendage; but nevertheless, I believe it to be his Satanic Majesty in person, or one of his principal envoys," Juddock said. "I shall be afraid to remain in the house."

"A man of your thewes and sinews confess himself afraid?" the Squire exclaimed, in contempt.—"You ought to fear nothing of mortal mould, and he you have just seen is fashioned like yourself—though of somewhat better clay," he thought. "Ah! Roper, I'm glad to see you," he added, as the Steward, who had remained near the fire, till Dr. Plot had disappeared, now advanced. "Sit down! sit down!" he said with a significant look at him. "We must raise our spirits again, which this unexpected incident has somewhat damped. Jonas, another bowl of punch!"

FALCONRY.

THE Pæan of the Falcons is being sung again. An amusement originally derived from the East, where the "Grand Seigneur" once boasted of a retinue of 6000 falconers, and still almost universally practised in countries where people are too indolent for the more active sports of the field, is about to be brought back from the same country, and is again spoken of as a most noble and gentle pursuit—fit for "knight and ladye fair;" a source of healthy and innocent enjoyment, and, above all, "a pageant of past glory."

Knox, in his pretty little treatise on "Game Birds and Wild Fowl," has given a graphic account of this exhilarating sport; Mr. W. B. Barker, who has had much experience of the art as practised in the Levant, has devoted two interesting chapters to the subject in his work on "Cilicia;" and we have now before us a still more graphic and amusing sketch of Oriental falconry, in Mr. Burton's "Falconry in the Valley of the Indus."*

It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine scenes for sport of any description more prolific or more gorgeous than are presented by the long Valley of the Indus.

It was a heart-gladdening spectacle for a sportsman. The pure blue sheet of water lined with a fringe of vivid green, was literally covered with feathered life. The king-curlew with his ruby crown, and the common curlew so celebrated, despite his homely garb, for the soaring and racing chase he affords, were pacing the banks in busy troops. Gulls and graceful terns hovered over the marsh, here alone in the air, there mingled with flights of red and white Brahminee ducks, wheeling about in search of a spot to light on. The tall Sarus stood in pairs, now plunging their bills into the shallow waters, now scattering pearly drops from their pink throats: the bittern's ruff peeped out of the green weeds, and the snowy white cloak of the paddy-bird glistened dazzlingly amongst the russet-coloured uniforms of duck and diver, snipe and snipet, plover and wild goose. Lank herons were there, and stout matronly pelicans gazing stolidly before them, with bustards large as turkeys, and a goodly array of plump little teal; the painted snipe with beautiful dark colours ornamenting his wings; the mallard with his gorgeous plume, and many varieties of quiet-looking cranes swam, and dived, and shook, and splashed, all screaming, each in his own tongue, their natural joy in a life to them at that moment full of charms.

The fates protected the denizens of that marsh. Hawks generally dislike flying at birds over water; and unfortunately for us the thick vegetation of the leeward bank prevented our taking the wind of the water-fowl.

This became apparent, when a couple of matchlock balls whizzing through the air, and the loud report ringing upon the surface of the Jheel, startled its occupants from their proper occupations. Those that caught sight of the hawks fled shrieking down the wind towards another pond, in a straight line, so that pursuit would have inevitably entailed the loss of a Bashiah. Others, with instinctive cunning, wheeled round and round the crystal floor, never passing its limits, till fear allowed them to settle again. A few, but so few, exposed themselves to danger, that we lost nearly two hours in "bagging" half a dozen snipe and teal.

Presently we left the marsh. Our Bazdar had remarked, with many curses,

* *Falconry in the Valley of the Indus.* By Richard F. Burton, Lieut. Bombay Army, Author of "Goa and the Blue Mountains," &c. John Van Voorst.

a huge "tiger of the air," an Ukab towering in his "pride of place," high above the dense vapours and the reflected heat of the plains. He was apparently determined to dine on a Bashah, for, fast as we shifted our position, he followed us from Jheel to Jheel, and ended by triumphantly ejecting us from his hunting-grounds.

The Ukab, or Scinde vulture, alluded to in this extract is a mortal enemy to every species of hawk; witness the following example, related to Mr. Burton by the Ameer Ibrahim Khan Talpur:

"Well, Sahib," continued the Ameer, speaking by jerks, as his breathlessness allowed him; "one day I flew my beautiful Bahri after a little heron which we all expected to see killed in a moment. They took the air well together, when, of a sudden, 'See the Ukab! oh, the Ukab!' cried the Bazdar. True enough! High above us was the wretch, a black dot in the blue sky, looking out, like an Affghan, for what he could plunder. We shouted—we waved the lure: unfortunately my poor Bahri was so eager after her quarry, that nothing could tempt her out of the way of destruction. Then the Ukab disappeared from our eyes, and we thought that the Maloon had been frightened by our noise. The falcon and the little heron kept rising and rising, till we lost sight of them also. Presently, by the Prophet's beard I swear to you, Sahib, as we stood looking upwards with straining eyes, a speck appeared like a fly in the air, larger and larger it grew, the instant after, plump fell a body at our feet. It was poor Sohni, my falcon. The accursed vulture had shattered her skull with his foul beak. And since that day I have liberally dispensed Kisas to all his breed."

Mr. Burton and Mr. Barker both agree that the round-winged hawks have been much neglected in this country. Both in the Levant and on the Indus they are principally used, although by far the more expensive to purchase, reclaim, and keep. "I doubt," says Mr. Burton, "whether *Falco gentilis* in the West ever gave better sport than does one of Ibrahim Khan's favourite goshawks."

Our old authors appear to have been fond of commending the goshawk. Turberville, in the "Book of Falconrie," speaks highly of its qualities. Others designate it a "choice and dainty bird." "Most majestic," says Mr. Burton, "was her attitude as she sat upon the arms of royalty, clasping it with her singles (toes), and firmly resisting the wind—*chevauchant le vent*, as French falconers express it—with the stiffness of an eagle." Sir Thomas Sebright, however, one of the few living falconers, expresses his surprise that any one should use goshawks for sport; and others insult the bird by declaring that she is only a big sparrowhawk. The fact is, Mr. Burton says, that a good goshawk is an excellent bird, but, at the same time, as difficult to find good as she is common. Mr. W. B. Barker, who has trained a German goshawk from the Zoological Gardens, and introduced two trained birds into this country from the Taurus, says, that without wishing to detract from the merits of the peregrine or lanner, that, generally speaking, the goshawk will answer the purposes of most sportsmen; and if ever falconry, he says, is revived in England, this bird will be the one to which we must have recourse.

The goshawk of the Indus is so game a bird, that it will kill even the antelope; a fact of which Mr. Burton gives us a very graphic pen-and-pencil illustration. We can only extract the first:

"Stop!" said the Ameer, painfully excited. "You, Gul Mammad, ride softly round, and place yourself behind the brow of that hill. You, Fauju, to the opposite side."

My friend's acute *coup d'œil* had marked a pair of antelopes quietly grazing in the bit of green valley far beyond. A glance through the glass assured me that he had not erred: what to the naked eye appeared two formless, yellow marks upon a field of still undried grass, became, by means of the telescope, a pair of those beautiful little beings our poets call "gazelles."

Ibrahim Khan disposed his force skilfully. Reserving the falconer and a Kuttewala with two fierce, gaunt Kelat greyhounds, he stationed his men in a circle concealed from the sharp eyes of the antelopes, leaving a gap to windward of them to prevent the scent reaching their nostrils, and to serve as a trap for them to fall into.

Presently the horsemen, emerging from behind the rocks and hill tops, began to advance slowly towards the quarry, and in a moment the startled animals, sighting the forms of many enemies, sprang high up, and bounded towards the only way of escape.

As the doe passed us at headlong speed, the Ameer turned round so as to conceal her from the view of the goshawk. A few moments afterwards I gave the signal; he bent forward over his mare's neck, and directing the Shahbaz towards the buck as he flew by, threw up the bird from his wrist with a shout.

The two greyhounds, free from the leash, dashed forward at that moment. All was hurry and excitement. Horsemen and footmen crowded in pursuit, every man straining his eyes to keep the quarry in full view.

The rocky ground, unfavourable to the pursuers, was all the antelope could desire. His long thin legs, almost disproportioned to the size of the body, were scarcely visible, so rapid were their twinkling motions. Here he cleared a huge boulder of rock, there he plunged into the air over the topmost twigs of a euphorbium bush; here he threaded his way through the pebbly bed of a torrent, there perched for an instant upon a stony ledge, he fearlessly prepared to foot the slippery descent beyond. Such a country could not but be puzzling to dogs, though ours were wary old greyhounds that had hunted by sight for years; they fell far behind, and to all prospect the gazelle was lost.

"She has eaten too much—a blight upon her mother!" cried a furious voice by my side. The Ameer was right. Had his bird been sharper set, the chase would have lost half its difficulty.

The Shahbaz, who at first had flown gallantly at the quarry, soon began to check, and as we were riding far behind over the difficult ground, appeared inclined to abandon her game. But when, escaping from the punchbowl of rock, we reached a long level plain of silt, the aspect of affairs improved.

At a distance, which was palpably diminishing, we saw the goshawk attacking her game. Now she swooped upon its back, deeply scoring the delicate yellow coat as she passed by. Then she descended upon the animal's head, deafening it with her clashing pinions, and blinding it with her talons. This manoeuvre, at first seldom practised out of respect for the dagger-like horns, whose sharp, black tips never failed to touch the pursuer's *balai*, or pendent feathers, was soon preferred to the other. As the victim, losing strength and breath by excess of fear, could no longer use its weapons with the same dexterity, the boldness of the Shahbaz increased. She seemed to perch upon its brow: once or twice it fell, and when it arose, its staggering, uncertain gait gave evidence of extreme distress.

Then the dogs, who had become ferocious as wolves, gained sensibly upon their victim. The sound of their approach but added to its terror what it took from its speed. Even before they had fastened their fangs upon its quarters, the unhappy gazelle was stretched panting and struggling, with the Shahbaz straining every nerve to pin its head to the ground.*

* Mr. Barker thinks that Mr. Burton's Shahin must have been a lanner, or a peregrine. Goshawks cannot, he says, take gazelles, which never start at a lesser distance than 300 yards, and the goshawk cannot fly fast enough, or far enough, to overtake them. In the Levant, the Barbary peregrine is called Shahin, or Sheheen.

The death of the gazelle is now considered the highest triumph of Eastern falconry :

Meer Ibrahim Khan Talpur the remainder of that day was almost as lively a companion as a subaltern newly returned from "seeing service." He slew his antelope some twenty successive deaths, praised to the skies everything that was his especially ; more especially his Bashahs, his falconer, his dogs, his dogkeeper ; most especially as her due, his goshawk. As regards the latter, a little romancing was allowed to mingle its alloy with the pure vein of veritable history. Every bough we saw on our way home reminded him of some doubtful exploit performed by that same Shahbaz. At dinner, the gazelle steaks brought her mention prominently forward, and the music, wine, and joviality of the evening elevating him, also tended in no small degree to elevate her and her qualities. At last it was proposed to try her upon one of the wild goats that roam over the deserts separating Cutch from Scinde.

"Her success," said the Ameer, "is certain."

"Certain," repeated Kakoo Mall.

"Certain," nodded Hari Chand, whispering : "the gazelle of this year, next year will be a Gorkhar!"

Whether the sneer has, or has not been justified, I know not. Perhaps it may so happen that in some day to come the Ameer Ibrahim, seduced by the *gobemouche* auditory of a wonder-loving British traveller, may point to the bird in question with a—

"You see that Shahbaz? Well, Wallah! By the beard of the Prophet I swear to you, five years ago she felled a wild ass. You may believe me; although a Beloch, I do not tell a lie. Billah! A 'man-with-a-hat' was with me when it happened. Ask Burton Sahib, if it did not."

Then will Kakoo Mall, if he be living, ejaculate "certainly," and Hari Chand, if he be present, exclaim "certainly;" and, in a word, every man and boy that has ears to hear and eyes to see, will re-echo "certainly," and swear himself an eye-witness of the event, to the extreme confusion of Fact and Fiction.

We doubt much, however, if the reader will peruse this account of the death of the antelope without a pang. Mr. Burton says, "There is an eternal sameness in the operation of shooting, which must make it—one would suppose—very uninteresting to any but those endowed with an undue development of destructiveness." And Colonel Bonham, of the 10th Hussars, we are told by Mr. Knox, has laid aside the gun and the rifle for the enjoyment of the "noble craft;" but the gun has at least the advantage of putting a bird, generally speaking, out of misery at once. Who can read the following conclusion of a combat between a Khairu, a hobby-hawk, and a crow, without feeling for the victims of the sport?

The battle is not finished. Corvus, in spite of his fall, his terror, a rent in the region of the back, and several desperate pecks, still fights gallantly. This is the time for the falconer to assist his bird. From the neighbouring mimosas, roused by the cries of their wounded comrade, pours forth a "rabble rout" of crows, with noise and turmoil, wheeling over the hawk's head, and occasionally pouncing upon her, *unguibus et rostris*, with all the ferocity of hungry peregrines. We tremble for Khairu. Knowing her danger, we hurry on, as fast as our legs can carry us, shouting, shooting pellets, and anathematising the crows. We arrive, but hardly in time. As we plunge through the last bushes which separate us from the hawk, twenty cawers rise flurriedly from the ground: the Bazdar hurries to his Laghar. The quarry lies stone dead, but poor Khairu, when taken up and inspected by thirty pair of eyes, is found to have lost her sight, and to be otherwise so grievously mauled, pecked, and clawed, that the most sanguine prepare themselves for her present decease.

Alas, poor Khairu!

It is undoubtedly very picturesque to read of knights riding out with hawk on fist, and knight's lady on fiery jeunet, with merlin clasping her embroidered glove, the look of the thing, the pomp of its apparatus, and the antique costume impart a kind of black-letter interest to the good old sport; there was excitement, also, in witnessing the combined working of horses, hawks, and hounds, but we doubt if of the kind well suited to "ladye fair." The effect upon the temper of the Ameer of Scinde appears to have been anything but agreeable. A sparrow-hawk had been thrown at a pigeon.

Unfortunately, however, for the hawk and my friend's temper, she had not been "sharp set" that morning. This at once became apparent from her manœuvres. Instead of grappling with the quarry, she "checked" first at one bird, then at the other, amused herself with following them on the wing, and lastly, when tired of the unprofitable exercise, she "raked off," and retiring to one of the Peepul branches, took up a position there with such firmness of purpose that all the falconer's "Ao Bachelis" and violent swingings of the lure were unavailing to dislodge her.

The Ameer's brow clouded: certain angry flashes escaped his eyes, and low growlings threatened an approaching storm. For a Beloch to make such a goose of himself! Every one stole furtive glances at the blunderer, the lean nephew; and even he, despite his habitual surliness of demeanour, could not help showing in looks and manner that conscience was stirring up uncomfortable sensations within him.

"Give me the bow," shouted the Ameer in his fury, "and let me do for that brother-in-law of a bit of carrion at once."

The Bazdar wishing, but not daring to deprecate such an atrocious act of sacrilege as the shooting of a hawk, slowly handed a polished horn *kaman* to his master, and a *tako* or blunt arrow shod with a bit of horn. The Scindians are particularly expert at the use of this weapon; they throw the missile transversely so as to strike with the side, and when a large covey is the mark aimed at, they sometimes bring down as many as three or four birds with a pair of shafts. So it happened that the Shikrah, who was quietly "mantling" upon a clear branch in a nice sunny place, had the life summarily knocked out of her by the Ameer's *tako*.

Falconry, as a partial sport, is, however, well worthy of preservation, more so than the situation of a grand falconer without falcons. The enclosed state of our country makes it objectionable for the peregrine, which cannot be easily followed; but the goshawk can be followed at a hand-canter, and Mr. Barker tells us that there is at the Zoological Gardens a precious and beautiful specimen of the Australian goshawk, which is perfectly white, with eyes the colour of bright rubies, and which he thinks would, from its large hands and small body, be swifter in flight, and, on the whole, a more efficient bird than our goshawk. "It forms," says Mr. Barker, "in my opinion, the beau-ideal of perfection in a hawk. I consider it worthy of a princely hand, and should be happy to see his Royal Highness Prince Albert patronise the training of this bird to afford amusement to our young Prince of Wales."

A ROYAL WHIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MEINHOLD, AUTHOR OF "THE AMBER WITCH," &c.

WE are about to tell our readers a very strange event that occurred in the reign of Frederick William I. of Prussia, father of the great Frederick, and a man generally disliked on account of his rough and frequently tyrannical manner, but who was really one of the best regents of his fatherland, as he alone (and to this his son afterwards bore testimony) was the real founder of its future greatness.

This extraordinary man, who should be judged by the customs of the age in which he lived, in order to prove him extraordinary both in his errors and his virtues, had one passion which far outweighed all others—namely, love for the chase. We remember reading in his historian, Förster, that within one year he killed upwards of 3000 partridges with his own gun, without taking the other game into account, in which the queen was the greatest sufferer, as she had to find him, according to a marriage contract, in powder and shot gratis. When there was nothing for him to shoot in his own forests, he never declined the invitations of the landed gentry to pay them a visit.

Thus it happened that—it might be about the year 1720—the rich landed proprietor, Von W——, sent his majesty an invitation to a wolf hunt, with the humble request that he would bring his most illustrious consort with him, as the nobleman's wife had formerly belonged to her majesty's suite.

On a fine September day, then, the king and queen, with several officers and ladies of the bedchamber, as well as the court fool, Baron von Gündling, arrived at the nobleman's ancestral château. On the very next day the chase commenced, and Von Gündling, who found as little pleasure in the sports of the field as the king did in the arts and sciences, took a solitary walk in the meadows, and lay down to read in the long grass.

But before we hear what happened further, we must first give our readers a description of this strange man. He was, as we have already remarked, the king's fool, and had received all imaginable titles and honours, in order to afford his majesty and the court still greater sport. In fact, his Excellency, the Supreme Master of the Ceremonies, Privy Councillor, and President of the Academy of Arts, Baron von Gündling, acquired such arrogance through his titles, that nothing could be more comical than the contrast between these dignities and the indignities he had to suffer daily, even from the youngest lieutenants. His excellency on such occasions would grow very angry—the very thing his tormentors wished—and would lay a protest before the king against a man of his rank being so treated, which naturally increased the general laughter. Through such scenes, which were in that day considered remarkably comical, our fool had become a necessity for the king and court. Besides, we may add that he was a walking lexicon, and had to give all possible explanations in the daily meetings of the so-termed "tabaks collegien." His pedantry, in fact, was the best thing about him: as for

wit, he possessed as little as a mule; but, to make up for it, he could be as vicious and obstinate as that amiable animal.

The Baron von Gündling, then, lay at full length in the grass, in his peculiar dress, the chief ornament of it being an immense full-bottomed wig, and in such a position that only the locks of his peruke could be seen as he moved from side to side. A gentleman who arrived rather late for the chase happened to notice it, and taking it for some strange animal, fired point blank at the wig, but very fortunately missed it. His excellency sprang up immediately in the highest indignation, and cried out,

"You vagabond rascal, how dare you——?"

The gentleman, however, when he perceived that the strange animal must necessarily belong to the royal suite, did not wait to reply, but ran off at full speed to the neighbouring forest. The baron, however, was not satisfied with this, but, as he saw a man ploughing at a short distance from him, he called out in his arrogant manner,

"Come hither, man!"

The reply he received was,

"I have no time or inclination to do so; but if you'll speak civilly, I may."

His excellency was not accustomed to such an answer; he, therefore, walked toward the impudent ploughman with upraised stick, and was about to apply it to his back, when he noticed that it was the clergyman of the village, whom he had seen the preceding evening at the nobleman's château. The baron, therefore, lowered his stick, and contented himself by punishing the clergyman with his tongue.

"How can he be such an impertinent ass. Does he not know who I am?"

"Oh, yes! he's the king's fool."

His excellency trembled with rage, and raised his stick again; but on measuring the sturdy pastor from head to foot, and seeing no help near, he let it fall for the second time, and merely uttered the threat,

"Just wait, my fine fellow. I'll tell the king you pretend to be a pastor, and yet go out ploughing."

The clergyman replied, quite calmly,

"My gracious master will probably remember that Cincinnatus ploughed too, and he was a dictator, while I am only a poor village pastor."

"Yes," the baron said, after inspecting his coarse and peasant-like dress; "but when Cincinnatus ploughed, he did not look like a common peasant."

"I am certain he did not look like a fool," the clergyman replied, as he drove his oxen on.

This was too much for the baron, and he rushed away towards a peasant he saw approaching, vowing vengeance on the impudent pastor, whom he determined to ruin on the first opportunity.

He was very glad, then, to find in the peasant a most determined enemy to the clergyman, who complained bitterly of his sternness, and of the fact of his compelling him to make up a quarrel he had carried on very successfully with his wife for several weeks.

Our fool was clever enough to see that this anecdote would not be of

any service to him in trying to injure the pastor with the king, he therefore answered, most pathetically, "But the pastor was perfectly in the right; that could do you no harm?"

"Well, that's very true," the peasant replied, "especially as he's getting old, and can't carry on as he used; but I'm sure when his son soon takes his place—a fellow like a church steeple—he'll break all our bones for us. For that reason, if the matter was left to me, I wouldn't choose him for our clergyman; for if the patron is to beat us on workdays, and the pastor play the same game on Sundays, when will our backs find time to get well?"

Gündling now listened attentively, and his plan was soon formed, when he learned that the pastor's son would return from Halle in a few days to preach his trial sermon on the next Sunday, as the patron had promised him his father's living. He therefore quitted the peasant with a mocking smile, and made some pretext for visiting the sexton, to make further inquiries into the matter. The latter confirmed the story, and gave his opinion that the young master must be at least six feet two in height, and as straight as a poplar-tree.

"Wait!" Gündling murmured between his teeth, as soon as he again reached the street; "we will put a blue coat on the young fellow, and that will annoy that vagabond preacher." He therefore returned to the château, where he looked up a captain of his acquaintance, whom he took on one side, with the hurried question, "How many fellows have you already got?"

To understand this question, our readers must know that the king, at every review, requested each commander of a company to present his new recruits to him. If the poor gentleman had less than three he fell into partial disgrace; and so each captain, about review time, which was close at hand, tried to procure a few young men by any method, legal or illegal, but especially those particularly tall, for the king had a peculiar delight in such soldiers.

"Woe is me! I've but one," the officer replied, "and he's only a journeyman tailor."

"Well, then," Gündling replied, "you can get a journeyman clergyman of six feet two."

"Well, that's no tremendous height, but still it's better than nothing."

The captain then requested an explanation, and both discussed the measures by which to get hold of the clergyman's son. They soon agreed that the officer should feign illness when the king departed. Gündling would remain with him as company: a few soldiers would be secretly procured from a neighbouring town, and the young candidate taken *volens volens* by the ears, and transported to the next garrison.

In the meanwhile, the king and his suite followed the chase on the next day with their usual ardour. It so happened that two ladies in attendance on the queen, tortured by *ennui*, followed the windings of the stream, which led them from the nobleman's garden into the open fields. One of them, Wilhelmine von B——, was a young and charming creature, and was evidently attempting to cheer her companion, who was silent, and not nearly so charming. In consequence there was a deal of laughing, which might have been heard at some distance off, and might have led to the conclusion that the old, though still ever new, story

of marriage and love was being discussed by the ladies. They had gradually wandered some quarter of a mile from the village, when a wolf, probably disturbed by the beaters, and which they at first took for a dog, ran towards them, regarding them with a look which they interpreted: "This little darling I'll make my breakfast off, and the other little darling I'll leave on that bed of forget-me-nots till supper time."

The poor girls had not in the least expected such a bridegroom, and stood petrified with fear as soon as they recognised the animal, for they possibly did not know that a wolf, in the summer or autumn, would attack nobody, and that the Isegrim who fascinated their eyes was, probably, as much afraid of them as they were of him. The silent young lady sobbed out a masculine name—we presume that of her lover—while the charming one, after recovering from her first terror, looked round on all sides for assistance.

Suddenly a carriage made its appearance from a branch road, drawn by two horses, in which a young and handsome man was sitting. Both ladies cried out together in joyful surprise when they perceived this unexpected assistance, and the wolf immediately ran off, and took up his station some distance from them. "You have saved us from death," the charming Wilhelmine said, as she approached the young man, who immediately ordered the coachman to stop, and leaped from the carriage. After begging, in the style of French gallantry, to have his doubts cleared up as to whether he looked upon nymphs or hamadryads, or actual mortals, and all possible explanations had been furnished him, he presented himself to the ladies as the son of the old pastor, and just arrived from Halle, in order to act as curate to his father. The young man, whom we will call Carl, then invited the ladies to take seats in his vehicle, and thus return to the château.

The ladies quickly accepted this invitation, and Carl had the pleasure of lifting them into the lofty carriage, in which he also took his seat, exactly opposite the fair Wilhelmine, who, however, was cruel enough, for some time, to look every way but at him. At length, when he began to speak of Halle, where he had been several years "*Famulus*" at the house of Freylinghausen, she turned her eyes with pleasure towards him, for she was well acquainted with this poet, and became so eloquent that her companion blushed, nudged her repeatedly, and at length whispered in her ear, "Ah, *mon Dieu!* he's not a nobleman." Wilhelmine, however, paid no attention to her, and as the young man was very well read, and recited several of Freylinghausen's newest poems, the time passed so quickly, that they stopped before the rectory almost without perceiving it. Here all the family assembled round the carriage, and wished to embrace their dear relative; but this he declined, and first presented his fair companions, who were immediately invited into the rectory, which the silent one at first declined, but the other immediately accepted.

After the first stormy salutation the old clergyman clasped his hands, and commenced the hymn, "*Praise God for all his gifts!*" in which the whole family joined; among them our friend Carl, with such a splendid tenor voice, that the young lady could not refrain from saying, after the hymn was ended,

"If you would do me a real favour, you would sing me that song of Freylinghausen's which you recited to us on our road here."

This request was so flattering, that Carl could not refuse to comply with it. He therefore sang, as solo, the song, "My heart should feel contented," without the least idea that, in a very short time, not merely all his consolation, but all his good fortune, would originate from this song.

The charming Wilhelmine was highly delighted when he had finished the song; and the two ladies took their leave, on the earnest persuasion of the silent one of the two. Carl politely accompanied them to the neighbouring gate of the château, where they parted with mutual compliments.

The young man felt for the first day or two as if he had lost something necessary to his existence; but as the difference of rank between himself and a lady of the royal suite appeared to him an insurmountable obstacle, he soon forgot the strange adventure, in which he was materially assisted by the composition of his trial sermon, which he was to preach the next Sunday before his patron and the congregation. In the meanwhile, however, the king and his suite had returned to Berlin, while Gündling and the captain remained behind to carry out their treacherous scheme. The captain pretended to be suffering from a frightful attack of gout, and had secretly ordered a corporal and six men to come on the ensuing Sunday night from the neighbouring garrison of G——n, as he had learned that their kind host intended to pay a visit at a gentleman's house some thirty miles off, as soon as the candidate's sermon was ended, and would not return for a week. During that time they expected to have the young recruit so securely hidden away, that any reclamation would be unavailing; and besides, the king's adjutant, who attended to all military affairs, was the captain's cousin. Gündling, after his usual fashion, rubbed his stomach with both hands, as he thought of the pastor's terrible despair at the loss of his beloved son.

As soon as the anxiously-desired Sunday arrived, both gentlemen went to the overcrowded church: the captain, as he hypocritically told his host, to return thanks for his sudden and fortunate recovery, but in truth, to have a nearer look at his young recruit, whose height he was delighted with, and paid Gündling repeated compliments for his discrimination. The poor young man gained complete approbation from his patron and the whole parish, and even Gündling, after the service was over, approached the pastor, and treacherously praised his good fortune in having such a son. We must say, that the captain, to his credit, was not guilty of such hypocrisy in this case.

At a late hour in the evening, which was both stormy and cold, the sound of arms and a loud knocking was heard at the door of the parsonage. The door was at length opened by the unfortunate Carl, with the words,

"Who are you, and what do you want at this unseasonable hour of the night?"

"We want you!" the captain exclaimed, as he sprang forward, and seized the young man by the arm. "You must come with us, and change your black coat for a blue one."

We may easily imagine the terror of the wretched man, who, only partly dressed, was standing speechless before them, when his old father, who had heard this conversation, rushed out of bed, and interposed be-

tween them. He, too, was unable at first to speak through terror, when he perceived in the moonlight the soldiers, and among them Gündling, who burst into a loud laugh on seeing the father's agony. This insult restored the old man to consciousness, and crying, "You villainous Judas!" he rushed with clenched fists at the baron. Carl, however, interposed; but as the old man could not be calmed, and the confusion and cries had become general, for the mother and sisters had joined them, the young man repeatedly begged to be allowed to speak; and when he gained permission, he addressed the following question to his father:

"Do you believe that our Heavenly Father is aware of my fate, or not?"

At this all were silent; but when the question was repeated, the old man replied:

"Why do you ask such a question? How should He, who knows everything, not be aware of your fate?"

"Well, then," the son calmly replied, "if you believe that, you must not forget that 'all things work together for good to those who love God.' I love Him, and willingly yield to my fate; and will only dress myself, and then be ready to follow the captain."

"No!" the latter replied, "you must come directly. *Allons—march!*"

All ran after the unfortunate man, crying to him, and striving to retain him, but in vain. Father, mother, and sisters were driven back by the butt-ends of the muskets.

"He will not be frozen," the captain cried, "before getting out of the village, and then he'll put on his accoutrements."

We will not attempt to give any description of the condition of the sorrowing family, as a soldier's life in that day was not merely the most disgraceful, but also the most wretched on earth; and many a father, had the choice been left him, would sooner have seen his son in his coffin than in the coloured coat.

The unhappy father waited in vain for a letter from his son from one week—from one month to another. The captain had taken all necessary precautions to cut off every opportunity for communication. No one knew what had become of him, and although it was so very difficult, on this very account, to claim him, still both pastor and patron attempted it, though, as may be easily imagined, in vain. After repeated petitions to his royal majesty, they at length received a very harsh reply from the minister of war himself: that they made a most insane request in asking them to look for a recruit in the ranks of the whole Prussian army, when no one, not even themselves, knew where he was; and he must be getting on well, or else he would have written to them.

Two years thus elapsed, without the disconsolate father, who had long before received a young curate to assist him, hearing the least news about his son, and therefore supposed that he had died through the cold on that frightful evening, or at the halberts.

At length, when the second year had just ended, he received a message from the neighbouring town to say that his son was in good health, and intended to visit him that same evening in company with the lady of the Dean of P——. When their joy at this unexpected news, which appeared to the old man almost fabulous, was moderated, and a thousand questions

asked of the messenger, no one could certainly furnish any explanation as to his strange companion ; but this was their least anxiety. "The dean's lady," the old mother gave it as her opinion, "will soon be tired of us." And long before evening the whole family set out to welcome their Joseph, as the old man called him. They had just arrived at the cross-road we have already visited, when a carriage drove up, out of the window of which a charming little white hand was stretched, and a silvery voice uttered the words, "Yes, yes, dear Carl, here it was that you saved me from the wolf." At the moment he looked out he recognised his parents. A cry of joy burst from him, which was echoed by the whole family. The coachman was bidden to stop, the lady and gentleman sprang out, and it was some time before the old father could say, "Now then tell us all, you wicked boy ; you caused us much grief by not writing a single word."

"I could, I dare not," Carl replied. "The captain made me pledge my honour that I would not send you any news of my place of abode. If I kept my word, he promised to give me my liberty at the end of three years."

"And the worthy captain set you free at the expiration of two," his father remarked.

"Not he !" Carl replied. "Death alone could have saved me from his clutches. I owe my liberty to our glorious king."

"Tell us—tell us how," all cried ; "let the carriage drive home."

"Yes !" the patron cried, who had come to share in the general joy, "send the carriage away. I must know all about it. We will take our seats on this bank."

All—among them the dean's lady, to whom no one had yet paid any attention—seated themselves on the grassy couch, and kept their eyes fixed on the young man, who wiped away his tears, and then commenced thus:

How badly I fared, and how grieved I was at not being able to send any news to my dear parents and sisters, I need not tell you. My only trust was in God ; for, had I not had Him to support me, I should have acted like a hundred others—either deserted, or put an end to my life. But my faith, which daily found nourishment in the beautiful text with which I quitted you on that night of terror, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," supported me in all my necessities.

Thus it happened that, just fourteen days ago, I stood as sentinel in the grand corridor of the royal palace at Berlin. I was thinking, as usual, of home, and as I felt very low-spirited, and, besides, fancied the neighbouring apartments unoccupied, I commenced singing that sweet song of Freylinghausen, "My heart should feel contented ;" when I was singing the third verse, a door opened to my great embarrassment, and I saw this lady's head.

"Ah ! the dean's lady," the old pastor said, as he bowed to her. "Now I am beginning to see more clearly into matters." And he straightway poured forth a multitude of apologies for not having noticed her before, through his immoderate joy at his son's return.

"But, father," the son inquired, "do you not recognise the lady?"

The old man, however, and his wife, had long forgotten the features. One of Carl's sisters at length said :

"That must be the young lady, if I am not mistaken, whom you saved from the wolf?"

"Certainly," Carl replied; "and at this very spot where we are now sitting so happily together."

But as all began crying, "Proceed, proceed with your story," he continued it in the following fashion :

As soon as I saw the head I was in great fear, and ceased singing. The lady, however, came very kindly towards me, measured me from head to foot, and at length said :

"I could scarce believe my ears when I heard that voice, but my eyes cannot deceive me. Surely you are the son of the clergyman of H——, who saved me from the wolf two years ago?"

"I am that unhappy man," I said to her; and then proceeded to tell her what a frightful revenge Gündling had taken. Her eyes filled with tears, and she seemed to me like an angel sent from on High to comfort me.

"You saved me from a wolf," she exclaimed, "and I will now do as much for you;" and then hurried back into the room. I stood there with a beating heart, till a page approached me with the words :

"Sentinel, as soon as you are released from duty you must go through that door, and present yourself to her majesty the queen."

I need not say with what anxiety I waited for the hour.

At length I was relieved, and, trembling, I entered the queen's apartments. She asked my history very graciously, and when I had finished it, she added :

"I can do nothing for you, my son, but I will beg the general to see that you are on duty here to-morrow morning between eleven and twelve, the hour at which the king pays me a visit. Then sing, with your clear voice that pleased me so much, any verse you like of his majesty's favourite hymn—'Who puts his trust in God alone.' I will then see what more I can do for you."

With these words her majesty dismissed me, and without the door I met this lady, who whispered to me, "Courage, courage; I trust all will be well."

As I expected, I was placed on duty before the queen's apartments the next morning at eleven o'clock. As soon as I heard voices within I commenced singing a verse of the hymn that had been commanded. However, I expected in vain to be summoned again. The hour passed, and I fancied that no attention had been paid to me; and I despaired, for I did not dare sing another verse.

"And yet," the young lady here interrupted the narrator, "all proper attention had been paid to your hymn, and I may be permitted to give an account of it, as Carl has already become my dear husband."

Another cry of astonishment was here raised: "What! what! your husband?" all exclaimed. "I fancied you were a dean's wife," the old pastor remarked. "I never heard of such a thing," the patron murmured, for he knew the lady was of very old family, and both he and the pastor seemed scarce to know whether they were awake or dreaming.

"You must then hear my story," the young lady remarked, with a smile :

The voice delighted both their majesties greatly, and as soon as I perceived this I began saying everything I could in favour of the young man without, till the king laughed, and said :

"Why, she must be in love with the fellow."

I felt that I blushed at this remark, but still answered boldly :

"Yes, your majesty, for he saved me, two years ago, from a frightful wolf."

"Diable !" the king added. "You are of a very old family, and might get a lieutenant, as far as I know."

Here the queen interposed, and begged his majesty, who was in very good humour that day, not to torment me further. I had opened my whole heart to her, and was determined on having this grenadier, or no one else, for my husband. "I must beg your majesty to remember," the queen continued, "how carefully this good girl attended to our child in its last illness."

"Well !" the king remarked, "we'll see. The captain praises the fellow ; but still she cannot by any possibility marry a simple curate. Well, as I said, we'll see. I'll examine the fellow myself ; but *apropos*, suppose he will not have *you* ?"

I did not know what answer to make to this inquiry, save by letting my eyes sink on the ground ; but the queen came to my assistance, by saying, "Your majesty will be best fitted to arrange that matter."

"Well, that's very true," the king replied. "We'll see, then ; the fellow will not be such a fool as to refuse." And with these words his majesty left the room, apparently in deep thought.

"That is the end of my story," the young lady said, "and my husband must proceed with his now."

Carl, therefore, continued :

I naturally believed that I had been quite unnoticed, especially as nothing of the slightest importance occurred during the remainder of the day that might nourish my hopes.

The next morning, however, at parade, the king cried out, after he had finished all other affairs,

"Where is the fellow who stood as sentry yesterday morning between eleven and twelve at the queen's door ?—let him step out of the ranks."

With a beating heart I obeyed this order, on which his majesty, without moving a feature, first measured me from head to foot, and then said, "Two under-officers here—take the fellow's coat off !" I could fancy nothing else than that I was going to be tied up to the halberts for my unseasonable singing, and therefore began tremulously, "I implore your majesty, with all submission——" but the king interrupted me : "Don't argue—take his waistcoat off !" The under-officers did what they were commanded, and the king in the same tone, and without moving a feature, said—"Now his gaiters !"

I now fancied I was going to be impaled at the least, and entreated, in my fear, "I beg your majesty, on my knees, to be merciful to a poor fellow ;" but the same answer was given me—"Don't argue."

As I stood there in my shirt sleeves, the king ordered—"Now, bring that black chest hither to the front."

I was now certain of death when I saw this chest brought up, in which I fancied an executioner's sword, at the very least, was contained. I clasped my hands, and commended my soul to God, when the king, before whom the chest had been deposited, cried out to me, "Now, look in, and see how that suits you."

As soon as I raised the lid, I saw, not a sword or any instrument of torture, but a black clerical dress, and the bands laid on the top of it. This change in my feelings almost took my senses away, but the king's voice again aroused me. "Now, dress yourself immediately, and listen to what I say. Bring four drums here, and lay a dozen side-arms across them, so that he cannot tumble through. The grenadier shall preach us a sermon, for I must first examine him, and see if he has learned anything. If he sits firm in the saddle, as the saying is, he can keep the black stuff, and all it contains; but if he's a stupid ass, I'll make him put the coatee on again. Now, then, up on the drums; you need not give it us long, but it must be good."

Assuredly (the young man continued) I should have talked nothing but nonsense, through the agitated nature of my feelings, and the fact that such a terrible alternative was offered me, but to my great good fortune, during the whole duration of my wretched servitude, I had daily thought of my favourite text, and determined I would preach on it the very first Sunday after my release. In fact, from continually thinking on the subject, I had the whole discourse long before ready in my mind. I, therefore, boldly mounted the drums, and began immediately with the words—"St. Paul says, in Rom. viii. 28, 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God;'" after which I gave a detailed account of my own misfortunes, which had worked together for good by the confirmation of my faith, and then made an universal and particular application of it.

I had noticed that the king, who stood close before me, and never once took his eyes off me, could not keep the tears from pouring down his cheeks; and I had scarce uttered the word "Amen," when he said to me, "Now, come down from your pulpit; you can keep the black coat, and all it contains. You had better inspect the pockets, and see what you have got in them."

During my discourse, I had noticed that one of them seemed heavier than the other. I therefore put my hand into that one first, and who could picture my astonishment, when I drew out a gold *tabatière* filled with ducats. I was silently regarding it, when the king said, "That is a present from my wife; but now look, and see whether there is anything in the other pocket;" and not yet able to utter a word through surprise, I drew out my appointment as dean, signed by the king's own hand.

"How is that possible? such a thing was never heard of," the old pastor exclaimed, as he raised his hands to heaven. "My son a dean? A candidate and private in the Grenadiers a dean? Yes! now I understand why you sent to tell us you would visit us in company with the dean's lady. But not to ask your poor old father to the wedding—as if you were ashamed of him—that is unpardonable."

"Did I know anything about my marriage?" the son continued; "but listen further."

I naturally tried, after all these fabulous events, to murmur out my thanks, but was interrupted by the king, who said, "Now come up to the palace; you can eat your soup with us, and the regimental chaplain must accompany you."

Giddy with the thought of all that had happened, I followed with the chaplain, who was hardly less astonished than I was, the king and his suite to the palace, and as soon as we had entered the audience-room, where all the court was assembled together with her majesty and this young lady, the king advanced, and asked me,

"Who does he think he has to thank for all this?"

I answered with a low bow,

"Besides God, my most gracious king and his most illustrious consort."

To which his majesty remarked,

"There he's right; but look ye here, this young and charming woman did the most for him. Has he nothing to say to her? She is not proud, and I know not married. What does he think of it? he's now a dean, and has his pocket full of ducats. Will he try his luck, and fancy he is all alone with her?"

Half mad with joy and hope, I raised my eyes, and looked at the poor girl, who was blushing and trembling before me, and who could not raise her eyes from the ground.

All were silent, though at intervals a slight sound of laughter could be heard in the room. In spite of all my good fortune, I was even more embarrassed than I had been an hour before when forced to mount the drums; but I collected myself, and in a few moments said,

"His majesty the king, to whom I owe all my good fortune, has inspired me with the courage to ask you before this great assembly, whether you will accompany me in my wanderings on the troubled path of life, like the angel Raphael formerly guided the youthful Tobias?"

She immediately gave me her hand, silent and trembling, which I pressed with ardour to my lips, and her majesty had scarcely bidden God to bless us, when the king added,

"Regimental chaplain, come hither and marry them. Afterwards we'll have our dinner; but I must get them off my hands to-day."

The chaplain, with a deep bow, remarked,

"It is impossible, your majesty; the young couple have not been asked in church."

"Nonsense!" the king objected; "I *asked* them myself long ago. Come, and marry them as quickly as you can, for I am hungry. Next Sunday you can ask them in church as many times as you like."

Although the chaplain urged various reasons, all was of no avail. The marriage took place that very hour, and my parents can now see why it was impossible for me to invite them.

"I really must be dreaming," the old pastor now said; "why, it's stranger than any story in the 'Arabian Nights.' A grenadier made a dean! But what did the members of the consistory say to it? I cannot imagine."

"*They kept me so long,*" the young man replied, "or I should have come to share my joy with you eight days ago. I had scarcely announced myself, and handed in my diploma with a request to be ordained, when the gentlemen, as may be easily conceived, declared the whole affair impossible, and sought to demonstrate this to his majesty in a long petition. The king returned it with these words, written with his own hand, on the margin :

"I have examined him myself. If he does not understand Latin he can afford to keep some one who does. I do not understand Latin myself."
 "FREDERICK WILLIAM."

"As they did not dare to trouble the king again in the matter, they proceeded to ordain me, after an examination, to which I voluntarily submitted."

The young man thus ended his story, and our kind readers can easily imagine the rest. We need only remark that our hero made an excellent dean, and for many years held the living of P——.

In conclusion, we are bound to state that the above anecdote is historically true, and that we have merely repeated the family tradition. Still we thought it better to refrain from giving the real names, as the descendants of our illustrious grenadier might not desire the story to be publicly known in connexion with themselves.

" A L L S E R E N E ."

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

ALL serene, and calm, and tender,
 On the wave the moonlight sleeps ;
 Countless stars come out in splendour,
 The rose, the glittering dewdrop, steeps ;
 The silent silv'ry clouds are sailing
 Mid-way earth and heav'n between,
 The distant song-bird's note is failing—
 All is tranquil—*all serene !*

All serene, and calm, and lonely,
 Not a breath steals o'er the sea ;
 'Tis the hour for lovers only—
 Come then, dearest, come to me ;
 I will linger by thy bower,
 'Neath the branches still unseen,
 Come love, 'tis the witching hour—
 All is tranquil—*all serene !*

NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE results of two expeditions to the Arctic regions—one of them of especial interest and importance—have been recently printed by order of the House of Commons. The first refers to the voyage of the *Prince Albert* discovery vessel (Lady Franklin's private Arctic expedition), commanded by Mr. W. Kennedy, and accompanied by Lieutenant Bellot, of the French navy; the second to that of the screw steam-vessel *Isabel*, also a private expedition, under the command of Captain G. A. Inglefield, R.N.

The *Prince Albert's* intended course was to Griffith's Island and Wellington Straits, but driven first upon Leopold Island, its commander was obliged to take refuge in Prince Regent Inlet. On a subsequent attempt being made to reach Leopold Island, Mr. Kennedy became separated in a boat with four men from his ship; and was thus left, after reaching the island, from the 9th of September to the 17th of October, when he was rescued by M. Bellot, with a party of seven men from the ship, which had found a safe anchorage in Batty Bay. Luckily that Mr. Kennedy found on Leopold Island the stores left by Sir James Ross for Sir John Franklin, or the party must have perished miserably.

Excursions were after this made along the base of the all but continuous chain of lofty, abrupt headlands, which extend from Batty Bay to Fury Beach, and on the 29th of March a more complete party started by Cresswell Bay to Brentford Bay. Here, on the 6th of April, they discovered a passage leading from Prince Regent Inlet to the western sea. This channel was only about two miles wide, but appeared to be deep, and had open water in parts. Its length was about twelve miles. This channel is supposed to be only one of several that separate North Somerset from Boothia. The neighbourhood was much frequented by reindeer. Crossing the western sea—a prolongation of Rae's Victoria Strait—the party reached Prince of Wales's Land. This they crossed, after some delay caused by storm and haze, first in a due west direction, over very low lying land, and then north, over an extensive table-land, till a succession of lofty hills forced them to the eastward, hanging them back again to Victoria Strait, along the shores of which they dragged their lengthy way to Lyon's Point, and thence to the well-known Cape Walker, and they returned to their ship by the coast of North Somerset and Whaler Point. There is some trifling discrepancy in the map that accompanies this narrative, and the narrative itself. For example, at the point where Messrs. Kennedy and Bellot reached Prince of Wales's Land, and now called Kennedy Bay, described as very low-lying land, we have on the map Mount Washington. Then, again, the interior of Prince of Wales's Land is described as "remarkable only for its tame and uniform level, not having so much as a lake, or the slightest rivulet, to relieve its monotony." On the map we have Fisher Lake, Colquhoun Range, and Mount Cowie, in the heart of the country. Again, by the map, the party reached, on the 25th of April, the shores of Ommaney Bay. There is no notice of this fact in Mr. Kennedy's report. Probably these additions, as also that of Bellot Strait, came from M. Bellot, the French officer, of whom Mr. Kennedy says, "I cannot find words to

express my admiration of the conduct of M. Bellet, who accompanied me throughout this trying journey, directing at all times the course by his superior scientific attainments, and at the same time taking an equal share with the men in dragging the sledge, and ever encouraging them in their arduous labours by his native cheerful disposition."

The *Isabel* screw schooner, having, through the failure of Captain Beaton's intended expedition, been thrown on the hands of Lady Franklin, Commander Inglefield undertook to proceed in her to the west coast of Baffin's Bay, from which, if the story of the *Renovation* is to be credited, those icebergs probably drifted on which the vessels were seen. The *Isabel* accordingly sailed on the 5th of July, 1852, reaching Godhaven, on the coast of Greenland, on the 12th of August. On the 22nd, the little steamer was becalmed off the great glacier of Petowak; and on the 23rd, the Eskimo settlement, at Wolstenholme Sound—the site, according to Adam Beck, of the murder of Franklin and his crew—was thoroughly examined, without traces, it is almost needless to say, being found of any such an event having occurred there.

Sailing hence into Whale Sound, Commander Inglefield discovered two extensive inlets opening away to the northward and eastward, with an unbroken horizon, and no sign of ice or obstruction. This passage—named after Sir Roderick Murchison, the excellent President of the Royal Geographical Society—is supposed by Sir Francis Beaufort to be the northern limits of the continent of Greenland; and nothing but the sense of his duty to Lady Franklin prevented Commander Inglefield searching the course of these fair straits.

On the 26th, Cape Alexander was rounded, under sail and steam, and Smith's Sound, at the head of Baffin's Bay, entered. This strait, marked so narrow on our charts, was found to be about thirty-six miles across; and Commander Inglefield says, that as his eye strained forwards into the clear expanse of apparently open water, he could not but admit to his mind that a great sea was beyond, and that the so-called Sound in reality led into the great Polynia of the Russians. As if in support of this view of the case, the natural snow-clad aspect of the bleak cliffs that surround the head of the bay seemed changed by the presence of a more genial clime, the side of Cape Alexander itself being streaked with bright green grasses and moss, and the neighbouring hills to the northward were black instead of snow-capped.

After determining the configuration of the shores of this great inlet into the open Arctic Ocean, for a distance of 140 miles further north than had been effected by any former navigator, Commander Inglefield was compelled, partly by circumstances over which he had no control, and partly by stress of weather, to quit this unknown sea; and following down the west coast as close as he could, he succeeded in sailing through Glacier Strait into Jones's Sound on the 31st of August. This sound was explored as far as long. 84 deg., at which point the coast suddenly turned away in a north-west direction, the south shore trending rather northerly; but as far as the eye could scan in the west horizon no land could be discovered, though great masses of ice were driving rapidly down. Sir Francis Beaufort deduces from this, that Jones's Sound is another channel to the northward through the great cluster of Parry Islands—another opening, indeed, to the mysterious Polynia of the Arctic Regions.

Gales from the westward, accompanied by snowdrift and thick fogs, and the impossibility of finding shelter for a winter season, obliged the gallant commander to forego further examination of this third open sea he had discovered; but undaunted by the approach of winter, though unfurnished with the means of passing it in an Arctic climate, he had the generous boldness to run up Barrow's Strait before quitting Baffin's Bay, in order to offer his surplus of provisions to Sir Edward Belcher's ships, and to bring home intelligence of their then state to government and to their numerous friends.

Considering the size of his vessel, the constant demands upon his time, as he seldom quitted the deck day or night, and the amount of coast explored, and discoveries effected, we do not feel surprised at Sir Edward Parry ranking Commander Inglefield among the most distinguished of our Arctic navigators, and Sir Francis Beaufort qualifying the voyage as one of the most extraordinary on record.

It appears from despatches received from Sir Edward Belcher's expedition, that Sir Edward had re-examined Beechy Island and the adjacent coast with great care, without finding any records of the missing expedition. Sir Edward does not think that Sir John Franklin removed in haste from these winter quarters, nor does he think that Cape Riley was a magnetic station. He attributes the difficulty in finding records of the missing expedition to the fact that the cairns are overlooked, or destroyed by animals. This was even the case with those left the year before by Captain Austin's expedition, and, adds Sir Edward, "We have not been able, even with this very open season, to trace the large supplies left at Navy Board Inlet by the *North Star*, and no beacon marks their whereabouts. How, then, are the distressed to avail themselves of this dépôt?"

The instructions given last year to Sir Edward Belcher comprised the two great objects of endeavouring to pass up Wellington Channel with one sailing vessel and one steamer, and of advancing with a similar force towards Melville Island. We find from the latest despatches brought home by the *Isabel*, and dated Beechey Island, 7th of September, 1852, that Sir Edward had proceeded, in consonance with these instructions, with the *Assistance* and *Pioneer* tender up Wellington Channel, which, even to the time of the last despatches, was open as far as the eye could see. Captain Kellett had proceeded at the same time with the *Resolute* and *Intrepid* tender in the direction of Melville Island. A prominent feature of the sledge parties this spring, was to meet on the meridian of 108 deg. west, and in the parallel of 77 deg. north. Sir Edward Belcher had also pointed out, that should Melville Island be reached by either of the two vessels, it was not improbable that an opening might be found by Graham Moore Bay into the Queen's Channel.

In the mean time, the *North Star* was to winter at Beechey Island, to construct a compact house capable of giving shelter to sixty persons, and to send out this spring sledge parties, chiefly under Dr. M'Cormick, to form dépôts, and to explore North Devon, Jones's Sound, and the land northerly. By the latest despatches, the asylum called "Northumberland House," already in progress, was nine feet high, thirty feet long, and twenty-five feet broad.

In order that the searching expeditions, or, perchance, any recovered expedition, may not be distressed for stores towards the fall of the present

year, as well as to meet all eventualities, the *Lady Franklin* is to be despatched to Beechey Island this spring in charge of Commander Inglefield, accompanied by the *Phoenix* steam-sloop. The employment of this successful navigator of the Polar Seas argues well for the prospects of research and relief; but, truth to say, all the officers and men now employed on these adventurous expeditions are alike distinguished by their zeal, their resolution, and their experience.

Such is the state of things in the Eastern Arctic Archipelago, whither another American expedition of succour is also generously bound this year. A sailing vessel and steam tender in Melville Strait—the north-west passage *par excellence*; a sailing vessel and steamer up Queen's Channel; a sailing vessel at the entrance of Wellington Channel; a house on Beechey Island; a sailing vessel, bound to the same with stores; a steamer for succour; and an American expedition in the van or the reserve.* Truly the Arctic plot may be said to thicken. And when we consider that in that dim and mysterious Polynia to which three different great openings have been found within a year or two, and yet into which, as into that bourne from which no traveller returns, none have yet ventured and come back; possibly not only the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with their gallant crews, lie *perdu*, ever struggling in vain to release themselves from a land and ice girt, and possibly a land and ice encumbered ocean; but that the *Investigator*, with Commander M'Clure and his brave crew, are also exposed to the same difficulties, and engaged in the same perils, the mind is filled with wonder and awe at the efforts made, the dangers encountered, and the dangers w'ed by our gallant sailors in these dark, inhospitable icy regions, soon, as with the enchanter's wand, to be almost filled with life, brave ships and their gallant crews, dogs and sledges, and their cheerful indefatigable guides, and even a wooden home springing up—"Northumberland House" transplanted to the regions of perpetual ice!

We have just perused an interesting and curious little work, called "Franklin's Footsteps,"† written by Mr. C. R. Markham, one of the officers of the *Assistance*, who was engaged in those remarkable sledging expeditions which we have previously described, and which is exceedingly amusing from its graphic descriptions of Arctic life, but which contains deductions with which we cannot coincide. One of these is, that it is perfectly decided that Sir John Franklin's party did not proceed by any part of the unexplored sea between Cape Walker and Banks's Land; we do not think it likely; but the mere shallowness of the sea off Prince of Wales's Land, or the absence of records on Cape Walker, are not satisfactory to conviction. A second is, that it is highly improbable that Sir John Franklin's party passed up Wellington Channel, which is blocked up by islands! If so, where the use of Sir E. Belcher's expedition? A third is, that Sir John Franklin's party were destroyed in Baffin's Bay, in attempting to return home, or while enclosed by the ice, and having drifted helplessly along, as Sir James Ross did in 1849, and the American expedition in 1850-51. Such a sad event is not impossible, but it is

* It is also stated that Lady Franklin contemplates offering the *Prince Albert* to the Admiralty as an additional store-ship.

† Franklin's Footsteps; a Sketch of Greenland, along the Shores of which his Expedition passed, and of the Parry Isles, where the last traces of it were found. By Clement Robert Markham, late of H.M.S. *Assistance*. Chapman and Hall.

rendered improbable by the fact of there being two stout ships, which would hardly both have suffered the same fate, and if they had so, it is likely that some portions of wreck would have been met with. If carried away upon an iceberg, what became of the crews; and would not some of the exploring vessels, more especially the *Isabel*, have encountered their relics? A fourth is, that Mr. Markham not only does not believe in a Polynia, or open Arctic Ocean, but he says, that the further north Captain Penny went in Wellington Channel, the colder was the climate. Now this is against all experience, as further and still more remarkably illustrated by Commander Inglefield's exploration of Smith's Sound, or Inlet, which is far away to the north of Wellington, or even Queen's Channel. Lastly, Mr. Markham believes that, from want of observations, the distances given by Captain Penny are greatly overrated, and that the land on both sides of Wellington, or rather Queen's Channel, closes in, and forms a large bay. Supposing the surveys of Captain Penny and his companions not to be so accurate as those of Commander Inglefield, still as to the results obtained by the gallant Scot, as well might doubts be thrown upon the similar evidences obtained by the exploration of Smith's and Jones's Sounds.

To turn to the eastern portion of the same inhospitable regions, the *Plover* wintered at Port Clarence, in Behring's Straits, in 1851-52, and was joined in the spring of 1852 by Commander Maguire, who succeeded in command to Captain Moore, promoted, and by the *Amphitrite*, Captain Frederick, with provisions, &c. It having been reported by Captain Frederick that the whole of the preserved meats on board the *Plover*, amounting to upwards of 10,000lbs. (with the exception of 650lbs. supplied from Deptford, the 10th December, 1847, the contractor's name unknown), were of Mr. Goldner's contract, he directed a survey to be held on them, when the whole was found to be "*in a pulpy, decayed, and putrid state, and totally unfit for men's food,*" and was thrown overboard as worse than useless. This meat, he it remarked, was meant to sustain the brave fellows on board the *Plover* at an advanced station in the Arctic Regions, on the look out for their missing countrymen, during the present winter!

The *Plover* having had her defects made good by artificers from the *Amphitrite*, and having been revictualled from the same source, Commander Maguire resolved upon proceeding in her to the edge of the main pack, or, if possible, as far east as Icy Cape, and thence to proceed in boats to Point Barrow, to determine upon an appropriate winter station. This duty accomplished, the *Plover* was to return from Icy Cape to Cape Lisburne, to speak with the *Amphitrite*, previous to taking up her winter quarters.

The boats having left the *Plover*, as arranged, off Icy Cape, Lieutenant Vernon, in command of her, returned to Cape Lisburne to speak the *Amphitrite*, and then back again to Icy Cape by the 3rd of August (the sea in this neighbourhood is only navigable for six weeks in the year), where, not seeing Commander Maguire's party, he at once returned, without even attempting a landing, to Cape Lisburne, to request a boat of sufficient size to search the coast for them.

Commander Maguire and his party had in the mean time, after a very trying journey, reached Point Barrow on the 22nd of July, and having

found a suitable place, had returned to Icy Cape by the 28th of July, and remained there till the 5th of August, when, no succour coming from the *Plover*, the party made the best of their way in the boats to Cape Lisburne, where they were providentially received on board the *Amphitrite*. It is but fair to say that Lieutenant Vernon asserts that he had no boat which he could send with safety on shore; and Commander Maguire says, that up to the 3rd of August it blew so hard from the north-east, with a heavy surf, that his boats, which had been hauled up, could not be launched.

Captain Frederick considered—it would appear to us very properly—however, that the leaving the rendezvous had been premature, and that the *Plover* should certainly have remained until a boat could have been sent on shore for information; and having supplied her with a boat, he despatched her at once to the succour of Commander Maguire and his party at Icy Cape, while he himself examined the coast between that cape and Cape Lisburne, where the *Plover* was to rejoin. Lieutenant Vernon, however, on his return, made sail at once for Behring's Straits; and Captain Frederick called upon him for an explanation, in which Lieutenant Vernon states that he had never received any direction as to the "exact position" of the rendezvous; and which he seems, therefore, to have thought must have been in Behring's Straits! This is one of the first cases of apparent indifference to the fate of others, or of exceeding wilfulness, that has been presented to our notice during the whole of these trying Arctic expeditions.

The *Plover* started once more for Point Barrow on the 21st of August, and as remarkably fine weather prevailed for a fortnight after his departure, Captain Frederick has very little doubt but that it reached its destination in safety.

The account of the untoward boat journey of Commander Maguire is rendered peculiarly interesting, not only by the trying circumstances in which the party were placed, but also from the number of natives seen, and their thievish propensities. The sea is also described as abounding in animal life. On entering the ice, it was literally covered with birds, most of them excellent eating, and the crews were nearly supplied with them from two guns in each boat. Further to the southward walrus were numerous, and to the northward seals were found in great abundance.

The *Enterprize*, Captain Collinson, does not appear (luckily, probably, for its gallant commander and crew) to have succeeded in penetrating the great barrier that encloses the Polynia to the west even more firmly than in the east; for that vessel is reported to have been seen by some American whalers who arrived at the Sandwich Islands from Behring's Straits.

It is further, after this brief account of the state of things in the eastern Arctic Sea—the *Investigator*, in all likelihood, engaged in the ice, or struggling either to the westward or to get out of the ice-bound Polynia, and the *Plover* at or near Point Barrow—agreeable to know that the *Rattlesnake*, Commander Trollope, is to be despatched to the same regions this spring, and that in company with a steam-tender.

It was so obvious that the *Rattlesnake*, without the aid of such a steamer, might not be able to carry relief to the *Plover*, that Lady

Franklin, "whose devotion," the French Minister of Marine has truly said, "is the admiration of the whole world," resolved to devote a sum of money subscribed by the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land—where Sir John Franklin was governor for five years—to that noble purpose. This seasonable reinforcement to her funds, already nearly exhausted by so many private Searching Expeditions, at once determined this amiable lady to send out a steamer to assist—or as may be more truly said—to enable the Arctic Relief Expedition to Behring's Straits to be successfully carried out; and to this effect the *Isabel*, the same vessel that penetrated Smith's and Jones's Sounds, is now having her rigging renovated, previous to her departure in the first week in March, when she will follow in the wake of the *Rattlesnake*.*

Thus, with the American Expedition, it is not impossible, unless the *Enterprize* is on her way home, that there will be sixteen vessels with their crews in the Arctic Regions this summer; and if the *Prince Albert* is employed, seventeen! Or in a tabular view:

<i>Erebus</i>	Captain Sir John Franklin	1845	Position unknown.
<i>Terror</i>	Captain F. R. M. Crozier...	1845	Ditto.
<i>Plover</i>	Commander Maguire	1848	Barrow Point.
<i>Enterprize</i>	Captain R. Collinson, C.B.	1850	{ Probably on her way home.
<i>Investigator</i>	Commander R. J. McClure	1850	Position unknown.
<i>North Star</i>	Mr. W. J. S. Pullen	1852	Beechey Island.
<i>Assistance</i>	Captain Sir E. Belcher, C.B.	1852	Queen's Channel.
<i>Intrepid</i>	Commander M'Clintock	1852	Ditto.
<i>Resolute</i>	Captain Henry Kellett, C.B.	1852	Melville Strait.
<i>Pioneer</i>	Lieut. Sherrard Osborn	1852	Ditto.
<i>Rattlesnake</i>	Commander Trollope	1853	{ Bound to Behring's Strait.
<i>Isabel</i>	—	1853	Ditto.
<i>Lady Franklin</i>	Commander Inglefield	1853	{ Bound to Beechey Island.
<i>Phœnix</i>	Ditto.	1853	Ditto.
United States' Expedi- } tion, say two vessels... }	—	1853	Unknown.
Overland Searching Ex- } pedition, under Dr. Rae }	—	1853	Isthmus of Boothia.

Heaven protect them in their labour of love, and grant them success! Science gains by such manly devotion, and a gallant, zealous set of fellows are perfected in professional hardships and experience, in a manner far more agreeable to contemplate and to record, than if engaged in warlike exploits. This is a contest of humanity, in which we can look with pleasure upon English, Americans, and French united in one common cause. Would it were always so with civilised nations!

* Add to this that Captain Penny has succeeded in forming a company for the purpose of carrying on whale and other fisheries, and founding a permanent settlement in the Arctic Regions. The site of this settlement is to be the inlet known as Northumberland Inlet, or Hogarth Sound. The company propose sending two new screw steam whalers, of 500 tons each, in the spring months, to the seas between Greenland and Nova Zembla—seas into which that Sir John Franklin may be finding his way, or by which the relics of the expedition might be reached, we pointed out as far back as in October, 1851 (see *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. xciii., p. 202), and long before Mr. Petermann called attention to the same line of approach to the Arctic Regions.

THE NEW NORMAN CONQUEST; OR, HOW PAUL BRIOCHE
MEANT TO HAVE PITCHED INTO US.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

THE MAN WHO KNEW ALL ABOUT FRANCE.

It was on a dull, drizzly evening, within a few days of the close of the last wet November, that one of the omnibuses which ply between the town of Abbeville and the railway station, received as its sole freight the person and carpet-bag of a middle-aged English gentleman.

He was a spare, plain-looking man, whose features wore an ingrained smirk of self-satisfaction, that showed their owner was on the best possible terms with himself, and they would have been forgotten almost as soon as seen but for an habitual expression of inquisitiveness, which seemed to say that he was always making some grand discovery, and that, after no end of mares'-nests, he had hit the mark at last. And this, of course, was the case, for it would have been hard measure if one who was perpetually asking questions had not obtained some kind of information in return. Whether his information was invariably of the right sort may, perhaps, admit of a doubt, seeing that the traveller had learnt the language he spoke in a popular way, "without a master," had constructed his own idiom, and retained his native accent. But he was not of a nature to be daunted by difficulties of this description, nor had he any notion that they existed, since he made a point of setting down as matters of fact whatever answers he received to his numerous questions. It was all the same to him whether his hearers understood him or not; he had made up his mind to certain consequences, and never failed to arrive at the conclusion that his own opinion—no matter upon what subject—must be the right one.

To impress the world with the belief that he actually knew what he talked about, he had taken advantage of the interval between the general election and the meeting of the new Parliament, of which he was a prominent member, to take a trip with his family to France. He landed at Dieppe, where he left his wife and daughter to benefit by the sea-bathing, while he pursued his journey by a circuitous route to Paris; and, after an absence of nearly two months, his head and his carpet-bag being both cram-full, was now following his family home, to dispense the knowledge he had so studiously hived. His reason for pausing at Abbeville was to obtain the latest and most authentic information on the feeling towards England of the agricultural population of France; and as Abbeville is a manufacturing town, the chance of his getting what he wanted seemed highly probable.

That no time might be lost, nor any opportunity neglected, our intelligent traveller entered freely into conversation with the *conducteur* of the omnibus, and when he was deposited at the Hôtel de l'Europe, he was almost as well up in his subject as an equally-acute Frenchman might be who should endeavour to learn the state of parties from the cad on the door-step of an "Atlas" between Baker-street and Charing-cross.

whelm the French peasantry, but for a strong puff of smoke from the smouldering green wood on the hearth, which made his eyes stream with water, and called forth renewed evidence of the activity of Louis, who, seizing a small pair of bellows—of the period of the Renaissance, when they were first introduced into France—which had no nozzle, and were too broken-winded to blow, worked away with so much zeal, that in the course of ten minutes he succeeded perfectly in putting the fire quite out!

More maledictions were now uttered by Louis against the unfortunate logs than we have any intention to record, but eventually he gained the day, the fire burnt up, and the traveller went on with his dinner, reserving further entries in his Diary till he should be left alone over his wine.

But the Englishman was of far too inquiring a turn of mind to omit any occasion of adding to his store of knowledge on the questions he had already prejudged, and the withered old waiter underwent the fate that had befallen the *conducteur* of the omnibus—that is to say, he was victimised by incessant questions. Not that a Frenchman objects to being talked to even about things that he don't understand. On the contrary, though he would much rather lead the conversation than be led by it, he thinks anything preferable to silence. Louis tried hard to direct the guest's thoughts to the wondrous beauties of the town, the glories of Saint Wulfran, the splendour of the *Salle de Concert*, the magnificence of the "belle caserne"—regretting all the while that, notwithstanding these attractions, Abbeville was "*un peu triste à présent*,"—as if it had ever been otherwise; but he was quickly disappointed in such an expectation, for the Englishman cut him short with the remark:

"Garson, je detest all that. Je hay toot about churches and concerts and barracks. I know everything that's worth knowing, and what I don't ask I don't want to know. Tell me——," but perceiving by the blank face of Louis that what he now said was quite unintelligible,—he made two or three dips into his pocket-dictionary, and changed the manner of his speech.

"Aimey voo batter?" he inquired.

"Comment, monsieur!" exclaimed the astonished waiter; and the question was repeated with so much stolidity and earnestness that at last he comprehended it.

"Moi, monsieur! mais pas du tout."

"Bong," said the Englishman. "Vo compatriots nong batter nong plo?"

Louis shook his head, and the Englishman construed his inability to understand him in a negative reply.

"Avveck lays Angley?" pursued the questioner. "Batter arveck les Angley?"

"J'aimerais mieux les écorcher," muttered Louis to himself. "Ah, monsieur, les Anglais sont si doux, si polis; est-il possible de faire du mal à de tels braves gens?"

"Allaws," said the pre-determined traveller, "voo nates par poor gare."

"Mais certainement non, monsieur: je n'y gagnerais rien. La guerre nous ferait presqu' autant de mal que les chemins de fer. Je me rappelle bien——"

But whatever Louis was going to remember was interrupted by his interlocutor, who having learnt all he required, desired him with more brevity than politeness to take away.

An angry gleam for an instant lit up the old man's puckered face as if to give the lie to the words he had lately spoken, but he was used to be snubbed by English travellers, and it faded almost as quickly as it came. He had his revenge, moreover, in another way, for he was ordered to bring in a bottle of "Shatto Margo," and when a French waiter has taken the measure of an English customer, the probability is that the latter will not obtain the identical wine he has asked for. Be this as it may, it was soon produced, together with the dessert, which, according to the custom at that season of the year, consisted of four dishes, in one of them a pear, in another five dried-up walnuts, in a third a small bunch of shrivelled grapes, and in the fourth two or three nondescript cakes, which came in and went out with every dessert the whole year round. In addition to these doubtful appliances to good cheer, the waiter carried a large book under his arm, which he placed on the table. It was the "*Livre des Voyageurs*," and while he drew the cork of the "Shatto Margo," he requested that monsieur would do the proprietress of the hotel the honour of writing his name in it, suggesting that he would, without doubt, see that a great many of his friends were already inscribed there.

They were almost all English, he said, families of great distinction ! He did not remember all their names, but two or three he recollected perfectly :

"Voilà," he continued, pointing to the book, where some intense British wag had been playing off a mystification ; "voilà 'Lord Dog'—'Sir Shorts'—'Mistrias Lucy'—'Miss Sparker, her Husband and ten small children.' Monsieur connaît Lord Dog n'est-ce-pas?"

The traveller growled as if he thought the waiter was making game of him, but when he looked up he saw that Louis was quite in earnest, and thoroughly believed that there were such ornaments to society as those he had mentioned. Intimating, then, that he would comply with madame's request, he was once more left alone.

But, before he affixed his own signature, he turned over a few pages, thinking that he might, perhaps, discover the name of somebody he knew. In doing so he found that the entries were not in all cases limited to the style and title of the different travellers, but were accompanied by remarks, some on the merits of the hotel, some descriptive of what the writer had seen elsewhere, and some expressive of political and general opinion. The last-named class appeared to furnish our traveller with a new idea, for he took up his pen, and after meditating for a short time began to write, no longer in his Diary, but in the "*Livre des Voyageurs*."

As the result of his meditations, or something very like them, has been printed elsewhere, we may be permitted to transcribe a few passages without incurring the charge of indiscretion.

"I have now had six weeks' experience of this country, and flatter myself I know more about it than any one. The French were right to cut off their king's head, and we were wrong to kick up a row about it. The French have a right to do as they please, and we have no right to interfere with them. I have conversed with all classes—the third class in particular, when I am on the rail—and they all tell me they are very

happy and contented, and don't want to go to war with anybody. Why should they? Haven't they got more money than they know what to do with? Isn't a Frenchman always dancing, and singing, and playing at dominoes, and going to the theatre? Take the French peasantry. I've seen plenty of 'em on the line between Strasburg and Paris. Why, they're all landed proprietors. There are ten times as many landed proprietors in France as in England. Every man has his own furrow and lives on it. Talk of their coming over to the Bank of England! Why the French have more silver in their *cafés* in Paris than all our gold and silver put together. If they're hard up for money at any time, they've only to say so, and out comes a Decree in the *Moniteur*, setting up a new bank of some kind, somewhere or other; and all they've to do—the landed proprietors—is to go and help themselves. What makes people happy? Plenty to eat and drink, and plenty of money to spend. Why should they want to change, then? The French are not fond of change. What good would it be to them to go to war—especially with England? Why, the very waiter at this hotel—a man old enough to remember the first French revolution—he says—he told me so not half an hour since—that he doesn't want to go to war. And he's a comparatively idle man, much more likely to be fond of fighting than men who are always growing corn and making wine. [*Mem.* The wine at this house rather sour and chilly, no flavour.] These are my impressions, and when the Commissary of Police comes round to inspect the stranger's book, I hope he'll give an order for what I say here to be printed and circulated through France to satisfy everybody. I'll take care it shall be known in England. The only use of the English press that I know or care for, is to make my opinions known. If our Government don't want to go to war, let 'em—instead of building screw steamers and what not—let 'em get me to write a letter to the Emperor of the French. I'd undertake, in five minutes, to write such a letter as would put an end to all this d—d nonsense in no time. If any English travellers, who may happen to see this, are not satisfied of the truth of what I tell 'em, they had better leave off travelling and come down to Cottontown and hear me speak on the subject. I don't think they'll be in a hurry to listen to anybody else afterwards. Before I finish these remarks, I've just one word to say, and, as it's meant for the people of this country, I'll put it in French:

“Peuple de France! Je vous informe que je suis aussi malade de guerre que vous êtes; et quand je vais des à Cottontown il est mon intention de dire à mes campagnards que je veux donner dix mille livres sterling sur le jour que vous envahissez Angleterre.

“Témoin mon nom,

“RICHARD SNOBDEN.”

This specimen of “unadorned eloquence,” as creditable to the writer as most of the effusions which one meets with in Continental albums, was penned in a clear, round, mercantile hand, and the latter part of it—as the reader will have observed—only wanted an English translation to make it perfectly intelligible to the people to whom it was addressed. When it was finished, Mr. Snobden took another glass of the wine called ‘Château Margaux’—in the *carte*—but as it did not seem to have

improved by standing; he rang the bell and ordered some brandy. Louis supplied his wants in this respect; and by dint of appealing occasionally to the corrective, the traveller got on rather more comfortably. A mania for writing, when there was nobody to talk to, no one present who would rouse him with "a kick," or a little personal abuse, appeared, however, to absorb him, and he once more had recourse to pen and ink. Following up the idea he had recently struck out, he set to work to concoct the famous letter with which he had menaced the Emperor of the French and the *savans* of Europe; but he did not altogether keep his word, for, instead of knocking it off in "five minutes," as he had promised, it took him exactly an hour and three-quarters by the *pendule* on the chimney-piece, which actually went. His labours ended, Mr. Snobden began to feel—and it was no wonder—some symptoms of weariness, so he summoned the chambermaid and desired to be shown to his bedroom. To reach it, it was necessary that he should cross the court-yard; but just as he had got to the foot of the staircase, a small, cross-country *diligence*, of the *coucou* class, drove in at the *porte-cochère*, and curiosity induced him to turn round to see who had arrived at this hour of the night. The venerable head-waiter was quickly at the door-step of the *diligence*, out of which issued two young men, who had scarcely put their feet to the ground before they began to clamour for supper.

It should be ready in five minutes was the reply of the ever-ready Louis; there was an excellent fire in the *salon*, which an English *milor*, who had dined there, had only just quitted. The gentlemen might see that he spoke truth, for there was the *milor* at that moment, in the doorway, just going up to bed.

The two Frenchmen turned their heads in the direction in which Louis pointed, and could see Mr. Snobden plainly enough, with his carpet-bag in one hand and a lighted candle in the other. Whatever they might have thought of the prospect of fire and supper, it was clear that the appearance of the English *milor* caused them no great satisfaction, for they both scowled at him fiercely as they passed where he stood, the taller of the two muttering—and by no means inaudibly—the words "*Sacré Anglais*," and the other giving voice to what he supposed to be its equivalent, "God-dam."

Having receiving this *impromptu*, but expressive demonstration of personal respect, Mr. Snobden retired to his couch to dream of the erection of a statue in his honour at the joint expense of the French and English nations. It was to be an image of Janus,—with Mr. Snobden's features,—one face looking towards France and the other towards England—and the site on which it was to be erected,—dreams, after all, have their moral—was THE GOODWIN SANDS.

II.

THE PAMPHLET AND PROJECT OF PAUL BRIOCHE.

HAVING fired the amicable salute which we have just described, the two young Frenchmen entered the *salon* vacated by Mr. Snobden and proceeded to make themselves "comfortable," though they would have disclaimed to acknowledge from whom they derived the word. Divested

of their large cloaks, a more accurate estimate might now be formed of their personal appearance than when they stood in the court-yard of the hotel.

The taller of the two—and he was not only relatively but positively tall—might have been considered decidedly handsome if his face and figure had not been so excessively meagre. But there was nothing ungainly or awkward in his proportions: on the contrary, there was a sort of grace in the way in which he carried himself; his feet and hands were very small; and his pale countenance had an air of something more than ordinary gentility. His best claim, however, to manly beauty, consisted in a high forehead, a well-formed nose, a pair of piercing dark eyes, a luxuriant head of hair, and a magnificent black beard. But though his aspect savoured of aristocracy, there was nothing aristocratic in his name, which was simply Paul Brioché; and if noble blood coursed through his veins, its presence there was an accident for which his mother was to blame.

His companion, whom he addressed as Aristide Pigeon, laid no claim whatever to anything distinguished, either in person or manners. He was as much below the middle height as Paul Brioché was above it. The only thing of any size about him was his head, which was vastly disproportioned to his little body; he was small-eyed, sandy haired, blunt featured, and whiskerless; his voice was loud, and his language not particularly refined, and he presented, altogether, as great a contrast to his fellow-traveller as could well be imagined.

We shall not again follow our friend Louis through the operations of the table; it will be sufficient for our purpose to say that when the two young men had made an end of the supper for which they had so loudly clamoured—it was of course a *réchauffé* of Mr. Snobden's dinner—they drew their chairs nearer to the fire, Paul Brioché took out his cigar-case, and they both began to smoke.

A complete silence now reigned for a few minutes, each smoker apparently absorbed in his pleasing occupation, when, all of a sudden, Monsieur Paul Brioché started from his seat, and, dashing his cigar violently on the hearth, stamped on it with the heel of his boot till he had ground it to powder.

"Yes," he exclaimed, setting his teeth and clenching his fists with a fierce gesticulation—"yes, this is the way I would pulverise that whole nation—those arrogants! Thus would I exterminate them into dust and ashes!" And, with these words, he once more pounded the fragments of the cigar.

"And you are right, mon cher," observed Pigeon, whose equanimity had not been disturbed by the frantic explosion of his excitable companion; "they deserve to be exterminated; there is no doubt of it."

"Listen to me, Aristide," said Brioché, walking rapidly up and down, like a tiger in his den; "I tell you that this atrocious people shall presently cease to exist. A struggle more terrible and bloody than ever was yet known is about to commence. The day of expiation is at hand; no longer will we wait for it. Ah, you have witnessed the rage that boils in my veins when I think of that brutal nation, those feudal corsairs, those perverse oligarchs! But not even you, Aristide, can know the deadly hate that fills my soul when one of that viperous brood crosses my

path. To-night, was it not? Ah, yes, but an hour since, my eyes beheld another of these cold-blooded brigands, these corrupt and insolent leeches. At this moment he sleeps beneath this roof! Sleeps! No! Sleep is not possible to him! It is a terrible nightmare that crushes him down beneath the weight of my malediction!"

"Will this man, then, be your first victim?" demanded Pigeon, still quietly smoking.

"Bah!" exclaimed Brioché, stopping in mid-career. "To take the life of that worm would be a too pitiful miscarriage of my hoarded vengeance! It is upon his own soil that the English leopard must be torn down and crushed in his egg! Ah! there is only one thing I ask! But once to set my foot on that shore of barbarism, and trample on the faces of those insulters! To wipe out the humiliation of treaties—to scatter the pages of a history black with the mud of crime—to wash away the immense stain that defiles our beautiful France—for this alone is it worthy that I should live!"

A Frenchman in a fury is like a kettle of boiling water, which breathes a noisy, hissing, scalding vapour as long as it is on the fire, but subsides into perfect tranquillity the moment it is taken off. Having got rid of the steam of his passion, Monsieur Paul Brioché became as suddenly calm as he had been suddenly excited, and resumed his seat as if nothing had happened. He was not a madman, though his language was little less than insanity, but merely an individual afflicted with a trifling complaint called "Anglo-phobia." When the fit was on him he became perfectly rabid, but at other times he was quiet enough. It must be observed, however, that his lucid intervals had latterly been less frequent, and of shorter duration, than heretofore; for in addition to the mania of talking against the English, he had now taken to writing against them. The result of his literary efforts had been a pamphlet, addressed to the highest personage in France, in which he set forth, with volcanic vehemence, the urgent necessity which existed of doing to England precisely what we have heard him describe.

"Should we not," was his amiable phrase—"should we not declare against this impious people a war, not of reprisal, but of extermination? Should not the tocsin sound in every place where a Frenchman could hear it, and should not the cry 'To arms' be repeated until millions of men, torch and steel in hand, had buried under its ruins this nation, execrated by the whole universe?"

But Monsieur Paul Brioché was a man of action as well as thought, and being by nature a little hasty, could not stay to witness the effect of his eloquence upon his countryman, having, moreover, a private reason which impelled him; and his presence at Abbeville on the evening of his introduction to the reader, was a feature of his general scheme.

Monsieur Aristide Pigeon, neither warlike nor impetuous, had yet a sufficient motive for countenancing the extravagant notions of his companion. Besides that he believed, in common with most Frenchmen, that the disaster of Waterloo could only be effaced on Cornhill, he was of an excessively covetous disposition, and ready at all times to do anything for money. Paul Brioché—for a Frenchman—was rich; his putative sire, a wealthy négociant of Rouen, having left him a very good income; and it was to profit by the contents of his purse that Aristide encouraged

his vagaries. They were now on their way to the coast to carry out the project which the impatience of Brioche would not suffer him any longer to defer.

"You think, then," said Pigeon, as soon as his friend's excitement had abated—"you think that it is now the favourable moment to make a descent upon that England, and after the slaughter of numerous islanders return in triumph with your prize?"

"But, certainly, yes," returned Brioche, "this suspense cannot longer be endured. If my heart would allow me to wait, that fair daughter of a land of pirates should be proclaimed my bride at the head of an army of forty millions of Frenchmen, wading to victory through lakes of blood and mire. Oh yes, Mees Betsy, you are the most adorable girl belonging to a detested nation. Mine you must be, and when I have dragged you from the arms of your proud island-father, and shown you to my friends in Paris, once more I return with my sword to conquer your country."

"She is rich, is it not?" asked Aristide.

"Let that poison-gold of England sink again into the earth!" exclaimed Brioche; "for me it is enough that I secure her person. Ah, Mees Betsy, Mees Betsy, I love you!"

"Where does she live?" pursued Pigeon.

"Ah, but directly opposite to our own Normandy. Her *femme de chambre*, for only five paltry louis, gave me her address. Those barbarous island-names, I cannot read them, they will not enter into me: you understand the language, Aristide—see, here, it is written down—repeat those words that I may have them by heart."

Monsieur Paul Brioche took out a pocket-book as he spoke, and drew a paper from it, which he placed in the hands of Pigeon.

The latter unfolded it, and, as well as he was able, his knowledge of English being limited, and the handwriting not very distinct, read as follows:

"Mees Betsy Snobden, Hovouse, near Brighton, Sossex."

"Yes, yes," cried Paul, "Brighton, Brighton, it was to that city the *Vapour* sailed that carried her away from Dieppe, now quite a month ago."

But the details of the meditated abduction we shall not at present enter into, an incident occurring at this moment which must be described.

The "*Livre des Voyageurs*" was still lying where Mr. Snobden had left it, open to the inspection of all, on a table near the fire, close to which Monsieur Pigeon had drawn.

"Ah! voilà qui est drôle," he called out, interrupting some explanations which his friend was giving, "c'est justement le même nom!"

"Quel nom?" demanded Paul—"Brighton?"

"Au contraire," returned Aristide, "c'est 'Snobden.' S—n—o—b—d—e—n, Snobden. C'est ça!"

"Qu'est-ce que cela veut dire?" asked the other, impetuously.

"Je parie que c'est le nom de ce monsieur là, en haut; celui que nous vu, tout-ailleurs."

"Impossible! Lui! Et tu crois?"

"Ce que je crois? Je crois qu'il est un parent de Mees Betsy. Son père, peu-être!"

"Ah! qu'a-t-il écrit donc, cet homme? Lis, lis, Aristide."

We have said that the handwriting of Mr. Snobden was very legible, but we have also said that Pigeon was but an indifferent English scholar. He could just make out a word here and there, but not enough to convey to him the full meaning of what he read.

"Il y en a beaucoup," he said, "il parle des Français, c'est très probable qu'il s'en moque."

"L'insolent!" muttered Brioché.

"Ah, voilà quelque chose! 'La guerre'—oui—c'est un défi! Tiens, tiens, du Français! Mais quel baragouinage! Le malheureux—comme il estropie notre langue! Est-il malade, donc, cet animal? Diable m'emporte si j'y comprends un seul mot! Enfin, il va donner dix mille livres sterling à celui qui ose attaquer son pays. Je suis des vôtres, mon cher Paul, je gagnerai cet argent."

"Et moi, je lui volerai sa fille!"

For half the night the two friends sat up, discussing the new aspect under which affairs now presented themselves.

Aristide Pigeon was very much inclined to make Mr. Snobden a prisoner, then and there, while he was lying in bed, and exact the ten thousand pounds as a ransom, instead of fighting for the money; but Paul Brioché had far too magnificent ideas to entertain the notion; besides, it was the daughter he wanted, not the father—if, after all, the English traveller really stood in that degree of relationship to the lady of his affections. He therefore put a veto upon the designs of Aristide, and at length the friends separated for the night.

Brioché slept soundly, but Pigeon got scarcely a wink, being tormented till daylight with schemes for securing the Englishman's money. He came at last to the determination just before he dropped off, that, unknown to Paul, he would lay an information against the stranger the first thing in the morning. A trifling circumstance, however, prevented him from carrying this plan into execution. Aristide Pigeon overslept himself, and, in answer to his first inquiry, when he descended to the *salon*, he learnt that Mr. Snobden had started by the first train for Boulogne. As the electric telegraph was not then laid down, there was no chance of arresting him before he reached the steamer. Monsieur Pigeon waived him a wish for a most unpleasant voyage, and moodily returned to the consideration of the profit and loss involved in the proposed expedition of Paul Brioché.

III.

THE INVASION—AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

ABOUT a fortnight has elapsed since the occurrences of which we have made mention. The scene has shifted, and we are now at the *Café de la Cigogne*, in the oddly-shaped market-place of the antiquated little town of Eu, in Normandy. Beneath the shade of the lofty beeches in the park of the château adjacent, the family of Guise were once wont to hold their councils: in the *Café de la Cigogne* a council is now being held, as fearful in its import as any of those over which Henri de Lorraine ever presided.

The principal personages—indeed the only ones—who assist at this council, are Paul Brioché and Aristide Pigeon. An event has taken

place within the last fortnight which has given an additional stimulus to the deadly purposes of our implacable Norman foe; the Empire has been proclaimed in France, and Paul Brioché is resolved to follow up the blow by the *coup de tête* which has long been seething in his brain. He is resolute to attempt—no, not attempt, but accomplish—another Norman invasion.

His *exaltation* has returned, and he once more harangues his friend, who, as the moment of danger draws near, seems much less willing than before to be his follower. But there is brandy on the table, and Pigeon, who is a Picard, a race less sober than the Normans, is kept to the sticking-point far more by its influence than by the eloquence of Brioché, who himself drinks very sparingly.

"Yes," exclaims the latter, "eternal honour will have crowned our heads with its *auréole* within but a few hours! Already that country of ferocious hypocrites trembles instinctively at our approach. She trembles because she knows she has committed the greatest crimes against France; she trembles because she feels that the avenger is at hand. The faithless Harold broke the oath which he swore between the hands of Duke William before the altar of Rouen. Perfidious Albion has again and again broken the oath that bound her to the cause of nations. Duke William sailed from St. Vallery—here, close by—with but a scanty train, to conquer that detested land; to wither it with my contempt, to ravage and defile its coast, I sail to-night from the harbour of Tréport. Honour to the Somme! Honour to the Bresle! Those heroic rivers, the witnesses of these exploits! I see your enthusiasm mount to your eyes, mon cher Aristide (it was not enthusiasm, but brandy, of which he had swallowed a great many *petits verres*), there must be no more hesitation. Perdition, then, to that accursed Albion: it is at full gallop that we must march upon her. Portons un toast: 'Ecraserons l'Angleterre et enleverons Mees Betsy!'"

"'Ec-ra-se-ra-rons l'-l'-l'Ang-gle-te-terre et en-l-l-lev-lev-er-er-ons—les di-dix m-m-mille liv' st-st-er-lings—de r-r-r-r-ente!'" responded Pigeon, who began to think as well as see double.

Paul Brioché was, however, too much excited himself to scan the condition of his friend very closely, and he now made preparation for instant departure. The bill was paid, a cabriolet appeared at the door, the two adventurers stepped in, and were driven off on the road to Tréport.

Half an hour brought them to their destination: it seemed an age to the fiery impatience of Paul Brioché, a moment only to the evaporating courage of Aristide Pigeon—of whom even brandy could not make a hero; but it was now too late to retract: in the first place he was considerably afraid of his tall, explosive leader; and, in the next, the cupidity of his soul still whispered, "Ten thousand pounds sterling," to which, in spite of himself, he could not help adding, "per annum."

It was not to take the command of a fleet secretly collected from the harbours of Cherbourg, Brest, and L'Orient, that Paul Brioché now set his foot upon the quay of Tréport. A solitary vessel was destined to carry him and his fortunes—like another Cæsar—on his daring enterprise. It was a fishing-boat of the size usually employed on the French coast, and mustered a crew of fourteen hands, including a couple of boys. The captain of the boat was an old sea-wolf named Vacheresse, who, as the

season was a bad one, the take of herrings having been very small, was willing, with his partners, to lend his vessel for a trip to the English coast, which he knew very well, in consideration of the sum of five hundred francs deposited beforehand by Paul Brioche in the safe-keeping of Monsieur Rateau, the notary of Eu, and man of business of most of the fishermen of Tréport. Vacheresse neither knew nor cared what was the object of his customer, so long as he paid him; and, with more prudence than one might have been inclined to give him credit for, having before him, perhaps, the fear of the police who might have interfered with his project, Brioche had kept the matter perfectly dark, so far as the actual fact of "Invasion" was concerned, merely intimating to the captain that the more weapons he could collect, the better for his purpose.

"Le grand gamin," said Vacheresse, to his comrade and confidant Bigrel, as they were waiting in the small boat at the quay which was to take Brioche and Pigeon on board the *Jeune Adèle*, now lying at anchor about half a mile from the shore,—"*le grand gamin a quelq' chose qui lui roule dans le tête : peut-être qu'il va crever un de ces sacrés Anglais ; —en duel, tu conçois, vu qu'il a envoyé à bord une paire de pistolets, et deux épées, et qu'il parle toujours de se battre avec je ne sais qui.*"

"C'est possible," replied Bigrel, "*j'ai entendu dire que le duel est prohibé en France.*"

At this point of the conference between the two sailors Brioche and Pigeon arrived, stealthily and on foot, having discharged the cabriolet at the entrance of the town for fear of being observed. With equal caution they now embarked, Pigeon being rather shoved into the boat than voluntarily stepping in, and were quietly rowed from the shore. The *Jeune Adèle* quickly raised her anchor as soon as the party were on board, and immediately put out to sea.

It was then that Paul Brioche took Vacheresse aside, and proceeded to impart to him a more defined outline of his intentions. Not to trouble the reader with the superfluities of his eloquence (which may be read word for word in the "Letters Franques" of Monsieur Frédéric Billot, addressed to the Emperor of the French), we may say that he told the old seaman how he meant to "pitch it into" every Englishman he met on the opposite coast, how there was a beautiful "Mees" whom he meant to run away with, and how there was a man, living at "Hovouse" near "Brighton," one "Sir Snobden," who was ready to give ten thousand pounds to the first Frenchman who came to ask him for it.

The old "salt" had not been knocking about the world for the last sixty years, and half that time in the British Channel, without at once seeing the absurdity of the whole affair; but the lion's share of five hundred francs was too great a temptation to make him at once reject the proposition of "invasion." He had once attempted to invade England, about forty years before, and in his mind there still dwelt a lively recollection of three years passed in Porchester Castle, where he cultivated the art of making men-of-war out of marrowbones; and as he felt by no means inclined to renew that occupation in an English prison, he temporised with his conscience, and made a promise of which he only intended to keep as much as answered his purpose. He continued to make out, by dint of much questioning and certain local experience, having often run into Brighton and Shoreham, that "Hovouse" must

mean some house at Hove, so he gave the word to steer a north-westerly course, which would enable him to fetch the point desired.

As it is the custom of great conquerors to shut themselves up in the recesses of their own impenetrable thoughts when they meditate the subversion of empires, Paul Brioché, enveloped in his ample cloak, sat down in a sheltered part of the deck, silently revolving his plans. Aristide Pigeon, who was silent too, though from a different cause, sat shivering on a coil of rope at the foot of the mainmast, vainly endeavouring to reconcile his mind to the position in which, through his avarice, he had allowed himself to be placed. He had brought a small bottle of brandy on board with him, and was just beginning to derive some comfort and a renewal of courage from the contents, when a sudden gust of wind swept over the *Jeune Adèle*, and nearly threw her on her beam-ends. The fact was that, having got from under the lee of the land, the vessel caught the breeze which was crisping the waves off shore, and a little nautical experience seemed likely to be one of the preliminaries attendant upon an invasion of England. It not only *seemed*, but *was*, and after one or two efforts to resist the most uncommon, and more than uncomfortable, sensations which resulted from the newly-awakened motion of the *Jeune Adèle*, Aristide Pigeon yielded himself up a victim to that fell malady which has floored so many thousands of his countrymen, and is destined, if they come to invade us, to floor so many more. Nor was he alone in his misfortune ; his sombre chief very speedily followed his example ;—the only difference between the two being that, in the intervals of his agony, Brioché did nothing but execrate the country he was going to conquer, while Pigeon execrated everybody and everything that came within the sweep of his recollection.

The duet might have been pleasant to listen to, certain concomitants apart, but we have not time now to describe it. We must make for the English coast as fast as we can, leaving the two heroes to howl out their rage as well as they can find voices for that purpose.

The breeze which had done them so much damage was favourable at first to the progress of the *Jeune Adèle* ; but after a few hours the wind shifted, and she had to tack, so that when the day broke she was not much more than half-way over. Long before that time Brioché and Pigeon had been conveyed below, reduced to a state of gasping despair, which, as the newspapers say, may be “ more easily imagined than described ;” and when the former faintly asked if “ *cette terre perfide* ” was not close at hand—the ruling passion strong even in sickness—he was informed by Vacheresse that it would probably be dark before they could reach the land.

The captain’s prediction was verified, for the sun went down when they were about three miles from the coast. The wind went down with it, which was so far favourable to the suffering pair, that it allowed them once more to lift up their heads and crawl upon the deck, though their seedy helplessness would not have carried conviction to the mind of any third person that such invaders were likely to prove dangerous foes. But the diminished breeze furnished the captain of the *Jeune Adèle* with the excuse he wanted, and he represented to Brioché that, under the circumstances, it would be better for the vessel to keep out to sea, hovering off the coast till the morning, when he could make sure of a safe landing—

place. Meanwhile, he added, if Monsieur wished it, the boat could take him and his friend ashore, where they could reconnoitre the spot they desired to attack.

As the prospect of landing is the only thing that imparts any consolation to the sea-sick, the offer was accepted with *empressement*, even by the unwarlike Pigeon. Not that he had any stomach for fighting—or for any other use just then to which it could be put—but he trusted to his friend's valour and his own cunning to make it out. At all events, it was everything at that moment to get away from the dreadful sea,—and in a few minutes after the proposal had been made, Brioche and Pigeon, with each a pistol and a sword beneath their cloaks, were being rowed ashore by two stout fellows—Bigrel, who had received his instructions from Vacheresse, taking the helm.

About a couple of miles to the westward of Brighton there is a narrow ravine running down from Portslade to the beach, called Copperas-Gap. It has served the purpose of many a smuggler in days gone by, and was not unknown to Bigrel. Thither he accordingly steered, the darkness of the evening favouring his approach. By one of those chances which will happen, let the look-out be ever so sharp, the boat reached Copperas-Gap without interruption from the preventive service, and then the question arose, what was to be done next?

You may invade a country in the dark, but if you don't happen to know your way when there, it is just possible that, instead of taking possession, you may only put your foot in it. Paul Brioche himself seemed alive to this possibility, and it was agreed that on this occasion a *reconnaissance* only should be attempted, the *grand coup* being deferred till the following day.

Whereabouts stood Hove was the next consideration. Bigrel, who said that he must remain where he was, to secure the retreat in case of necessity, led the invaders into the high road, and indicating some lights a few hundred yards distant, the twain proceeded in that direction. It devolved, of course, upon Aristide Pigeon to ask any questions that might be necessary; and at the entrance of the village, where a shop-door stood open, he stopped to inquire, in as good English as he could muster, the way to "Hovouse."

By a miracle he was understood. The woman to whom he spoke, said "he couldn't miss it;" but seeing some bewilderment in his countenance, and supposing, from his accent and appearance, that he was a foreigner, came outside, and pointing up a road directly opposite, told him it was "there, about five minutes' walk." The woman then returned to her shop, and, inferring more from her pantomime than her words, Brioche and Pigeon scrambled along as she had directed.

They presently came to a low garden-wall, enclosing a rather neat-looking cockneyfied sort of villa, and this they cautiously escalated. They had not taken many steps before Brioche whispered to Pigeon to stop and listen. He did so, and then they both distinctly heard the sound of a piano, and the melody of a female voice in gentle accompaniment.

"Je reconnais cette voix," said Paul, "il n'y a que cet ange qui pourrait chanter comme ça. Suivez-moi, Pigeon."

With extreme care the invaders advanced on tiptoe, till they arrived at the window of a room on the ground-floor, from whence the sounds

proceeded. We all remember the mildness of last December ; no wonder, then, that the window, which opened down to the ground, should be open, though the curtains were partly drawn. These curtains served as a screen, behind which the invaders concealed themselves while they examined the apartment.

The instinct of true-love, or some other accident, had made Paul guess rightly, and he beheld, not only "Mees Betsy," who was doing her best at the piano, with a handsome young man at her elbow, but an elderly lady and gentleman, both fast asleep in easy-chairs beside the fire, enjoying their daughter's music ; and in the sleeping gentleman the invaders recognised "Sir Snobden."

The sight of the fair songstress added fresh fuel to the flaming passion of Paul Brioche, while at the same time his excitable nature was roused to frantic jealousy in beholding how she was attended. As for Aristide Pigeon, he only saw that the man was asleep who was to give him ten thousand pounds ; there never would be, he thought, such another opportunity. At a single glance the invaders understood each other : a Bride for the Norman, a Fortune for the Picard.

With each a pistol in his right hand they dashed through the open window.

"Gracious goodness, William," screamed the young lady, "here's that horrid Frenchman!"

"Mees Betsy, Mees Betsy," shouted Paul, "I love you, I love you ;—I vill you my vife!"

"D—n you, take that," cried William, driving at Brioche with a heavy facer, which nearly broke the bridge of his nose, and knocked the pistol out of his hand.

"Geev me ten tousand pound, you old rascal!" roared Pigeon, as he seized Mr. Snobden by the throat.

"God bless me ! what's this ?" ejaculated the suddenly-awakened man—
—"what do you want, you little scoundrel ?"

"Ten tousand pound,—ten tousand pound," again shrieked Aristide.

Mr. Snobden felled him to the floor with the poker.

The struggle between William and Paul was a fierce one. The Norman at last managed to disengage himself, and stood aloof, with his sword drawn, denouncing the "misérable," as he termed his adversary ; but a posse of servants, whom the noise had attracted, now rushing into the room, the gallant Paul, brave as he was, began to perceive that the better part of valour was discretion, and turning tail, leapt through the window, and was off to the shore as fast as his legs could carry him.

By good luck he took the right turning, and arriving at Copperas-Gap, jumped into the boat, desiring Bigrel to put off without a moment's delay. The fisherman did as he was ordered, the rowers pulled with a will, and in half an hour afterwards the *Jeune Adèle* was on her way back to Tréport, and so ended the Second Invasion by the Normans.

No,—not exactly ; it did not quite end here. Aristide Pigeon, who had only been stunned by Mr. Snobden's poker, was supposed to be a housebreaker—indeed, he was no better,—and is at this moment, we believe, lying in Lewes Gaol awaiting his trial at the next Assizes.

THE SEQUEL TO "A WORD TO ENGLAND."

THE immorality prevailing in the continental Catholic countries, and which is the fruit of their religion, how often has this been descanted upon : and yet in England it is only partially believed now. But a little reflection would, or ought, to convince you of its existence, without reiterated facts. To people brought up as are the French (taking France as being the country we are most familiar with ; but the remarks will apply equally to others), immorality and the vices that grow from it are not crimes ; and even were they, the convenient absolution of their priest would entirely wipe them out. No matter what may have been their lives, no matter what sin they may be in the daily habit of committing, no matter what commandment of God they deliberately break, they have only to go to the nearest confessional, tell the hidden priest in it, and obtain absolution. So long as it is concealed from the eyes of the civil law, it may be pardoned over and over again by the priest. By this process they are cleared from sin, and go forth to the world free, ripe and ready to commit it again. Do the priests themselves really believe in the efficacy of this infallible remedy ?—that they do is scarcely to be credited. It may be observed by the reader, acquainted with French manners, that the men rarely, if ever, approach the confessional. Not they : their consciences are by far too pliant to require it. They never enter a religious edifice. They go through their whole long lives, and probably never see the inside of a church, and never say a prayer : in short, they hate the priests, and ridicule all the observances of religion. Are they right in cherishing this hatred ? Perhaps not ; but they have some cause. A short illustration will show what I mean.

In a certain French town, the name of which I will not mention, a priest, holding a high place in its principal church, and a man of some fifty years, has long been looked up to by the inhabitants generally, as a perfect saint. But unfortunately for his saintly character, an *exposé* has just come to light, touching upon sundry gallantries of his. It seems he has been carrying on for years a game that would be enough to make even a layman blush, if discovered. The ladies implicated, and there are several, were fair penitents of his, all in the habit of kneeling at his confessional. They hold a good position in society, and are married. It is whispered also, that if the secrets of past years were divulged, their numbers could be increased many-fold. But now, what redress have the husbands ? None. They cannot challenge, or insult, or beat the priest, because he is a priest ; so they have no resource but to pocket their exasperation, and admonish their wives to behave better in future. Fortunately, on the Continent, these things are looked upon less gravely than they are with us, both by society in general and by husbands in particular. The delinquent has been suspended for a time from some of his clerical duties, not all, and there the matter ends. Had not the *exposé* been so thoroughly public as it was, he might have gone on till doomsday unmolested, for unless by compulsion, you never find the priests reprimanding their brethren for these matters. It would be an exemplification of our English saying—though it may not be polite to quote it here—of the pot calling the kettle black.

There are two classes of women in France, the faithful and the profane. Do not imagine the designations are mine : they call themselves so. And a woman has little else than a choice of one of the two evils. The former class are entirely under the dominion of the priests ; their time, nearly from morning till night, and every day in the week, is passed in the church ; they are ever in the confessional ; their lives are entirely occupied with the subject of religion, and their priestly director is to them all wise, all omnipotent, all God.

The other class have no religion, and do not pretend to any. They amuse themselves as they please ; they rarely, if ever, go to church ; numbers never. They dress, gossip, visit, whisper bits of scandal of the priests, abjure the confessional, sicken at the thought of their daughters being brought into contact with its iniquities, and, in fine, pass their time, from girlhood to old age, without giving a thought to religion. You will say there must be a medium course : I do not see it : since to pursue or profess religion, a woman must frequent the confessional, and from that moment, if she attend it often, she is a slave to the priests.

And now I would ask, looking dispassionately at the subject, is it a matter of surprise that immorality should prevail in these Roman Catholic countries ? What moral safeguard have the people—what inducement not to pursue vice ? *The perusal of the Bible is denied to them*, therefore from that source no strength of conscience can be obtained. We have seen that the priests, rather than checking, set an example of immorality, and they are ever ready to absolve those confessing it. We are prone to rail at the Roman Catholics, at their doings in these continental countries, but we should first put the question to ourselves—Should we be a whit better had we been brought up in the religion they have been ? The system should be blamed, and the higher priesthood, but not the people, who but live as they have been taught. Oh ! that all England could see the working of this creed in its own countries ! they would rise with one voice, one mind, to keep its encroachments far away from them. Of domestic happiness abroad there is none ; they are unacquainted with its name ; and cannot be made to understand how an Englishman and his wife can find enjoyment in each other's society at their own fireside.

There are many anomalies in the Romish religion that excite our astonishment, and, I fear, indignation. Their form of adoration we cannot understand, and never, until we shall be numbered amidst its devotees, can we deem it a fitting one. The last time I was in Paris, I went one Sunday morning into the church of St. Eustache, at the bottom of the Rue Montmartre, to hear, or see, as you will, the celebration of mass. The epithet mummary is often applied to the religious services of the Papists, leaving a harsh grating on the ear, for we ask ourselves involuntarily how we should like the contemptuous term applied to ours. Much as I have lived in Catholic countries, I have rarely entered their places of worship, but I was astonished at what I then witnessed, and I do solemnly assert that there is no word in our language fitted to describe it but "mummary."

Six or eight priests were engaged in the services, but the business of the two chief ones, as we judged by their glittering attire, consisted in promenading and bowing, like a master of ceremonies would do in a ball-

room, or a couple of schoolboys under the hand of their dancing-master. Backwards and forwards, from the foot of the altar-steps to the railings that enclose the space before it, in length some thirty or forty feet, did these priests march with stateliness, one on either side, to and fro, to and fro ; and at each turning round there was a ceremony of bowing four times repeated—so many bows altogether I never saw. They bowed to each other, they turned about and bowed to the right, they turned and bowed to the left, and they turned and bowed behind them. Not a slight inclination of the head, but a bending-down of the whole body, so that the ornament they wear on their backs, over the surplice, about the size and shape of a door-mat, but all gold and flowers and beautiful embroidery, flew up in the air at every bend. Occasionally after the bowing, instead of immediately continuing their walk, they turned each to an open book that stood on a board, temporarily erected near the railings, and after looking on these books for the space of half a minute, they turned simultaneously away, the usual stately bows were again enacted, and their marching was resumed. It really did look as though they were showing to the people how gracefully they could bow, and it continued for something like half an hour. There was no praying, no devotion, no anything but this promenading and bowing ; the other priests meanwhile were chanting the mass.

A board, a common deal plank, stuck all over with lighted tallow candles (dips, as our housemaids call them), was paraded about the church amongst the congregation, by means of a pole, borne upon two men's shoulders, who were dressed in working dresses, blue blouses. A priest walked before it, and the great Suisse, in his red coat and feathered hat, clanking his baton of office upon the flagstones, preceded the priest. As they passed one of the numerous images propped against the pillars, the bearers of the board did not take sufficient space to clear it, and down went five or six of the candles to the ground. The men saw the mishap, and stopped for assistance ; the priest and beadle did not ; and it was only when they reached the choir, and were about to enter, that they discovered their board of candles had come to a stand-still. Back they rushed, picked them up, and carrying the extinguished candles in their hands, the priest some, and the Suisse the others, the procession scuffled on with much less dignity than it had started. As to the many times that solitary lighted candles were carried about, I could not have enumerated them. Then came another scene. A lady who knelt with, and made one of the congregation, was called inside, to the presence of the priest. A lighted candle was placed in each of her hands, and she was thus paraded about, a priest, or one of the surpliced lads, preceding her. They dodged her in and out amidst the priests and the lay members of the choir for some minutes ; she then re-approached the railings, the lights were taken from her, unceremoniously blown out, and she came back to her seat. Several other farces, or what looked such, were enacted, but I do not remember them clearly now. A lad of thirteen who was with me, lighthearted and handsome as English lads are apt to be, was swelling with laughter, in spite of all frowns and reprimands. He kept smothering his face in his pocket-handkerchief, and finally rushed out of the church convulsed, whispering he would wait outside. It may be that these scenes are ludi-

crous to us because we do not understand them, but they seem wonderfully inconsistent with the calm, desirable in the worship of God.

We called after the service upon some friends, asking if they could tell the reason of the lady in the church being marched about with two candles; but not saying that it put me in mind of Jane Shore, her white sheet, and the lighted tapers.

Madame de St. J—— replied, that it had fallen to this lady's turn to supply the bread for the communion, and the carrying the candles was accorded her in honour of her charity, and that the congregation might be aware of it.

"You have not been to mass?" I continued to Madame de St. J——.

"*Bah, non!* and never have since I came to years of discretion."

"Now may I ask why?"

"I don't like the priests," she replied: "we know what they are."

"But," I argued, half seriously, half laughingly, "how do you expect to get to heaven?"

"It is not going to mass will take me thither. I have a pretty large circle of acquaintance, as you know, and I don't think one out of them all frequents the services."

"What a bad road you must be on," I laughed.

"We are all on the same: what is the matter with it? You English think you must lead good lives, and spend dull Sundays, but when our time comes to die, we send for the priest, confess, he gives us absolution, and—*voilà tout*."

Do you think this is the exception to the rule? Nonsense! If you do, you are unacquainted with French Roman Catholics. Madame de St. J—— spoke to a well-known fact: and she but does as others do. The religion of at least half her countrywomen, and most of her countrymen, consists in having the priest to them on their death-bed—*voilà tout!* as she observes.

This is not a sermon, or how many commands of our Saviour's could be brought forward that we should search the Scriptures! WHY are the Roman Catholics not allowed to do this?—why is the book forbidden to them under pains and penalties?

In a quiet French town where I have been recently staying, was visiting a French lady from Douai, with her children. We became intimate with her, and she frequently called on us. One day, she was roving about the sitting-rooms, an amusement she much patronised, inhaling the scent of the flowers, looking at the English trifles scattered about, and turning over the leaves of the books, though she did not understand a word of their language. She came to a table where lay a volume alone, took it up and opened it.

"And what is this one?" she said, continuing her questions.

"The Bible."

"The *what!*" dropping the book again with a little scream, as if she feared it would bite her.

"That is the Bible."

"Do you keep a BIBLE in your house?" she asked, with an accent of excessive astonishment.

"Do not you?" was the reply.

"We dare not," she returned, shaking her head.

"Who prevents you?"

"The priests, of course. They do not allow it."

I doubted if I heard aright, for although much has been said about the prohibition of the Bible to Catholics, one can scarcely comprehend this, in earnest, every-day reality. "Is it really true," I said to Madame de L——, "that you Roman Catholics may not keep a Bible in your homes?"

"Perfectly true," she answered, with a gesture of surprise at my question.

"Do none of you do it?"

"I do not know that it is ever done," was her reply, "and I am quite sure that if it ever is, it is concealed from the priests. A pretty penance we should have if they knew of such a thing. And what good would it do us to keep a Bible in our houses? Dear! what a deal of reading there seems to be in it! we should never wade through it."

I regarded her for a few moments lost in thought, thinking, perhaps, what a mercy it was that these priests were not our priests. And this avowal was from no uneducated peasant, but a lady of character and station.

"Do your directors (meaning the clergy) know that you possess a copy of the Bible?" resumed Madame de L——.

"Certainly."

"But they don't allow it to the poor?"

"On the contrary, they take care to assure themselves that the poor possess a copy."

"Are you saying this to deceive me—to make me laugh?" (*me faire rire.*)

"Indeed no; I am speaking the truth. Do you know what we call it? The Book of Life."

She took it in her hands again, with an embarrassed air though, and turned its leaves over.

"We have a society in England, whose sole object is the propagation of these Bibles; to provide them for the poor and friendless; and to send them out among the heathens."

"Eh mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, "how different! And you attend your church too, in England, on the Sabbath!"

"Always."

"Do your nobles go? and your peasants? That great statesman and warrior who has just passed from among you, did he go?" (The Duke of Wellington.)

"Yes, yes, he was a good man. And all who care to be good, go, in England."

"It may be your religion," she mused, "that keeps your country so tranquil."

"So much cannot be said for yours," laughed a lady who was sitting by. "And by the way, Madame de L——, do you never go to mass?"

"I never go," was the emphatic reply.

"May we ask," I interrupted, "if you are satisfied with your inculcated religion?"

"Not with one part of it, the confessional."

"Ah!"

"It is horrible," added Madame de L——, lowering her voice and clasping her hands. "That child," she continued, glancing into the next room, where sat her daughter, within sight, but out of hearing, "is old enough to be initiated into its mysteries—nay, according to her age, she ought to have been ere this, for she will soon be sixteen—and I *dare* not send her."

"Keep her away then," was the surprised rejoinder.

"Ay, but I cannot, much longer. The priests will insist upon her going, and it is etiquette with us for young unmarried women to keep up a show of religion."

"But why do you so dread it?"

"The questions they will put to her are wicked, disgraceful! I cannot explain, but do not disbelieve me: these things are well understood amongst us. And I remember my own case when I, a trembling child, went before them. Amélie is innocent," continued Madame de L——, pressing her hands upon her brow as if in pain, "but in that confessional they will breathe words into her ear that she ought not to understand for years—nay, never understand at all. It is the curse of the Catholics!"

"Why have you brought up your children in the Catholic faith?"

"Que voulez vous?" she retorted. "It is the religion of our country, and there is no other for us." (*Il n'y-a point d'autre pour nous.*)

I have transcribed these conversations word for word. I neither invented nor sought them: they occurred in the passing intercourse of life, and, as I tell you, but a short time since.

One of the evenings that Madame de L—— spent with us, she had her younger children with her, about nine and eleven years old. Two little English children, who had been playing in the room, prepared to leave it at bed-time, at the summons of their nurse. They ran to their mother's knee, and knelt down, one after the other, to say their short prayers, forgetting that when there were visitors it was usual to say them in the nursery. The French children could not understand what they were doing; they stood transfixed with astonishment, and one of them broke into a smothered laugh. Their mother had to explain to them that the little children were saying prayers—"Au bon Dieu," she repeated, "vous comprenez, mes enfans—au bon Dieu." These children had evidently never been taught a prayer in their lives. All they knew of worship was the kneeling on a chair in the church, listening to the Latin mass of the priests.

After the return of this lady to Douai, we went to spend a few days at her house. On Sunday, the day following our arrival, her eldest daughter was absent the whole morning, but about two o'clock she made her appearance in the drawing-room.

"Where have you been?" inquired Monsieur de L——.

"At school, papa," was Amélie's answer. "We had such a deal to do."

"At school to-day!" I exclaimed.

"The prizes are to be given to-morrow," explained madame, "and they are very busy."

"The *devoirs* are finished," added Amélie, "but the fancy work had got into arrears. I was up and away at six o'clock; no one knew it but mamma, and the servant who took me. We have all been working like seamstresses!"

"Good girls!" aspirated Madame de L——.

"I had two whole flowers of my embroidery to do, and you know how large they are, mamma. But I have got it finished."

Good girls—yes! But not a remonstrance about the sin of toiling on the Sabbath. And had one been ventured, they would not have understood it. To them it is no sin, and they cannot comprehend how it can be one.

"What are we to do on the Sunday?" urged Madame de L—— one day that we were deep in argument; "must we sit with our hands before us and do nothing? I should go to bed from *ennui* before the day was half over." And Madame de L——'s question was unanswerable: what *can* they do on the day of rest? They will not go to mass: they dare not read the Bible. A Protestant Englishwoman might solace herself with what are called "good books;" at any rate, books suitable for Sundays; but a Frenchwoman knows not what such things are. So they have no alternative but to embroider, and scan light novels, and gossip, and visit, just as they do all the week, winding up the day with a visit to the theatre, or, in the season, to a masked ball.

On this same Sunday afternoon that I passed at Douai, one of those street processions took place that the Catholics are so fond of. It was nothing new to me: I have seen plenty of them. What said Dr. Newman in that famous Birmingham sermon of his? "Catholic bishops may now go forth in England with their croziers in their hands, and children clad in white testify to the revivification of the true Church." It is probably with this view—with the hope that these shows will eventually prevail, that so many thousand crucifixes, virgins, saints, and relics, have been imported into England since the establishment of the "hierarchy."

I wish Dr. Newman had witnessed this one. I do think, considering he was born and bred an Englishman, he would not have found it so pleasing to his taste, as to care to make it a subject for the pulpit. There were plenty of children clad in white, girls from seventeen downwards: giddy, vain things! you could see by the sly glances shot from the corners of their eyes, that they thought more of how their white veils sat, than of the Virgin Mary; yet, alas! these children have knelt, or will kneel, at the confessional. There were shoals of boys with their attendant frères; some "sisters," their countenances ghastly as their calico chin-bands; and no end of priests. There was a deal of chanting, a deal of kneeling down in the streets, and praying and bowing before every temporarily-elected altar or chapelle; plenty of relics were borne along under canopies, teeth, nails, and the like; and, altogether, a deal of what the Catholics would call devotion, and we humbug. But the portion of the entertainment that I fear would have given offence to Dr. Newman's taste, as it did to mine, were the images. Images of this saint, images of that; St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul—I know not how many; the Virgin Mary, several times repeated, carrying the child; St. John the Baptist, wrapped round with a lambskin; and the Pope himself, or something that they said was meant for him.

Now if these saints and virgins were represented by lovely statues and paintings, really beautiful works of art, there would be nothing in them to offend the eye and the *worldly* taste: but you never—I fearlessly and truthfully assert it—you never witnessed in all the penny puppet-shows

extant, such a wretched collection of figures. Imagination, unaided, would never picture such. You have observed the wooden heads in a milliner's shop, or, if not, just take a walk out and contemplate one; well, they are handsome, *tasteful*, compared with what some of these were. *A vulgar painted face of wood*, black staring eyes, and broad red cheeks, the figure finished off with a crimson skirt—this was the Virgin; and the child in her arms was in the like bad taste. Another image, a head only, was carried with great solemnity on a bare deal board—a fac-simile of the plank from which the candles toppled over in the church of St. Eustache; the same vulgar expression characterised this face, great crimson cheeks, and round, wide-open black eyes, and coarse black hair. It was intended to represent that of John the Baptist after his decapitation. But the whole of the faces seemed to have been fashioned after the same bad model, calling up ideas of Bet Bouncer and country bumpkins at a fair. Such thoughts have no business to intrude themselves at any religious pageant, but I should like to see the Englishman that could keep them back: and I don't think that Dr. Newman, with all his enthusiasm, would have looked twice. Yet he blessed God that these shows could now be revived in England.

I could continue the paper for ever, but to what end? Surely enough has been said and written to make an impression, if you, men of England, are not wholly unimpressible. The public journals teem with this subject: not one can be taken up, but it has some corner devoted to it. Keep this mistaken creed to the countries where it has hitherto flourished; let it not acquire sway in ours. What says *Punch*, who amidst much of nonsense pops out some home truths:

"Freedom of action," Fool,
Wouldst thou grant Romish bigots? Freedom, but
Freedom of prate and antics: NONE OF RULE.

And there lies the gist of the matter. Let the Catholic priesthood be free to talk and declaim as they will—in the countries where they have long ruled, let them pursue their antics as much as they like—let them collect relics, discover bleeding statues, hold interviews with miraculous virgins—let them persuade their followers that *they* can absolve their sins, and that the door of heaven can only be opened through his Holiness the Pope, but beware how you, in your supineness, suffer encroachments that may bring back these ignorant sophistries amongst you. There is a solemn warning of our Saviour's to be found in the Scriptures: "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." For what will your earthly kingdom be fit, and what fate will she deserve, if, after having once resolutely thrown off this debasing and delusive creed, she suffer herself to be reimprisoned in its toils? Men of England, bestow upon this subject the consideration it demands. Examine deliberately the storms and threatenings that are scowling around; boldly face them; ponder what precautions can be exercised to repel them; and oh, may the steps you take be so wise, so good, so effectual, that the Reformed Faith shall again reign undisturbed in the land, and your children bask in the sunshine of its peace when you shall be no more.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN ANCIENT ART.*

EXCEPT that Tarsus was the birthplace of St. Paul, and was, in the words of the Apostle, "no mean city," the country of which it constituted the capital is little known to English readers. Yet it is a very remarkable territory. Extremely fertile, being chiefly a vast alluvial deposit washed by several goodly rivers; the Sarus, the Pyramus, the Cydnus, the Pinarus, and others; girt on one side by the sea, on the other by a range of mountains so lofty as even in the warm climate of Southern Asia Minor to be clad with snow during a great part of the year, and so rugged as to present great difficulty of ingress or egress: Cilicia is thus isolated as it were between the eastern and western worlds. Hence three several times has the fate of the world been decided on the plain of Issus. First, when the Greeks and Persians met there under Alexander and Darius; secondly, when Severus and Pescennius Niger engaged there in a life-struggle for dominion; and thirdly, when Heraclius and Chosroes contested there for the superiority of the West over the East. There, also, in the time of Bayazid II., the Osmanlis contested with the Mamluk dynasty of Syria the empire of the East. Three times the Christians of the West, as they were rising into power upon the past civilisation of Greece and Rome, advanced to battle for the empire of the Cross through Cilicia; till fatal experience taught them to take other roads. Cilicia has, in fact, ever been the highway and the battle-field between the nations of the East and West. Tarsus was, also, alike renowned in former times for its commerce and its schools. Many of the great philosophers, poets, and physicians of ancient times were begat or educated in Cilicia.

A more curious and a not easily explicable feature belongs to Cilicia—it is its fatality to crowned heads.

It is doubtful if Sardanapalus, notwithstanding certain not very authentic statements to the contrary, did not die in this province; the river Cydnus, which had nearly proved fatal to Alexander, was certainly so, nearly a thousand years afterwards, to the Emperor Frederic, surnamed Barbarossa. Seleucus VI. was burned to death in a palace at Mopsuestia; Labienus and Vonones were slain in the same province; Pescennius Niger was killed on the ever-memorable battle-field of Issus; Trajan died at Selinus; Florianus was killed by his troops at Tarsus; Maximianus died in agonies in the same city; Constantius perished at Mopsuestia; and Julian, the Apostate, was buried at Tarsus; the best and wisest of the Khalifs, Almaamun, died in Cilicia; and the pride of the Comneni, Kalo Joannes, lost his life in a boar-hunt at Anazarba.

The discovery by Mr. W. B. Barker of a very large number of works of art, more especially figures of the household gods of the Cilicians of old, and which were very probably broken up by them on their conversion to Christianity, will not, however, fail to attach quite a new inte-

* *Lares and Penates: or Cilicia and its Governors; being a Short Historical Account of that Province from the Earliest Times to the Present Day: together with a Description of some Household Gods of the Ancient Cilicians, broken up by them on their Conversion to Christianity, first discovered and brought to this Country by the Author, W. B. Barker, M.R.A.S. Edited by W. F. Ainsworth, F.R.G.S., &c. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co.*

rest to this territory. The success of Sir Charles Fellows in Lycia, and of Botta and Layard in Assyria, in restoring to us works of ancient art, have opened quite a new field of research; and we have now every reason to hope that the mounds, tells, or teppehs of the East, will, one after another, be ransacked by travellers and archaeologists, and made to yield up their buried treasures. The number of these earth-covered museums is very great. They existed in Babylonia and Assyria 400 years B.C.; for Xenophon describes the Persians, at the battle of Cunaxa, as retreating to a tell or mound of earth (*gelophos*), and Nimrud, which has since been so prodigal to Layard, was a ruin at the time of the Katabasis; mounds of a more or less similar description are met with throughout Western Asia. These remarkable discoveries of Mr. Barker show that the mythology of Tarsus was, as indeed might have been anticipated, from what is known of its history—its supposed Assyrian origin—its mercantile renown—its connexion with Greece and Rome, and its celebrity as a school of philosophy, science, and religion, of such a mingled character—Assyrian, Egyptian, Indian, Syrian, Greek, and Roman, as to possess quite a peculiar interest, and to throw a new light on the progress of mythological art—an art which Mr. Payne Knight has justly observed was idealised by a religion which neither itself nor the art that it engendered, may ever occur again.

The positive domestic and public deities (says the editor, in the preliminary chapter on the "*Lares and Penates*") selected by a country or province and its inhabitants were, perhaps, never before so fully illustrated as in the instance of the remarkable collection now brought to light, discovered also in a country of great antiquity, and which, perhaps, more than any other in the East, forms the connecting link between Assyrian and Greek mythology, and with Lycia between Assyrian and Greek art. The light they may yet be made to throw upon these relations will, in all probability, be found to be very considerable, and to present a field of investigation as yet almost untouched.

The Assyrians of old recognised in the stars of heaven golden chariots of heavenly hosts. Zeus or Baal, as the most perfect leader of the most perfect chariot, was drawn by the finest and largest horses of Asia; while the god of the sun had only one single Nisæan horse, or was represented upon a winged horse, whose image Layard found embroidered upon the garment of the king.

Like the tradition of Bellerophon and Perseus, whom, according to Herodotus the Persians declared to be an Assyrian, the designation of this horse by the name of Pegasus seems to be of Assyrian origin, especially since Tarsus, whose inhabitants, according to Dio Chrysostomus, worshipped Perseus, together with Hercules or Sardon and the tridented Apollo, is said to have been built by an Assyrian king.

But although the Assyrian Hercules-Nimrod—Dayyad "the Hunter," or Sardon, is not found in Cilician art as in Assyrian, combating lions and bulls; still we have Nisroch or Asarac, the same as Horus and Harpoocrates, viewed as the incarnation of a deity through a female divinity—Ashtaroth, Isis, or Mylitta, one of the oldest traditions of the East, and one which in another form has been destined more than any other to sway mankind. We have the lion of Hera, Rhea or Cybele; Abrerig riding the Polar Bear, the Indian Bacchus carrying his Thyrsus, the cone of the pine borne by the great eagle-headed, and other Assyrian divinities afterwards succeeded by the Lotus, representing the same order of ideas; we have also the Ras Majusi, or head Magus of the Persians, transmitting an original Babylonian and Assyrian form, just as Mithra affects the transi-

tion of Nergal to Apollo; we have also the Fish God, and other emblems of rites, which Layard has shown to have been not unknown to the Assyrians.

In connexion with Syria, we have the Apollo of Tarsus winged—a cluster of grapes hanging on the wing, as they hung round the neck of the images of Baal at the great temple of Baalbec—showing the Syrian cast of the mythology of Tarsus, and identifying its Apollo with Baal, as another figure representing Apollo crowned with the symbol of fecundity—the Nelumbium—connects him with the Osiris of Egypt.

In connexion also with the mythology of the inhabitants of the long banks of the Nile, we have beautiful figures of Horus, or Harpocrates, son of Isis, as well as of Isis herself, bearing the Lotus on her head; heads of bulls, representing either Mnevis or Apis; Anubis represented by the dog, and Typhon by the hippopotamus; as also the Axio-Kersian mysteries by the crocodile. We have, also, Phree the hawk, or Egyptian sun. Upon the connexion of Assarac, Horus, and Harpocrates, as the incarnation of Deity through a female divinity, Isis; and, from the abundance of youthful heads with the same Egyptian symbol on them, he must have been one of the most popular divinities at Tarsus, Mr. Abington suggests.

It may be asked, when the Roman Empire began to resound with the testimony of the Apostles, that the long-expected Messiah of the Jews was incarnate, did the priests of the old mythology bring out more fully to popular notice, and in opposition to the Christians, their ancient mystery of the incarnation of the son of Isis? If this policy was resorted to—and it would seem, under the circumstances, very natural—it would explain the fact of the representation of Horus being so multiplied at that period.

It would be their policy to persuade the people, that the wonderful tales respecting the birth of the Messiah were but stolen from the system of religion maintained by them and their fathers, and therefore an innovation to be rejected.

After the figures and busts which record the prevalence of the Isiac worship, which divided with that of the Ephesian Diana, the Samian Juno, and the Phrygian Cybele, the Pantheism of Asia Minor, and two other very interesting and remarkable deities—the Phrygian Atys and Cybele—the latter turreted to represent the city of Tarsus; we have numerous examples of the usual Hellenic divinities of Olympus, such as Chronos, or Saturn, Jupiter, Juno, Hero, Venus, and Mercury, under various forms. Of the Delian deities, Apollo and Diana, figures are more rare, but very instructive. Among the demi-gods, we have Bacchus, Pan, the Sileni and Bacchantes, Hercules, Æsculapius, Victory, Somnus, Perseus, Adonis, and a host of other subjects, favourites in plastic art. Among these may be particularly noticed some remarkable illustrations of the story of Marsyas actually being flayed alive; of that of Leander, represented in the act of swimming; of the stories of Arion, of Laocoon, and of Europa, besides a whole host of Sybils, dolphins and their riders, and of deified boys.

Of *Divi*, or deified human beings, as distinguished from *Dei*, we have fine heads of Commodus, as Hercules; of Otho, or Titus, of Domitian, and of Caius Caligula; also a head of Messalina; and heads of other ladies, with the head-attire seen on the coins of Julia, the sister of

Titus and Domitia; the head of a lady with the attributes of Juno, of a priest with the attributes of Apollo, and the apotheoses of innumerable dead children. Mr. Birch, an excellent authority, says, that in style of art many of these figures are of exquisite taste and feeling, some the most charming fragments of terra-cotta which he has ever seen.

Among what may be termed curiosities of art, are the miniature figures of Magi bearded, and dressed in close round cloaks, with hoods like monks. Some of these have Tartar features, and exactly resemble Bhuddist bonzes and fakirs from India! Also heads of monsters and idiots, who appear to have been consecrated by the Cilicians, as we see such unfortunate beings still looked upon in the East as under the especial care of Providence.

Among these strange and fantastic heads, are some which Mr. Barker has been at considerable trouble to associate with the Khita of Egypt, the Hittites of Scripture, and the Huns of history, as also with the figures sculptured upon the monuments and edifices of an extinct people in Central America. The subject is too theoretical to be entered upon here, but certainly the features are very extraordinary—without existing analogies; the resemblance also struck Mr. Abington, a practical observer of great experience; and it must be remembered that Layard also discovered in the mound of Nabbi-Yunus, a head with singularly grotesque features, which, he says, had it not been for a cuneiform inscription on the crown and back, might have been mistaken for a Mexican relic. Mr. Birch seemed to think, however, with greater probability, that these uncouth figures represent some monstrous deities—more especially the Semitic Baal, or Typhon.

The editor has justly remarked that the discovery, by Layard, of an Assyrian triangular lyre with nine or ten strings, may be considered as disposing of the mythological story of the addition of a fifth, sixth, seventh, and other strings to Hermes' or Mercury's tortoise-shell, by Choræbus, Hyagnis, Terpander, Pythagoras, and others. We have in this collection many lyres, also a youth playing the Syrinx, or Pandean organ, and another musical instrument, with a box blown into by bellows—the only known link, Mr. Abington remarks, connecting the organ with the Pandean Syrinx.

We have, lastly, images of the lower human jaw, the ground within which is modelled to represent flames, just as Tartarus is represented by the early painters of Church legends, as the wide yawning jaws of a monster belching out fire and flames. We have, also, among minor curiosities, a vast collection of horses' legs, evidently used as votive offerings, never having been attached to a perfect figure, and which have been supposed to have been presented to Apollo, as patron of horses; but which from their abundance may with greater probability be associated with the story of the foundation of Tarsus by Bellerophon, when landed there by Pegasus, stung, Pindar tells us, by a gad-fly, and who left the mark of his hoof, or foot, in the ground, whence the name of the city. The story is especially told by Dionysius in his "*Periegesis*, or Survey of the World:"

Tortuous Cydnus, through Tarsus' centre flowing,
Well-built Tarsus; where once most truly Pegasus
Placed its foot; leaving it thus a name. There 'twas
That Jupiter caused the fall of Bellerophon.

WHAT THEY SAY IN PARIS.

BY THE CHEVALIER ALCIBIADE DE LA BLAGUE.

I.

THE ORDRE DU JOUR.

SOME fourteen months ago, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, then President of the French Republic, began to think, more seriously than ever, of making himself Emperor of France.

Under the terribly critical circumstances in which he was placed towards the end of 1851, this predominating idea necessarily received a rapid development. He well knew, and the whole nation knew it too, that if he did not at once contrive to make himself an Emperor, his wretched Assembly, which was pulling and tearing away à l'envie with frantic voracity and *acharnement* at the unfortunate carcase of the Republic, would manage, before very long, to make him a prisoner, and probably a victim.

He saw ahead, on one side, the dungeons of Vincennes, the charms of which are not over-bewitching (particularly to gentlemen who have had experience of French prisons); and on the other, an imperial throne. He saw this, he calculated the merits of the rival alternatives, and—he chose the throne: he did, indeed!

It seems to me that if I were placed in the same predicament, I should not require a very protracted meditation to induce me to adopt the same course.

Then, however, came a small difficulty. He had determined to have the throne, and, with an iron character like his, desire is almost synonymous with possession; still, there was a difficulty. He had determined to have the crown; but how was he to get it?

Whenever I want anything (which I do remarkably often), I ask myself the same question: "How am I to get it?" I wish I could always answer it as simply and as brilliantly as Louis Napoleon did his question on the 2nd of December, 1851.

All the world knows that, on the evening before that memorable day, a large *soirée* was given at the Elysée.

I will not attempt to describe the charming and incredible ease which the President displayed that night. Never before had he been so gracious, and so perfectly devoted to the pleasure of his guests.

During the evening he met M. de Lesseps, and asked him carelessly:

"Well, De Lesseps, what's the news?"

"Why, monseigneur, there are sad rumours going abroad!"

"About me?"

"Yes."

"And, pray, what do they say?"

"Oh! many things; but indeed they have all but one and the same meaning—they accuse you of preparing a *coup d'état*."

He coolly put his arm under M. de Lesseps', and drawing him gently
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towards a lustre in full blaze, he wheeled quickly round, with the light pouring over his face, and said :

"De Lesseps, do I look like an honest man?"

"Indeed, I believe you do."

"Do you also suspect me of preparing a *coup d'état*?"

"Indeed I do not."

"Thank you, De Lesseps, I will be sure to remember that ; it is kind of you."

And the honourable man who had just conversed with the President, whatever he might have thought before, retired thoroughly convinced that Louis Napoleon would be imprisoned, shot, or quartered, before he would consent to break his solemn engagements to the country.

Yet, it so happened that on that very morning the President had settled with General de St. Arnaud, the Minister of War, the details of all the arrangements which he was to carry into execution the next day.

St. Arnaud had listened with deep attention to the orders he received, and when the whole project was fairly before him, he asked,

"Well, monseigneur, and how are these plans to be worked out?"

"By the army, to be sure, commanded by you."

"Very good ; I understand all that ; every regiment, every battalion, every troop will be in the right place ; all that is perfectly foreseen ; haven't we all Changarnier's plans about it ? But in case of a *levée de boucliers* in favour of the Assembly, which indeed must be expected——"

"Why, fire on them, of course—shoot them—bayonet them."

"But should a whole *quartier* rise up, and——"

"Shoot them, too—run them through—blow the whole *quartier* up——"

"And supposing the whole of Paris to rise and join in the dance?"

"In that case you march out your troops, lodge them in the forts, and bombard Paris till not a stone is left standing ; I won't be resisted ; and these Parisians will at last receive the lesson they so richly deserve. I'll teach it them !"

St. Arnaud bowed his assent, but before he answered, indulged in a moment's thought. The orders he had received were distinct enough, but he was far too sharp to be content with them, and he felt that it was necessary to *mettre les points sur les i*, so he observed :

"But, monseigneur, your imperial highness must understand that I cannot accept of such orders as these *visà voce*. They must be written, and they must be signed."

"Nonsense ! you comprehend fully as well as I do, St. Arnaud, that these orders are precisely of the kind that can never be written."

"And yet, monseigneur, without a written order not a step can I take."

"Nonsense !—you forsake me in spite of all your engagements, and you decline to obey my orders at the very moment of need!"

"Pardon me, monseigneur, but only write them for me, and I swear that they shall be implicitly executed ; but I just as solemnly protest that without your written orders I do nothing."

"Well, come, since you are so obstinate, I will give you a written *ordre du jour*. I will entrust it to your honour."

The order was written, and given to St. Arnaud. We all know how he obeyed it.

Soon there came a time when the Emperor, as he had then become, began to wish to get back this *lettre malencontreuse*. It was an awkward document to leave in other hands, and the imperial mind decided that St. Arnaud should not any longer keep it.

Even imperial wishes are, however, sometimes ineffective; and so it happened now. Whenever St. Arnaud was requested to return the "*ordre du jour du deux Décembre*," he protested, with deep regret, that it was no longer in his keeping, that it was far too important a paper to be risked in Paris, and that he had consequently placed it some time before "*en lieu sûr*," somewhere in England, America, or China. ¶

Time went on, but the Emperor could not get the letter. He didn't like to grow violent about it, so he was forced to bide his time. It came at last.

A few months ago St. Arnaud lost some 30,000*l.* in unlucky speculations on the Bourse. It was not quite convenient to him to pay so large a sum, and an outcry was at once made by the agents through whom he had lost.

The report soon reached the Emperor, who stroked his imperial beard, and smiled internally at having pinned the crafty general at last.

The next day there was a "*conseil des ministres*," and the Emperor took the opportunity to say to St. Arnaud, before all his colleagues :

"Monsieur, I hear that you have lost a large sum in gambling at the Bourse, and cannot pay it. Is it so?"

St. Arnaud was taken by surprise. He assured the Emperor that he was deeply distressed—that he fully felt the disgrace of such a position—but he really could not pay, as he had not the means to meet so heavy a loss.

"Well," said the Emperor, "I do not wish to add to your annoyance; I appreciate your feelings, which of course are very painful; I shall be very glad to help you. Just step into this window with me."

St. Arnaud followed his master to the end of the room, and there was told:

"Send me back the *ordre du jour*, and I pay your losses."

The *ordre* was returned to the Emperor that night, proving thereby that it was not in China.

II.

THE MARRIAGE AND THE MINISTERS.

NEARLY all Europe is by this time aware that the present Emperor of France has been gifted by nature with very powerful and diversified faculties; and that his admiration for the bewitching attractions of an imperial crown is well-nigh surpassed by his *culte* for charms of a totally different order.

It was, therefore, not strange that when his eyes had once rested on the surpassing beauty of the lady who is now his wife, the fire of love should be instantaneously kindled in his heart. But the Emperor had to deal with a haughty Spanish maiden, till then utterly insensible to all

manly charms, and systematically and determinedly averse to the sweet mysteries of love.

A crown, however, is a bribe too gorgeous to be refused; and when the imperial diadem was laid at the feet of the beautiful countess, the barriers of her superb heart were pulled down, and she at last consented to become what she had so long contemptuously refused—a wife.

The Emperor's difficulties were not yet all got over. He had won his bride, and that (in this case) was a prodigious triumph; but he had now to lay this *coup de tête, coup de cœur, coup de—*whatever you like to call it—before his ministers and the nation.

A council was summoned. The hour arrived, and with it the ministers, who, as ministers (as well as other people) always do under such circumstances, gossiped round the green table till their master came.

After a short delay, the doors were thrown open, and the "huissier" announced—

"L'Empereur."

Louis Napoleon walked straight to his arm-chair; his step was firm and steady, his countenance, as usual, calm, placid, and impassible.

"Gentlemen, be seated!"

This first movement once executed to the general satisfaction, and every ear being bent on most religious attention, his majesty opened his imperial lips, and said:

"Gentlemen!—We have over and over again been entreated, indeed most urgently pressed, by numerous and attached friends, at the head of whom we very confidently place you, to give to our government a new and powerful source of security and stability by choosing a spouse, by whom, under the blessing of Providence, we may hope for posterity.

"We are happy this day to have to inform you that we have, at last, met with the person we had vainly sought for so long a time. She is of almost royal blood; of the purest and most elevated character; of unrivalled beauty; and she possesses personal accomplishments and talents of the highest order. We speak of the Countess Theba de Montijo.

"We simply add, gentlemen, that our resolution on this subject is irrevocably fixed, and we desire that you will, at once, take the necessary measures to make the country acquainted with it, in the most desirable manner, and with the shortest possible delay."

Then his majesty quietly rose, walked coolly and unconcernedly to a window, drew his cigar-case from his pocket, carefully selected a large regalia, very deliberately lighted it, and proceeded to smoke with the most obvious contentment; taking at the same time a pleasant survey of the landscape, as if he beheld it for the very first time in his life.

The unfortunate ministers sat bewildered round the table, staring at each other with expanded eyes and nostrils, and elevated eyebrows; but with spirits of a very opposite shape.

After a few moments of silence, they spontaneously, but noiselessly, got up, and, one by one, proceeded on tip-toe to another window, at the remotest possible corner of the room.

A fresh but equally useless contemplation of each other's features then took place.

"Pretty mess, this!" whispered Foreign Affairs.

"It won't do—it can't be done," muttered Finances.

"Ah!" said War Office, "and pray how will you help it?"

"Hum!!!" gasped Foreign Affairs and Finances together.

This explanation not appearing sufficiently illustrative in so distressing an emergency, they all again collapsed into the silence of mute despair, nodding and rubbing their heads rather unmercifully.

"Come, come," ejaculated War Office at last, "this looks rather too foolish; I propose to send M. de Persigny, who is all powerful with the Emperor, to say that, as we are taken by surprise, we beg a delay of twenty-four hours to enable us to consult together, and to prepare and offer such observations to his majesty as the great importance of the case may require."

"Quite right!" was the unanimous reply.

A timid concert of suppressed dry coughs awoke the attention of M. de Persigny, who alone had remained at the green table, fully aware of the total uselessness of any attempt to alter the imperial decision; and he was beckoned to the group.

M. de Persigny very reluctantly obeyed the signal, as he had firmly resolved in no way to meddle with so delicate a question.

When he learnt, however, the very harmless and inoffensive nature of the communication which his colleagues desired him to make, he complied with their general request, and glided away with discreet steps towards the imperial position.

At his approach the Emperor turned round, and, directly he saw who it was, pulled out his case again, and presented it to M. de Persigny.

"Cigar, Persigny?"

M. de Persigny could not but accept so hospitable an offer, and he then proceeded to explain how the council of ministers, taken by surprise, and rather confounded by the suddenness, not to say the extraordinary nature, of a communication so totally in contradiction to the customs and antique traditions of the court of France, begged to be allowed twenty-four hours' reflection on the most important subject so suddenly brought before them, to enable them to prepare an *ensemble de représentations*, which, they hoped, might mitigate the resolve of his majesty.

"Persigny, you don't smoke!" said Louis Napoleon, coolly offering him a light.

So, Persigny did smoke, imitating in the most awkward silence his master-friend's incredibly persevering admiration of the landscape.

When the two cigars were finished, his majesty once more proceeded to the green table, took his seat, and desired his councillors to do the same, saying gently,

"Messieurs, la séance est ouverte!"

The ministers began to display their papers, fumbling at them with particular embarrassment, not knowing what was to come next, but encouraging in their hearts a faint hope that the Emperor might have altered his decision, or that he was going, at least, to say something on the subject, which in their present *embarras* might afford them a sort of consolation.

But, oh vanity of human hopes! After a few minutes of these

pleasant anticipations, Napoleon III. deliberately rose, and leaning over the table, with his hands placed in the middle of it, and taking a firm, but gentle survey of the bewildered countenances of his advisers, said:

"Messieurs, la séance est levée!" and walked out of the room.

III.

LES DEUX PORTEFEUILLES.

THE following facts occurred, of course, in times previous to the meeting of the Emperor with the beauty who now so deservedly absorbs the whole of his devotion.

His majesty had been constantly hearing, in the intimate circle of his aides-de-camp, marvellous accounts about the grace, elegance, and wit of a young actress, whose charms were making the rapid fortune of the theatre where she was engaged.

So that, de "guerre lasse," one fine evening, away went the Emperor *incog.* to the said theatre, accompanied only by a single aide-de-camp, an old and trusty friend.

As the play (which, by-the-by, was the young actress's real "cheval de bataille") got on, his majesty gave unequivocal signs of his admiration, and rendered ample justice to the accounts he had received of the multiplied charms of the fair enchanter.

Indeed, she was (and is) very delicious; there was a beaming sunshine of wit and malice spreading in the most bewitching fashion over her.

At last the faithful aide-de-camp left the box, bent his steps to the *coulisses*, begged a minute's conversation with the lady, and informed her that the Emperor, who was then present *incog.* at the theatre, charmed with her beauty and accomplished performance, would feel particularly gratified by her society that evening at a *tête-à-tête* supper.

The young lady said nothing; her emotion was too great. What could she say? She smiled her consent. I was going to say she *blushed* it; but no, she did not. I dare say she tried it, but she had lost the habit. She was out of practice.

Next morning the Emperor repeated the expression of his admiration, and gave his farewell to the syren, with the assurance that "l'Empereur serait reconnaissant!"

In the course of the day our friend the aide-de-camp was sent for, and the Emperor gave him two *portefeuilles*, talking him,

"Go and call on our friend of last night, and offer this *portefeuille* as a mark of my satisfaction. Then you will proceed to M. —, and present him this other *portefeuille*, as a token of my appreciation of, and gratitude for, his important political services; and you will cleverly give him to understand that I will not stop there. You understand the message?"

"Perfectly, sire."

"Then, go."

The aide-de-camp bowed himself out, went straight to the young actress, presented her with the *portefeuille* on the behalf of his master, and then, after bestowing upon her sundry agreeable *fadaises* on his own

account, drove on to the house of the gentleman to whom the second *portefeuille* was destined.

This individual being of a more business-like nature, on the presentation of the *portefeuille* at once opened it, and after examining its contents, turned indignantly towards the messenger, and said :

"Monsieur le Colonel, I confess that I am utterly unable to comprehend the meaning of his majesty's message. Pray be good enough to lay at his feet the expression of my profound respect, and assure him that, thanks to Heaven ! I am not yet quite a beggar."

So saying, he returned the *portefeuille* to the astonished colonel, who retired not over-satisfied with the issue of this second message, and betook himself forthwith to his master's cabinet.

"Well, colonel," said the Emperor, "you have done the thing ? Is it all right ?"

"Why, sire, my first message was got over to the perfect satisfaction of all parties. The young lady received the *portefeuille* with due gratitude, and her delicacy was quite touching, for she actually refrained from opening it in my presence, however great her curiosity may have been. She is a nice girl, indeed—very much so."

"And M. —, what does he say ? Did he display the same discretion, and the same total absence of curiosity ?"

"By no means, sire ; on the contrary, he opened the *portefeuille* the moment I gave it to him, looked particularly displeased, and at once returned it to me, requesting me to offer to your majesty every possible expression of his respect, but at the same time to give you the pleasant assurance that, fortunately for him, he was not as yet reduced to beggary."

"Now, what? what do you mean? There is some confounded mistake here," said the Emperor, in a hurried tone, as he snatched the rejected *portefeuille* from the hands of the bewildered aide-de-camp.

"Yes! and a pretty considerable mess you have made of it, colonel," added he, opening it. "You have *sauté le coup* with a vengeance. You have presented the girl with the trifling sum of 35,000 francs, and my useful political agent with a 500 franc note. I am truly obliged to your skill in delivering messages ; you are just the fellow for a difficult embassy."

The unfortunate aide-de-camp wished himself fifty feet under the carpet. However, being of a temperament not easily *désarçonné*, he at once assumed an air of tranquillity and assurance.

"Much as I may regret my mistake, sire," said he, "allow me to assure your majesty that it is by no means so important as it would at first appear to be. I will instantly return to the young lady, and explain my error. I know her. No difficulty will occur. The exchange will be most easily made, and then I will go to —, and make my apologies to him."

"Well, then, go at once," said the Emperor, rather quiesced by the ease of the colonel ; "but return here direct from the girl's ; I shall want to hear the result."

Away bolted the colonel ; he jumped once more into the imperial carriage, drove back to the lady's door, rang with a beating heart, and entered. His rapid glance flew in one second round the room. May

Jupiter, Venus, and Mars, but especially Venus, be blessed. There was the *portefeuille* apparently untouched, in exactly the position where he had seen the actress deposit it half an hour before, amidst a careless heap of lace, jewels, and gloves. No doubt all was right. The girl, with true artistic contempt for money, and carried off by the much more important contemplation of a new evening costume, had not even looked at it. "She is a real treasure," thought the colonel; "I positively must make love to her myself."

"Mademoiselle," said he, "pardon me this second intrusion; but, charged with several important messages by his majesty the Emperor, I have unfortunately committed a little mistake. *This is the portefeuille* which I was desired to leave with you. *That other* (pointing to the thirty-five thousand) is destined for another person. Would you allow me to make the exchange, and to assure you of my regret for the error I have made."

"Most undoubtedly," answered the lady, with the most charming and innocent *empressment*. "Believe, colonel, that I congratulate myself particularly on the favour this second visit bestows upon me."

So the desired exchange was made, and the colonel, in a state of rapture at his success, retired amidst a shower of bows, lavishing at the same time on the fair actress a volley of such incandescent looks, that she would undoubtedly have been converted into one grey heap of ashes, had her nature been in the very least degree inflammable.

"Now! isn't that girl a darling, and won't I come back one of these days, and tell her so, with my love?" said the good colonel to himself, as he jumped into his carriage, and ordered the coachman to tear away back to the Tuileries.

He made one gigantic leap up the stairs, and entered the imperial cabinet in a perfect ecstasy of triumph.

"Well," said the monarch, turning sharply round, with half-knitted eyebrows, "what news?"

(Colonel respectfully presenting the recovered *portefeuille*, and chuckling with self-interior contentment.)

"I told your majesty I was sure of the girl. She is a rare creature; quite a heroine! There was the *portefeuille* where she had laid it down half an hour before; she had never even touched it."

"Then," said the Emperor, very coolly putting down the *portefeuille*, which he had quietly opened—"then she is a natural daughter of Robert Houdin's, for without touching it she has emptied it. Smart girl that, but rather dear!"

IV.

THE JEWEL-BAGS.

THE Emperor Napoleon III. was certainly born to be an absolute monarch, a real autocrat. What he did the other day with the jewel-bags would prove it, even if nothing else did.

The jewels of the crown of France are kept at the Hôtel of the Finances, with many other precious articles, in an apartment prepared and arranged for their especial protection. They are contained in four large leather-bags, of the size of flour-sacks, and are committed to the care of

a most trusty guardian of the name of Thomas, who is, of course, personally answerable for them. A very few days before the marriage, M. Thomas was sent for by his majesty, and was duly ushered into the imperial presence.

"M. Thomas, I believe you have the charge of the crown jewels?"

"Please your majesty, I have."

"I understand that they are contained in four leather-bags of large dimensions?"

"They are, sire."

"Well, then, I desire that this evening, at nine o'clock, you will convey here two of these bags—yes—I think *two* will do—yes—you may go, M. Thomas; I will expect you this evening at nine precisely."

The poor man, whose bewildered amazement was too big for utterance, bowed and scraped himself out, and returned home in blank despair.

What should he—what could he do? Such a thing had never been heard or dreamt of by any one before. The crown jewels, the precious jewels of the crown of France, to be thus unceremoniously danced and dangled about, like patterns from a tailor's shop!—Shocking!—Awful! Dear old Thomas could not have felt more deeply, if the Emperor had proposed to tear out his precious and most useful bowels. Yet, the master had spoken; alas! there was no help for it, it must be done.

At half-past eight that evening, M. Thomas, after many a mournful glance at his precious charge, for the safety of which he had strange and most painful misgivings, lodged them safely beside him in a court-carriage, surrounded by a piquet of cavalry, and found himself in due time deposited at the foot of the imperial staircase.

The bags were, under his watchful care, carried up with all possible tenderness, and he was ushered with them into the presence of his majesty.

"Very good, M. Thomas," says Napoleon; "I like your punctuality—cela suffit—you may retire."

"But, sire," exclaims the unfortunate Thomas (now really at bay, and carried out of all his *retranchements* by the intensity of his despair), "allow me to represent to your majesty that the present mode of proceeding is totally without any precedent, and permit me to entreat your majesty to give me, at least, a receipt for——"

"Pooh! nonsense, man! no necessity at all for it—am I not the master? and does not the constitution give me the free and entire administration of all that belongs to the crown? Good night!"

"But, sire, allow me to entreat your majesty not to act thus. Pray, let me assure you, that these bags are never moved without an inventory of their contents being made, and signed by the prince who issues the order for their removal."

"Much too long; I can't wait; I must have them now."

"Please your majesty, the inventory is ready made. I have it with me. Here it is."

"Bless the man! why don't you speak then? Come, out with it—that is business-like."

And approaching a table, and taking up a pen, without even looking at the contents of the paper, he added his signature at the place pointed out by M. Thomas.

"There ! I hope you are pleased?"

The poor old gentleman, not exactly pleased, but considerably relieved, retired ; but not quickly enough to escape a sight which made his financial brain whirl round with horror.

He saw the padlocks thrown off, and the bags opened, and at the same moment two fair ladies came laughing through the doorway of an inner room : they were the Princess Mathilde and the Countess Theba de Montijo.

As soon as they appeared, the Emperor made a sign to two stout *valets-de-pied* ; the bags were overturned, and their dashing contents spread in an instant on the carpet. The Emperor, turning round and pointing to the floor, exclaimed—

"Choisissez, mesdames!"

That was how the jewels of the bride and her fair cousin were so lustrous on the marriage-day, although the gorgeous present of the *Town of Paris* had been refused.

ATALA AND CHACTAS.

BY W. BRAILSFORD.

Atala appuyoit une de ses mains sur mon épaule, et comme deux cygnes voyageurs nous traversons ces ondes solitaires.—CHATEAUBRIAND.

Thus ever o'er life's misty sea
 Clings the sweet loving to the loved ;
 Thus ever in sweet constancy
 Love's changeless nature best is proved.
 Thus ever let the storms assail,
 Strong adverse winds with fury rage,
 Love most is proof amidst the gale,
 In every clime, in every age.
 Along the unknown waves they glide,
 The loved one and his trusting bride.

On, on they float, by love's art blest,
 Sustained by truth, and true for ever ;
 Two fond hearts by no cares depressed,
 And loving most where death may sever.
 And where the swan's soft nest is made,
 Where roving birds are freely singing,
 Where faithful troth was ne'er betrayed,
 And golden blossoms aye are springing ;
 On, on they wend their dream-like path,
 From ill, from woe, and worldly scath.

The drooping willows as they pass
Are musical with leafy sighs,
And gentle echoes from the grass
Spring like Hope's cheering harmonies.
Ah! what were fate or grief to them,
Or clouds that o'er their union hover?
Love's armour and his diadem
Their faithfulness and trust will cover.
Love will not fail, or fall away
As the frail flowerets of a day.

They cannot sing, Life seems to be
Too potent in its sense for song;
Their past a keen reality
To which no words of theirs belong.
Yet oft they smile to think how light
And small their need of earthly place;
How Faith, with golden visions bright,
Their human sorrows can efface.
Ah! what to them were fame, or state,
Or wealth, if each were desolate?

Still on they float by glen and dale,
As monarchs of the flowing stream;
And not a voice on lea or vale
Distracts the magic of their dream.
The sunbeams through the branches steal,
Low murmurs from the forest come,
And mossy clefts alone reveal
Some likeness of a happy home—
A home where falsehood ne'er hath been,
Or malice with its crafty mien.

Oh! heedless Time! why dost thou move
With steps so eager and forlorn?
Why art not thou akin to Love,
Whose presence charms hearts overworn?
We bid thee stay, be bid thee take
Sweet portion of Life's cheerful grace;
Why let our music fail to wake
Some smiles upon thy furrowed face?
What spell can fold thy dusky wings,
What art disarm thy subtle stings?

SOMETHING OF BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, THE CHESAPEAKE, AND POTOMAC.

BY J. W. HENGISTON, ESQ.

PREPARATORY to starting, at a coach stand in Ninth-street, very near the Philadelphia College, I had hard work to strike a bargain with an Irish cabman to take me to the steam-boat, as a favour, for half a dollar, though his legal fare was only a quarter-dollar to or from any part of the centre of the city; but then I had a portmanteau, and, like our own clever cab regulations, luggage, and distance, and fare is left to the discretionary disputation of both parties. All over America hackney-coaches and cabs are as great a nuisance as in England—impose on one quite as much; but at any rate they are better-looking things than ours, and their horses are better used, and better fed; but here in the States, where there is a real difficulty in bringing the sovereign public to any sort of regulation, there is some excuse, if the wise municipality had not added the extra charge of twenty-five cents for every individual carried. Thus, if you can coax a fellow on the stand, or at any of the stations—where they all rush as ours do to meet the steam-boats and trains—to take you a mile for half a dollar, and your family of three get into the hackney-coach with you, the jarvey claps on an additional quarter for each, and your imposing fare turns out a dollar and a quarter, or five shillings. Now, as the steamers and railways on both routes take one to Baltimore or New York for three dollars—nearly a hundred miles—it does seem quite absurd; but we English are perfectly used to the most monstrous impositions and nuisances of every possible description, entirely owing to our clever contrivance of the law, in such matters carefully provided; both ourselves and the Americans disdaining to take a leaf out of the French common-sense arrangements in such things—the chief part of both our wonderful constitutional freedoms consisting of the most vexatious confusion and contradiction of every single thing meant for the public good! On this hydra's head a very thick volume might be written for the edification both of the mother country and her young saucy giant offspring. But I am in a hurry, and must say a word, before I get into the cab, on the general appearance of the American girls—not much altered since Mrs. Trollope's days, nor Lady Emeline Wortley's, the other day. In dress, at least, there is a great deal of the *couleur de rose*. They delight in two things especially, the brightest, most heavenly colours—dazzling white, ultra-marine, crimson, and ultra-green; violet and purple are too quiet, but mammas may wear them. Thus, all the misses in their “teens” (and after that the deluge!) are quite butterflies. They dress well, but too flaringly; brocades, satins, china silk crapes, and embroidered shawls—in short, neither Paris nor London can find them anything too fine. The next passion is church, chapel, and sermons; next to dancing and balls, their favourite preacher (as with ourselves in town now and then) is the one thing most talked about and ran after. There is, among other favourites just now, a Rev. Mr. Wordsworth, who draws all the finest bonnets to the Arch-street chapel. Such sermons as we hear in England by our High or Low Church divines would never do here, tamely read from MSS. Here must be nothing less than the poetry of words and

action, with telling points—novel and stunning—declaimed in high tragedy vein; high pressure; but the valve only gently loaded, to send them to dinner screaming with excitement and curiosity for next Sunday's sensation. As to the good looks of the women, in youth (since youth alone is beauty), except that they are paler and thinner than our girls, I do not see any striking peculiarity; perhaps in any given number there are as many pretty and fine women as in England. But, poor dears, their days are short! from their last teen they may only reckon on ten fleeting years, or perhaps fifteen, very grudgingly allowed, before they are reckoned as old women! and for the most part, I must say, I think they look it; but then, both men and women astonish one by the number of years they remain old, looking little the worse for wear! Instances of longevity are quite as common as with ourselves.

But the steam is blowing off at Walnut-street wharf, and I resolve to take the Delaware line to Baltimore by the upper waters of the Chesapeake. By this route passengers have very little railway to cross over the tiny state of Delaware (wedged in between the Jerseys and Maryland) to the Elk river, where another steamer takes them on the rest of the way, skirting the shores of Maryland and the mouth of the Susquehanna, which is crossed by the other line higher up.

The American river steamers, without exception (on the sea-board), are built and arranged on one plan; that is, on the main deck a grand saloon, with large windows at the sides; well, often elegantly carpeted and furnished; frequently with most profuse gilding, mirrors, ottomans, &c.; beneath the main deck is the dining saloon. Both these great cabins run half the length of the boat, from the stern to the engines, whose fires and boilers are mostly one on each side, just behind the paddle-boxes, the funnels before them. When the distance to run requires it, the grand saloon is subdivided at the sides into a series of small sleeping cabins, the after ones, like the hinder part of the saloon itself, is exclusively for the ladies or married couples. In many of the boats bachelors are tabooed at this end, and may not encroach beyond where a curtain at the sides may be drawn across, or a folding door's partition; though it is open at all times, except, perhaps, late at night.

Before the engines, on the main deck, they put the deck cargo, boxes, barrels, parcels, and the heavy baggage; sometimes the baggage trucks, as I have said, are ready to run out at the very terminus of some rail—which they cleverly contrive to prolong out on jetties at the exact level required (all these boats are very flat-floored, and very fast—the speed at least fifteen miles an hour).

In this way our luggage was managed at Newcastle, thirty or forty miles down the Delaware, where we were transferred to the short railway, across some fourteen miles, to the head waters of the Chesapeake, or Elk river.

We all know the excessive care taken of the American ladies while travelling, but to-day I had a little spice of their sometimes taking advantage of the awe-inspired outer barbarians. As this boat allowed of a free circulation to the penetralia or tabooed end, several of the fair creatures had erected barricades by surrounding themselves with two and three extra chairs, their feet on one, shawl on another, bonnet on another, and some favoured beau in loud chatter on another; in this way it was

quite evident many of the men could not sit down if they wished it, but of this they did not deign to take the slightest notice. With this hint I was not at all surprised, when we landed, to find myself warned off one of the cars I was preparing to ascend, as exclusively for the ladies and their families; which means anybody who can scrape acquaintance on the most slender footing; nor is it difficult to enter into conversation at the ladies' end, or seventh heaven of steamers; besides, it is extremely politic and agreeable; you sit at the best (captain's) end of the table at meals, and you are eyed by all the ruck of unhappy ruminators on the wrong side of the invisible mysterious barrier, who sit or stand round the stoves, chewing their tobacco-cud in bitter fancy, spitting in emulation of each other, and envy of the more favoured and familiar the "critturs" close to them. Smoking is not allowed in the grand saloons; those who wish to smoke go to the *barber's shop*, or among the deck passengers forward, or parade on the piazzas like *guards*, outside the saloon; for such is the great breadth of these boats, that it admits of a promenade outside and round the saloon behind.

All the American steamers have, besides the captain, a clerk in charge, who is the captain's second self (often becoming captain), sits in his office, takes your dollars, and gives you your passage and dinner tickets. There is always a rush and crowd at this office, particularly if you have to sleep on board. Certainly the Americans delight in shoving, elbowing, and jolling on you; and the free-and-easy positions of the heels on chairs, tables, or mantelpiece, is considered as a matter of course, nor does the expectoration abate one jot—on the carpet—anywhere.

It was night when we landed, and I saw nothing of the town of New-castle, nor not much of the shores going down the river—generally flat and monotonous—for we went to dinner almost immediately—not a bad dinner for once, as, in the boats, what there is, is put on the table; and they do not seem in such a desperate hurry to leave the table; but no man must ever venture to talk to anybody near him, unless he has no appetite, nor even then, or ten to one he'll get no answer; besides, the impertinence of conversation to a hungry man, eating against time, as if for a wager!

They have run up a temporary frame station for the railway at the water's edge on Elk river, just below French Town, and here we were, in the dark, once more embarked in the same kind of steamer, and got to Baltimore by ten o'clock, passing these low shores (Maryland to the right) and the mouth of the Susquehanna. This head of the Chesapeake waters is full of coves and inlets, and on one of these, at the western side, Baltimore is seated, round a very capacious natural harbour, while another inlet runs up at the back of the town, giving great capabilities for the future extension of its streets and shipping on both sides. The front harbour is crammed with clipper schooners, fine merchant ships, and steamers, with every conceivable kind of small craft (coasters) mixed up with them at the wharves.

I went to the United States Hotel in Pratt-street, at the water side, about half a mile from where the steamers lie (all vessels having their appointed wharves, stations strictly enforced, and very wisely, at all their cities), the streets wretchedly paved, half mud and rats, and as usual the great hotel, although not so awfully big as Barnum's, up another

street, yet I guess quite as uncomfortable. I asked for the Indian Queen, which was once the best hotel in Baltimore, but found it had sunk beneath all the feeding barracks going—Barnum's (unkindest cut of all!) having, I believe, broke its "Bos's" heart! Still, I was told they held on to a "considerable few" who preferred elbow room. Plenty of ugly hack-coaches and poor horses were flying and plying about, but I knew my customers, and walked on stoutly. An unhappy Briton, wife, and lady's-maid, fell into the snare—that is, got into one of these traps; the fare demanded astonished the victim, albeit an old stager. I had just put my name down, and was standing at the office counter of the antechamber, crowded with trunks, sitters, and spitters, when the clerk (nobody ever sees a landlord) was appealed to, versus a demand for a dollar and a half for the half mile.

"Well, sir—I don't know—I guess you'll have to pay it; he can demand half a dollar for each sitter inside."

Victim.—"What! a dollar and a half for five hundred yards!"

Clerk.—"Well, yes, I guess; just so."

Sometimes these hotels have a sort of omnibuses to meet the steam-boats and rail; touters push you in, and you find in your bill half a dollar for the ride for yourself and carpet-bag, or small portmanteau—all right, good for trade.

Baltimore has grown less rapidly than her more northern sisters these last twenty or thirty years, no doubt it has spread much over its hills, but its population, though greatly increased, is still very much less than even more recently-built cities, not much exceeding a hundred thousand.

It is the most Catholic city in the Union; I believe it is the prevailing religion; there is a large cathedral, and many other churches of the Roman faith. This sounds odd in the United States, where all the world are Dissenters of a thousand shades; but the Roman Catholics are gaining ground at railroad pace; hundreds of thousands have swelled their congregations of late years from Ireland. The firmest Catholics in the world, to a man, and the strict discipline of their Church, gives them even now, in all their cities, greater weight as a body than any other persuasion can reckon on; it begins to be felt north and south, and will have much to do with the future destinies of this country.

They should have called it the "Catholic" city, and said nothing about its monuments, which are two in number, and no great things. The Doric column to Washington, in Charles-street, with his colossal statue on high, is better indeed than our Duke of York's—rather; but one sees nothing of the general but his Roman toga, which does not sit well, and puts one in mind of nobody. This humble imitation of Constantine's pillar and old Rome is surely a mistake; the French set us both a better, a sterner example, in the greater truth in the Place Vendôme, and in their better taste and superior art, since the world will copy columns. The other monument is a miserably poor affair indeed, in art and in taste, to some officers who fell in the late war.

Still there are many fine buildings and excellent houses in the upper parts of the town, the brickwork remarkably good, and a great profusion of white marble steps and polished brass about their doors. In magnitude, however, I fancy Barnum's hotel (and, of course, he has a museum, too, not far off) is the greatest thing to be seen. Market or High-street has all the busy features of such active spirits, and the shops,

though not equal to the greater cities north, still make a very handsome show.

Here one sees the beginning of that hateful thing slavery; carrying with it its usual accompaniment of dirt, idleness, and carelessness; no slave, however, ever slaves at all; not half so much as the free negroes—for instance in Philadelphia and New York; but one may be certain it is the one great cause of the marked greater neglect and slovenliness of everything in the south of the Union, beginning here. From what I have ever seen I cannot conceive a greater curse to a man than the possession of a slave. They are the real bottle-imps of the planters; too happy if they could keep them in a bottle, or part with them for the smallest coin, if they could afford it; such is their innate laziness, carelessness, forgetfulness, dirtiness, and thoughtlessness. They very often put me in mind of great baboons—they are quite as mischievous too—cruel to everything they can master, or have any kind of command over. I trace it in everything—the horse they drive—the dog they feed.

Of course there may be some few exceptions; but, indeed, whenever and wherever they can do as they like, “they act such tricks as make the angels weep!” Our own ruined West Indies, and the total ruin of St. Domingo, in vain read us a lesson: but let any man travel south in the States—let him search for an “Uncle Tom,” or his cabin either—he will find a comical, often a disgusting, reality, rather stronger than Mrs. Beecher Stowe’s fiction.

To explain this would lead me too far; but what may strike our obtuse, fiction-loving senses more clearly, is the great fact that the negro race, slaves or free, are the happiest beings in existence; just as it holds good that the greatest fools in the world are the happiest of men; but the slaves of America, even when under a severe master, are better fed, better clothed, have more animal enjoyment than our own poor in England; nor are they made to work half so hard in the south as slaves, as they are obliged to in the north as free coloured people.

To observe them (free from their vexation) they are funny, droll creatures. In Philadelphia, which is their stronghold as citizens, and where they have their most respectable standing, is quite as good as a farce, on all occasions; so little has common sense to do with their love of finery and aping the manners, and expressions, and forms of the white world, high and low. Their love of finery is egregious: the black belles go to their “first-rate” balls dressed in muslins, gold lace bands, roses, lilies; ribbon-trimmed long kids, white as “dribbin snow,” and white silk tuckin dragged over the heel of their tremendous ugly flat feet (forming a straight line upwards), and white satin shoes—when they can get them big enough; their wool (in *leads* all the week before), now combed out, swells to the size of a bushel; their beaux, in white cravats and trousers (“every ting muss be white, and first-rate”) look quite as *outré* and absurd. Our street negro melodists are hardly a caricature of these happy creatures; but their ceremonious affectation and talk is killing. Let us suppose two negroes (“coloured gentlemen”) meeting in one of the Quaker city streets; dirtily dressed as labourers, a few patches, and even rags; but pretty well off; one, perhaps, owning a cart and half-fed horse; the other, a sawyer or porter; both independent citizens, and gaining a living at occasional jobs.

They meet on the full grin, showing their white teeth, and rolling

their eyes about, they come to a full stop in face of each other, and burst out in a loud laugh before a word is said, each swaying about, and holding his sides.

Mr. Jefferson S. Skunk.—Bress my heart—don't—dat you, Massa 'Gustus Quashy? Well! my!—any how—yah, yah! he, he, he!

Mr. Augustus Q. Quashy.—Well, I nebber seed de like! Yah, yah, yah! (*They both set to at another spell at laughing.*)

Skunk (holding himself up).—Well, do tell! Where away now, dis time? You am after dat ere job ob de old man's, way up dere at de depôts?

Quashy.—If dat don't beat Lady Suffolk! (*A fast horse.*) Where you get to—say—last night arter de fust quadrille? I seed you a startin' arter Miss Hetty—no? Yah, yah! He, he, he! (*Here they both go off in fresh raptures.*)

Skunk.—Say! for true, you seed me? Well, you seed dat ere fine young lady? Mighty likely gal dat, I guess—no. Look here—you no call, mind, to say nutting 'bout dat ere gal to de old woman. (*Both go off again louder than ever.*)

Quashy (drawing a deep sigh to recover).—Wheugh!—who? me! Nebber let on, 'pon my word ob honour. Well, any how, you am got de ticket. Well, my mind misguv me all de same, I tell you—tink ob dat! You is 'quainted wid Missy Lillycum—same young lady as lib wid de faminly of Massa Hiram Job—he as am member fum Congress?

Skunk.—Do tell! well, I is heerd as much. (*Makes faces.*) But look here, I'se but middling 'trong dis morning; my 'tummack complain considerumble, I tell you—dis way, look here. I not mush up to de fine new step ob de Schotish, least ways, de *deuks temps*, but can go it some at de polka, say. Somehow I comed slick down and 'train my leff shin. (*They both look concerned at the left leg.*) It ain't nutting much to magnify. How is you good lady, Missy Quash, dis mornin'? Seem to me I tink she fling out in de polkum most de finest I'se ebber see in my born days. Hope not cachit no cold? not sneeze none?

Quashy.—Well, tank you mightily, she am first-rate. I don't know, she am powerful mad dis mornin', I tell you. Look here, you ain't seed nuffin ob she lillywhite supumfime glub, what she drop, somehow, afore Massa Assa Cuffy hand 'em down to 'freshment? Dem glubs coss dollar and twenty-five cent piece—look here—ebery cent hard cash, I tell you.

Skunk.—Do tell, my! Well, I guess I nebber seed nuffing, case why, more 'tickler, seem to me I had to look arter my partner; she go it so mighty hard, she take all de wind out ob me—he, he, he! Look here, Jeff 'son, arter we comed away along, was considerumble bodder'd wid de old woman; and worse nor dat, Miss Maltilda loose 'em shoe right in de mud; and agin, was moss gettin' in a mus wid a big nigger what persiss to offer him arm, and cuss me in heaps, case make perlite remark as not 'greeable to de young lady.

Quashy.—I nebber heerd de like. I know dat nigger, he am on de fish-wharf, and de Riggers; and more, am vulgar as cat-fish. Well, any how, must make tracks; got to haul dem 'ere bricks. Good morning, sa. Maybe, see you dis ebenin' at Change down dere?

Skunk.—Good mornin', sa. Well, I don't know, I speet to look down, any how. Give my 'spees to de family. (*They part, touching their hats, and chuckling—"tickled by a straw."*)

I should explain, that among the coloured race of America, whether free negroes north, or slaves in the south, the word "nigger" with them means a bad, low fellow, and has nothing to do with any shade of colour. A very black fellow will call a very light mulatto a "nigger" if they fall out; who will perhaps answer, "No more nigger nor you." Among themselves their masters and mistresses are but "white niggers." It ingeniously gets rid of the ugly word. When in Philadelphia many years ago, they appeared to me more numerous than at present, better looking, and better dressed at all times—less apparent poverty. What the facts are I know not. It is, however, their nature to be extremely improvident, no matter where, or how many generations they may have been free. At the same time, however, dirty or slovenly, they go about on week days, on Sundays, and high days and holidays, they dress up in the most *outré* fashion of the day. At their society meetings, the *Washington*, *Freemasons*, &c., they muster in great ceremony and force. I have seen them two and two full dress, with wands, ribbons, rosettes, scarfs, form processions of ten or twelve thousand on the pavements of Philadelphia. Their numbers (all grown men) I cannot speak to exactly, but I recollect they seemed interminable up and down the principal streets. This was the grand Washington festival.

Besides their balls and "society" meetings, they have their chapels and "coloured" preachers, whose discourses are as funny very often (particularly the Methodists, the most numerous sect) as "Nigger Sambo's sermon" on the origin "ob de fuss white man as come on de face ob dis circumlar globe." One thing is most certain, they are the most laughing race on earth—the happiest, particularly the slaves—for they have no cares whatever beyond the instant; no thought, and not an idea—and it is well it should be so. The awkward, and the worst part of this much-vexed question, pertains to the Anglo-American race! The attempt to mix is vain—almost unnatural. Pity they were ever brought here—true, true—a great pity; but the fault lies with none living. And mark the glaring inconsistency of our days on the African coast—we tax ourselves to do a most outrageous wrong! The chiefs, who conquer in their eternal petty wars, if not able to sell them on the coast (to save their lives!) kill them on the spot! and our officers and men, who are yearly decimated by the coast fever, have even been sent on shore to fight and kill the conquerors—to prevent their selling their captives! Surely the universal madness and confusion of ideas of this whole world is not at all exteeded by what one may see any morning on the other side of Westminster-bridge—in Bedlam. We all know that Baltimore, like almost all the chief United States cities, is not the capital of the State, but a much smaller town, Anapolis, once a fashionable place, about forty miles lower down the Chesapeake—which nobody ever hears anything about—where of late they have established a naval school, after the fashion of ours at Portsmouth. It is presided over by a commander, with a lieutenant under him.

The face of this whole country, after passing the Susquehanna, is flat, sandy, and poor. The forests on the sea-board are more frequent—

there is more wildness in the scene; the planters', or farmers' houses, stand further from each other; their fields, chiefly of Indian corn, have the appearance of being worn out; each succeeding year makes manure the more essential, for rotation crops, and even rest, begin to lose its effect. Thence the growing anxiety about guano, and the great stir lately in the mercantile shipping world towards Lobos and Peru. But their farming is much inferior to that of the more northern States. Carelessness and waste marks the track of slave labour; indeed, universal indolence besets the land, master and slave. Anywhere out of their towns it is the first thing that strikes one.

It equally applies to Virginia, across the Potomac. Thirty years ago her Indian corn-fields scarcely did more than feed her cattle and her slaves;* the only source of profit was her tobacco, which still requires rich, new lands. To be sure, Virginia has still thousands of square miles of virgin forest and beautifully variegated country towards the Ohio—noble rivers, valleys, and mountains, rich in luxuriant vegetation, and valuable woods and ores, as yet almost unknown to their owners (some of it occasionally appearing in the London market for sale at a dollar the acre!). Why she attracts so few of our emigrants I cannot understand. She is, indeed, less talked about, and does not go so fast ahead; has little or no shipping of her own, Baltimore doing most of her coasting trade up the James River to Richmond, and up her grand inlets, the Rapahanoc, the Rock, and Potomac rivers; but of this, the largest, and naturally the very finest of the early settled States, it will be worth saying more hereafter.

I take the railway on to Washington—a flat, wild, sandy, poor country; as elsewhere, we started from the station in Pratt-street with four horses along the streets to the suburb, on a gentle rise, where the engine was put to. The citizens all grumble at the badness of this railroad of forty miles, and its comparative dearness of fare. Half-way we were brought to a stand-still by the sinking of the rails; navvies were mending the spot. A funny, withered mummy of an old fellow, who had been hard at an argument with his wife, in the next arm-chair behind me, from the moment we took our places, left off to address himself to the “brakesman” (breaksman), who had come in to put the stove fire to rights.

“I guess I’d fine you all five hundred dollars for this here!”

“Would you though?” was the reply. “What’s it to me! I’m paid, move on or not. What’s the odd’s! I don’t care, I don’t, if we don’t stir out o’ this till July.”

At this retort my citizen looked excessively grim; presently we moved on, slowly enough though, giving all the passengers a good opportunity of looking at the only carefully fenced farm we saw the whole way, which served as a vent for the pent-up wrath of the grumpy citizen.

He now declared aloud, that “He’d hang that ’ere colonel for a swindling scamp and copper-bottomed rascal!—he’d learn him to build fine houses and factories, and put up board and wire fences out of his ’tarnal kites and shin plaisters, and then back out, and cheat the universal world!”

* This most sweet and nourishing of grains is so good for man and beast, and so loved by the negroes, that once, when the crop failed, and they were forced to feed them on wheaten bread, an insurrection of the slaves was threatened.

"You are so awful hard on him, my dear," said the wife; "perhaps he couldn't help it."

"Perhaps!—perhaps, wouldn't I hang him like a dog!—yes, slick away!"

It was evident she couldn't soften her better half; but no wonder—it turned out that he had started without his breakfast.

This railroad has been easily made, but is very hard to keep in repair—owing to the loose sandiness of the country, neither embankments nor cuttings will keep up. Leaving Bladensburg to the left, and passing through the gently rising semicircle of hills which forms the eastern frame of the "Columbian District," we came into the "depôt" (station), on the higher portion of the city of Washington, not far from the Capitol, the body of the place below us, now a large town of 40,000 souls. From any part of this elevation, looking to the north and west, one sees the whole town and country at a glance. The city, along the Pennsylvania Avenue, is built more or less scattered all the way—Georgetown in the extreme distance, which it joins. The White House and all the government offices being between the two, at the extreme north end of the Avenue, where it bends a little up and down a hill, and runs over a bridge into the older settlement of the two; Georgetown in itself is a large town, and existed when Washington had not a street laid out.

On the left, to the west, is the silvery shining Potomac (though a muddy tide river), with its bridge of a mile long over it to the Virginia shore opposite, still looking as wild in its virgin forests as when the poor Red Indians lived undisturbed by their very virtuous, philanthropic English white brothers! Over this vast expanse, far as the eye can reach, one sees nothing but woods; on the shore, lost in the foliage, a speck, one may indeed detect a house, a seat, or a log hut here and there; while, on the river, the white sails of the schooner and sloop coasters, the passage steamer to Baltimore, and the little one to Alexandria, six miles below, give some life to the water at least.

As one is for ever misled by asking for the "*best hotel*," and as there was a good half mile of muddy road before me, "where to choose my place of rest, and Providence my guide," I started off down hill, edging off along cross-roads and chalked-out streets, up and down various cuttings preparatory, till I got pretty well down, and into the Pennsylvania Avenue, which is the Regent-street—nay, the one all-in-all street of the place, on which the great treble-domed Capitol smiles placidly from its hill and gardens.

Gadsby's Hotel did not seem too monstrous, so I mounted up many steps, and entered. I found it much more quiet and comfortable than any I had yet tried. The National Hotel, lower down the Avenue, is much larger; and they are building an immense thing, to outfeed and outsleep all the rest, a little further on. I am now lodged at the corner of "Three-and-a-half-street," and the Pennsylvania Avenue, with the Capitol very handy on the hill, looking as if its garden at the foot of it terminated the Avenue, to the south; it is, however, but half-way, and this columned façade of it is but its back front, the chief front and portico being on the upper side; and looking down the other half of this grand central avenue to the Pontiac River, or estuary, at a point two or

three miles off below, where it branches from the Potomac, and where the navy-yard is established, and the arsenal, but not a house is there beyond the close precincts of the Capitol gardens; two or three blocks and rows of good-sized town houses stand to the west, just outside the garden rails, on the platform above, on a level with the Capitol, and some few isolated houses on the chalked-out lots on the higher ground, are all that is visible in that direction. The great body of the town yet built lies along on the east side of the Pennsylvania Avenue, with comparatively very few houses, indeed, as yet built on the avenues and cross-streets westward, towards the river (distant about a mile, perhaps more). Nor, indeed, is the west side of this one great leading street more than partially built on. There are still plenty of frontages and lots left to speculate on, and still leave the view to the river and the Virginia woods unobstructed from the hotel and shop side of the way.

The day was fine, and here all the Washington world are seen. Half-way down stands the market. I walked on amidst an immense crowd of lank-looking, home-spun farmers and their waggons, mostly drawn by oxen in spans of two and four. Some with horses, of good shape, but excessively lean and rough, as if a currycomb and wisp of hay or straw had never smoothed them down since colts—indeed their masters seemed equally rough. The majority of this crowd of teams were driven by darkies, who punched and knocked their cattle about without much ceremony. I am now fairly in the land of niggers—none but slaves ever do the least thing; not enough, even, of walking for their health's sake! No planter ever stirs off his horse; the whole Avenue was alive with omnibuses running to the White House and Treasury, and further on to Georgetown, at the universal fare of six cents delivered before you get out, through the round hole contrived in the roof, the driver giving you your change out of his cash-box, as he relaxes his strap, which keeps the door fast shut, to prevent any "tricks upon travellers," or over-hasty exits, without taking leave.

I should like to give a clear idea of this flat, bare tract of land on the river-side, a parallelogram of four or five miles along the Potomac, and perhaps three miles wide, from the river to the wooded and rather prettily-shaped hills framing it round to the east, and closing in with increased altitude and abrupt wildness above Georgetown, where the tide ceasing, the Potomac becomes a most beautiful, savage, romantic, picturesque river; while opposite the city, towards the river, all is flat and monotonous, without a tree, and fenced off in hundreds of lots (for sale), and most excessively deep-rutted roads, avenues, and embryo streets; there is, indeed, a small row or two of houses near the water-side, just above the landing-place of the steamers, and a few grog-shops, timber and coal-sheds, along the few straggling plank wharves thereabouts, in a miserable state of decay or unfinish. The half dozen 'buses and hackney coaches which drive down to meet the boats, descend from the streets (of posts and rails), through gaps and gullies in the muddy bank, at a pitch of forty-five, or half the perpendicular façade. The even elevation of the land at the water's edge, from Arsenal Point up to the President's house, being about forty feet above the water—an abrupt earthy cliff—down they go, and flounder about in rival ruts and mud below; and very often have their drive only for their pains, or they may carry off a prize in

the shape of one gent and his carpet-bag, just landed from Alexandria or Baltimore, as the greater part of the arrivals by water (few at any time) very sensibly prefer walking into town, unless there are ladies or luggage, when, I dare say, they make up for their empty trips; for here, as in every other city, the scale of fares is just simple and clear enough to make it impossible not to be imposed upon. From this point I regained my hotel once or twice by a little *détour* across the grounds laying out round the Smithsonian Institute, an excessively elaborate building of small round and square towers and infinite angles, built of a kind of red freestone; as yet it is quite in the fields, and just beyond it, nearer the water, is rising in granite what will be as ugly an obelisk or square tapering tower of tremendous height as can, I should think, well be conceived, to the memory of Washington. This monument as yet has only got upwards about sixty feet. O Mr. President, O Mr. Secretary, pause! Have you not the fear of the Bostonian Bunker's Hill 400 feet high mile-stone before your eyes? But this one is to beat that one. Be it so.

Now I am passing this *Smithsonian* ugly affair, for the dissemination of knowledge, moral and physical—one word on the strange freak which could induce my old friend, dying, to send half a million of dollars to America, instead of devoting it to something useful for the benefit of his own land!

Die, and endow a college—or a cat!

From whence come all riches? the land. It is easy to trace gold back to the garden and the fields, the woods, the rivers, and the open sea—Australia and California are but hideous excrescences; but this gold came from England's soil—'twas not kind, not well, to throw it here—where even the recipients are grumbling at the way it is frittered away, without taste, without that broad utility it might have insured. They say there is no one room half the size necessary; much such another thing in small, as our gingerbread, jackstraw's, pinnaced weather-cocked tin-roofed frippery thing in Westminster! I do not, indeed, hear that they have got a kindred Dr. Reid to blow hot and cold, to run away with an extra half million; but they are yet young in reckless extravagance, folly, and blunders, and will improve, I dare say. It seems Mr. Rush got this precious legacy out of Chancery. Bravo!

The omnibuses are very convenient—they save one's legs to Georgetown (three or four miles), and I see the outsides of the Treasury and Government offices, and the White House—both very handsome buildings—to the left as we rode along, on a gentle rise here, shaded by some fine trees and their grounds, reaching to the river, laid out more tastily, after the manner of our approaches and lawns, than anything I have seen elsewhere. Before the President's house, which stands pretty near the road, there is a bronze statue of Jefferson, good enough not to be laughed at quite so much as our own bronze perpetrations. This was the gift of a naval officer, Captain Levi, lately. How we should stare at a bronze statue before Buckingham Palace, the gift to the Queen of an English post-captain! my!

At Georgetown we were fairly among the hills, and I got out half-way up the chief street, where the 'buses stop, and walked on upwards, and down the further side to where the great canal crosses the river on its

aqueduct to the Virginia side (ending, I think, at Alexandria, a branch coming on into Washington, parallel to the Pennsylvania Avenue).

Little old Georgetown has its theatre, its balls, its halls, and its associations, and though it does not grow much of late years, yet there is more schooner coasting-trade at its wharves; and it grinds flour, and it is not going to give in entirely to its big, growing-proud sister t'other side the White House—I guess not—she was a Maryland town when her big, lop-sided sister was nothing but flat fields of Indian corn, with a planter's old brick mansion here and there (one of those solid old brick houses stands just above the steam-boat landing) in ruins, and decayed indeed (but still inhabited by two or three families of squalid squatters, who pay little or no rent); on the model of many of our old brick country mansions, with a fine hall, and broad oak staircase, &c. Virginia has many such, still.

In short, the great Washington city has been sliced off Maryland's south-western verge, a ten mile square lot, the sister States made her sell 'em, perhaps give, nothing loth; for the owners of the fields must have made a pretty spec in subdivisions, which still goes on. This ten mile square (district of Columbia) did stretch across the Potomac, and slice off a strip of the Virginia woods opposite, but of late years (why, I know not) it has been ceded back to Virginia, and is no longer at all connected.

The two little steamers running to Alexandria and a few schooners form the only river communications. The bridge indeed is open across, and one or two omnibuses run at the same fare to the Virginian Town. But Alexandria has declined a great deal of late years in her trade and activity; at one time her wharves were full of large sea-going ships and brigs, now only schooners and the river and Chesapeake small craft are seen there; and, indeed, the place looks, wharves, town, and all, wretchedly slovenly, out of repair, and neglected. I went down one day and rambled about for a couple of hours in the mud, admiring the capabilities thrown away—the neglected logs, scantling, planks, the falling piers, and jetties, rotting in holes; the slouching niggers, and the clothes-drying Irishers in the smaller frame houses.

I confess I only saw the water-side and the suburbs; and was not sorry to get back again by the steamer, which leaves, I think, every hour or two; fare, twelve cents, or sixpence; the distance about six miles. The railway to the southern states crosses here: so far it may revive their hopes; a great fact I forgot.

Another day I crossed the aqueduct, which has a footpath beside it (the whole of wood, resting on stone piers; it leaks sadly, and wants repair), and had a chat with the very old toll-gate man, who out of sheer good-will took five cents only, backwards and forwards, when he could demand three cents each way; but in spite of this toll, he said, and the traffic of the canal boats, it is a losing concern to the shareholders. This great canal—a noble work—runs to Cumberland, 150 miles across the chain of the Alleghany Mountains (for some distance following the course of the Potomac); but the railway is now completed to the same place, and will soon be continued to Wheeling—on the Ohio. It is already the rival of the Philadelphia railway to Pittsburg; both rails having recourse to dozens of four-horsed stages over the parts not yet finished—

the one (this) about ninety miles, the other thirty miles. Thence the failure in the profit of this canal. But railways, of course, everywhere supersede slow water conveyance, very much to the benefit of the community, however the shareholders either in canals or *cooked* rails may have to grin and bear their small dividends—or their no dividends.

Just below the aqueduct, on the Virginian side, there is a love of an island, occupied by a single farm; “but nobody can tell,” said my old man, “to which State it belongs. No,” said he, “there’s been a lawsuit about it, and the lawyers jawed a sight, but could make nothing of it—except their ‘tarnal fees.” At this spot, looking upwards, the river and the forest-covered hills in their brilliant-tinted foliage, the canal, and the suburbs of hilly Georgetown aside, and her flour-mills, form a very beautiful picture. Looking downwards, all the prominent buildings of the city (the observatory on its jutting hill, and the President’s being the nearest), then the Treasury, the Monument, the Institute, and in the extreme visible distance the domes of the Capitol, form, together with the river, rather a rich than a picturesque view.

I was surprised to see so few vessels on the river; but there is, in fact, little trade here, and most things now reach them by rail. Mr. Webster is here alone at his post; the only sign of any government whatever; all dispersed—president, senators, members, ambassadors, and all;—the papers say the secretary of state is keeping house. The general rule being that everybody (except the natives) is living in the great hotels, or the great boarding-houses. One of the largest of these other sort of feeding-places is opposite my hotel. Most of the houses have verandahs—very pleasant in hot or rainy weather.

I often go up to the Capitol and roam about both gardens, back and front. A couple of hundred masons are building away at two extra immense wings they are adding to the wings; sixty feet wider than the central body itself. These are to be the new chambers: already the old ones, which are very spacious (like the French Houses of Parliament), are found too small for their purposes. The whole interior of the Capitol is easy of access. I often went in, up-stairs and down, without any notice being taken, though there is a custodian in the Rotunda, who is very civil, and sends a porter with you, or comes himself, to show the two chambers, which have been often described. This Rotunda is a very noble hall under the centre dome; it is the grand antechamber leading to all others. The great pictures by Trumbull are placed round it: they are tolerable—better in conception than execution; but still respectable. I thought the “Christening of Pocahontas,” poor; “Columbus at Prayers on his own Quarter-deck, on the discovery of this New World,” better. Two others are not very flattering to us! In the front façade to the south, facing the non-existent side of the city, the statues which ornament the portico are but indifferent: the same may be fairly said of a colossal statue of Washington, in the grounds, which some poor sculptor in his enthusiasm took half his life to accomplish. On the pedestal one reads the pithy sentence—“First in war—first in peace—first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

There is another marble monumental group put up at the north face, at the head of the fine double flight of steps (out of the garden below), brought here it seems from the navy-yard, in honour of some captain

and officers of a frigate, killed at Tripoli. They had better have let it alone. The setting of this lumbering piece of crudity in an oval basin of green water, intended as a fountain, strikes one as anything rather than ornamental. The view on all sides from this handsome north terrace is very magnificent, particularly from the cupola above the roof, embracing the hills and woods beyond Georgetown; the river, to where it loses itself among the mountains in the blue distance; the whole town as on a map at one's feet; the pretty wooded hills to the east and towards Bladensburg; then, to the west and south, across the Pontiac, the Virginian forests, down to, and far beyond Alexandria, with the woods of Maryland beyond the navy-yard and arsenal, across the Pontiac. Altogether, it is a most interesting panorama; but, in descending, one's mind descends too, and I couldn't help speculating on the vast circumference of empty lots, growing more valuable every day.

They are to be had of many private individuals; at this moment emigrants with a little money might make their fortunes in ground alone, if they could afford to hold on a certain time! I muse on what all this may be a century hence; when all this plain will probably be covered as closely in brick as London; when every rood of ground will be worth a fortune; when a tiny yard, or bit of garden, will be held as so very aristocratic, so very distinguished and agreeable, and so impossible, except to dukes, earls, and millionaires—I should say the richest citizens.

One has but to look back to the days, so very recent as of our second George—a mere yesterday—when the whole of our west-end, and north, and south, were out of town fields, even beyond flower and market-gardens; where donkeys browsed, and boys played cricket, in my day, is now Belgravia; and just beyond, late in the seventeen hundreds, men were hung where now Tyburnia lifts her head, and pours her modern gold into a bishop's pocket!

It is a great fault to be disheartened, and thinking oneself too late, or too old, for anything; so I pursued the happy speculative idea down the steps into the garden and along the excellent flag-paved walk (such as we should have in Hyde Park, instead of grinding gravel and the London clay!) to the gate where the 'buses stand as a terminus to their toils. I mused on, clever in my generation, hastening my steps, half-determined to run to the first attorney and conveyancer, to secure a few El Dorado lots; sure to live into the next century, and make my fortune; but, as I went, "the native hue of resolution was sickled o'er by the pale cast of thought, and lost the name of action!"

I thought of that: "undiscover'd world, from whence no traveller returns;" aye, indeed, I shall return in a fine steamer or *liner*, and let *well* alone. It was near dinner-time at Gadsby's, and "the air bit shrewdly." This is a very clear, sharp air—it is autumn; the suns and moons shine bright, and the heavens are of a fine celestial blue; but I deny that it is of a brighter blue than our own English blue, in spite of poetic fancies and pens which travel to Italy and America, and, having come away, are quite in ecstasies—but in good earnest, with youth and some little cash, ten thousand speculations beckon the hardy adventurer throughout the States. A man's sons and daughters may be the riches of the house; it is but to work together, and to one end. Everything is still in its infancy; and so is the English idea of comfort

only dawning on the States; how they lost it originally, having certainly embarked with it, such as it was, in James's, and Charles's, and Anne's days, I know not. But I have said a good word for *Gadsby's*; they are very civil, very; but here comes into play the inevitable devil-may-care, lazy, laughing carelessness of the *darkies*! From the Irish spalpeens and dimity jackets of New York and Philadelphia, as you come south, you are handed over to the more assiduous considerations and attentions of the dimity darkies who stand behind your chair, in the darkness-visible halls, and feed you on *warm* estables, and cold and hot water; you are as helpless under their tyranny as a two-year old baby. I have talked of interminable long tables; at this hotel we have immense round tables; the markets at Washington are very scantily and badly supplied, nothing is very good, and the table partakes of it; but, then, one has a foolish prejudice in favour of something *hot* at dinner. Nothing is ever "hot" in America; beefsteaks, tea, potatoes, toast, and eggs, even corn cakes, are only "warm"—when not quite cold; people ask for *warm* things (warm roast-beef!); but in good sooth, at table nothing is even "warm." As usual, our food is brought to us, helped from the mysterious regions in the dim, dark vast at one far invisible end, where the tricksty yellow boys (mulattoes mostly) hold cabinet councils of fun, plate in hand. You have consulted carefully the bill of fare, and if your particular darky has any bowels of compassion you may get something of what you send for before it is all gone, or quite cold, and, perhaps, before your more swift-munching neighbours have backed out to their stores, to visit the bar, or smoke a cigar.

Now, though I fee these animals per force, it little availed as to getting any given thing with the smallest particle of caloric remaining perceptible to the taste.

With a vast circumference of white tablecloth, salt-cellars, and tooth-picks before one, nothing whatever eatable is put on it—and ten minutes, or fifteen, must be employed patiently picking one's teeth; one may fancy the sly fun going on among the dozen quambos who keep out of sight, exchanging witticisms at the expense "ob de white niggers dey got to feed any how." Let us suppose it at breakfast, the whole gang of grinning woolly-heads collected round the tea and coffee coppers, or boilers; both liquids nothing more or less than coloured hot water, the taste very much alike, and so execrable, that I send my fellow mildly back with my cup to beg it may be, if possible, a little stronger.

My Darky.—Here, old Sam, dat ole chap what dey say jus come from de ole country, he say dis cup tea is nutting but water, him want to know if can have it lilly more 'Sampson' (strong!).

Snowball Sam.—Yah! he, he! why you no tell him must get use to it, any how! (*Fills the cup again from the same universal cock.*) Here, tell him dis is 'trong as debil and half, good measure! he, he, he!

My sable Imp.—'Sides dat, he say, dem egg is biled hard as corn cob, yah, yah, wheugh!

Ginger Blue (another Imp).—Why, dat am de way as is all biled to suit majority, and neber complains none! No pleasing dem catawampum ole folks, I guess, he, he, he!

My Imp.—Well, any how, must gib one soff, I 'spose, not to break him toose! if he am got any, he, he, he! What seem to you he say

beside? dat de room am so dark him can't see de way to him mout. (*At this a chorus of laughter.*) Well, him bess feel de way! (*Fresh bursts.*)

Ginger Snowball (head wag).—Look here! dem 'ere ole country Britishers what is so 'tickler, dey bess stay at hum (home). Well, look here! what 'stonish some, dere is de fust-rate membrums ob Congress neber gives no trouble 'bout de egg, nor de tea, nor muffing—shouldn't wonder! What sort ob tea dis blessed ole man got used to? if am so cruel 'trong, make him legs shake, I guess! no! yah! (*Chorus of chuckles.*)

My Imp (as he turns to bring me my tea at last).—Bress you—dat not all; yesterday him say de beefsteak was tough as cow-hide, and cold as dog nose, he, he, he! (*Grand chorus of chuckles.*)

Of course my fresh cup of tea, which at length my imp brings me, is exactly the same as the last, as with a serene slyness he says, "Massa, dis is true 'Sampson!' you find dis cup fust-rate any how, I tell you!"

These idle, laughing creatures, generally paying their real masters so much a month, or year, and getting a sure employment wherever they please, look and feel like anything but slaves! Indeed, one would never suspect it; their wages are very high, and they do the least possible work for it.

I have seen nothing but the outsides of the public buildings; but elaborate description would convey nothing new. The State-house and Town-hall, where the courts are held, is a very handsome pile, opposite the Patent-office and Post-office, all fine buildings, in the next street, east of the Pennsylvania Avenue, near Five or Five-and-a-half-street. I did look in one day at the State-house, but the court had just risen. Nor did I ever get to the observatory, presided over by Lieutenant Maury, of the U. S. navy, who is said to be clever, and very obliging should any stranger ask admittance. But, indeed, there is a most praiseworthy and liberal feeling all over the States on this head; nothing is shut up, and rare indeed do they condescend to take fees—the Irish and the niggers alone ever dreaming of such a thing.

I say nothing of climate. In this situation it should be delightful, and yet the intense heats of summer and freezings of winter are killing. They say, of late years their tremendous frosts are much milder; but I fear this winter may be an exception; and I have to look at Canada before I fly before the north-west blasts to the south, down the Mississippi—I must not lose a moment; and have seen nothing of the great men who are about to pour in—nothing of the Washingtonians, who, a guide-book says, are quite the cream of the Union!—but will they allow it at Baltimore? or even just in sight, down the Potomac, at Alexandria? I guess not. It is nothing to say there is no such thing as a bit of green to be seen, except at the White House and Capitol garden; for the summers here burn up everything—and this has been a perfect furnace of a summer—but I do not see anything like an attempt at a garden anywhere, nor a flower. No wonder! for the slaves would soon kill not only flowers but the very caterpillars and worms—if laziness and neglect could do it: so the thing is impossible, as their masters, by the month or for life, are themselves much too lazy to look after them. The only plant particularly cared for is a weed—the Virginian weed—which they chew and smoke with an unwearied industry truly admirable.

L I T E R A R Y L E A F L E T S.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. VI.—SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON: "DISCUSSIONS ON PHILOSOPHY."

WERE I designing a *Literaturblatt* for some transcendental Deutsch journal—some *koenigsbergische* magazine or *weimarische* gazette—instead of a "literary leaflet" for the *New Monthly*, I might plume myself in complacent anticipation on a host of readers—perhaps all of them graduated and salaried Professors*—who would steadily wade through whatever sloughs and bogs of metaphysics I might guide them to. Be it true or no, to use a current phrase, that England loves not coalitions, true it is, past all gainsaying, that England loves not metaphysics. A political hotch-potch, after the recipe of "Cauld Kail in *Aberdeen*," she can swallow, with more or less of eupeptic ease; but a feast of Ontology is with her equivalent to a cannibal *déjeûner*—self-introspective philosophy is tantamount to a "feed" of human flesh and blood—the analysis of personal consciousness is as alien from her creeds and canons as a "smoked little boy in the bacon rack," or a "cold missionary on the sideboard." Virtually she accepts as faithful types of the metaphysical class, the subjects of Mat Prior's satirics, when he tells, in "*Alma*," how

One old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Because he walk'd against his will,
He faced men down that he stood still:—

and how

Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Made bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things which our mind can view,
May be at once both false and true:—

and once more, how

Malebranche had an odd conceit
As ever entered Frenchman's pate—
To wit, So little can our mind
Of matter or of spirit find,
That we by guess at least may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.

Only to exceptional minds is it given to be content, in studies of this order, to find no end in wandering mazes lost: if the end must remain an undiscovered bourn, people—in England at least—will resolve on

* For, Professors, according to Mr. Lewes, are the only real students and upholders of metaphysics even in metaphysical Germany. It is a mistake, he affirms, to suppose that Philosophy has any existence there, apart from the Universities; for, though the jargon, indeed, of metaphysics infects the very daily newspapers, so little hold has any doctrine upon the national mind, that if the Professorships were abolished, "we should soon cease to hear of Philosophy." So at least thinks this zealous disciple of Positivism and M. Comte. His position is, that inasmuch as Philosophy is a profession in Germany, it will always, on that condition, find a certain number of professors anxious to magnify its merits, and to increase its influence; and to this fact he refers as explaining the prolonged manifestation in Germany of certain activity in a pursuit long since abandoned by England. See "*Biographical History of Philosophy*," vol. iv., p. 237.

ignoring the means. Béralde may well be an infidel in the ways of *materia medica*, when his conviction is, "que les ressorts de notre machine sont des mystères, jusqu'ici, où les hommes ne voient goutte; et que la nature nous a mis au-devant des yeux des voiles trop épais pour y connaître quelque chose."* A like conviction, uttered or unexpressed, definite or indefinite, pervades the popular mind in the case of metaphysics, the veil which covers their secrets is pronounced impenetrable—as dense a fog of mystery as one of those November visitations which, however, have the advantage of being sensible to an oyster-knife. Long ago Mr. Carlyle deplored the condition of the two great departments of knowledge; the outward, cultivated exclusively on mechanical principles—the inward, or metaphysical, finally abandoned, because, cultivated on such principles, it is found to yield no result: and he pointed with alarm to the growing persuasion that, except the external, there are no true sciences—that to the inward world, if there be any,† our only conceivable road is through the outward; that, in short, what cannot be investigated and understood mechanically, cannot be investigated and understood at all. "Among ourselves," he affirms, "the Philosophy of Mind, after a rickety infancy, which never reached the vigour of manhood, fell suddenly into decay, languished, and finally died out with its last amiable cultivator, Professor Stewart."

Cultivators, amiable or otherwise, of the Philosophy of Mind, nevertheless exist amongst us. If that philosophy died out with Dugald Stewart, it was not finally. It has had its resurrection—if to nothing better than another rickety infancy. And, with all respect for the memory of the Edinburgh professor in question, we submit that there is far more of the vigour of manhood—its bone and muscle, its condensed energy, its firm grasp, its piercing vision—in Sir William Hamilton,

* "Le Malade Imaginaire," iii., 3. Similarly, Mat Prior concludes, in a confidential sort of way,

"Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
(But this is only *entre nous*),
That many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear;
As Nature silly had thought fit,
For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit."—"Alma," c. iii.

Only here and there may we look for a mind

"— né propre aux elevations
Où montent des savants les spéculations."

† "If there be any." Not a needless expression of incertitude in behalf of those of the Cabanis sect, who show that man's highest conceptions, as Religion "and all that," are, in very truth, a mere "product of the smaller intestines." So our old friend Matthew declares of the Mind, that

"The plainest man alive may tell ye,
Her seat of empire is the belly"—

and compares her to a watch, averring that

"'Tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells our being what's o'clock;"

and that you may, indeed, tamper with other and minor points of mechanism, however delicate and transcendental—

"But spoil the organ of digestion,
And you entirely change the question."

than in him we once heard irreverently styled, in the Glasgow Baillie's lingo, "that Dougal creatur." Other cultivators of note and ability, and of more or less enthusiasm in their vocation, might be named—some of them at no immeasurable distance from the royal Stewart dynasty—in the persons of Professors Ferrier and De Morgan, John Stuart Mill and Thomas de Quincey, Samuel Bailey and J. D. Morell, Macdougall and Whewell. In fact, a final dying out of the Philosophy of Mind, even in this nation of shopkeepers, seems possible or probable, only in connexion with the dying out of minds to philosophise. As the sparks fly upwards, so does the spirit of man—meditative, speculative, imaginative—on philosophic thoughts intent. "Qui," asks Madame de Staël, "peut avoir la faculté de penser, et ne pas essayer à connaître l'origine et le but des choses de ce monde?" We are told, indeed, that the *gros bon sens*—the plain practical reasoning of the English public pronounces philosophy unworthy of study, and neglects it:—"Let steady progress in positive science be our glory; metaphysical speculation we can leave to others." We are told that the annals of philosophy teach but the vanity of ontological speculation—that scepticism is the *terminus ad quem*, scepticism the gulf which yawns at the end of all consistent metaphysics. We are summoned to thank and admire David Hume for having brought philosophy to this pass—for destroying the "feeble pretension that metaphysics can be a science." And we are referred to the oracular utterance of Goethe: "Man is not born to solve the mystery of existence." Yes: but the oracle does not end there. Goethe continues: "But he must, nevertheless, attempt it, that he may learn to know how to keep within the limits of the Knowable." In this way, necessity is laid upon him: an irresistible attraction draws him. The centre of truth is far above, out of his reach: the assurance that he is not born to penetrate it, is a centrifugal force tending to alienate him from its neighbourhood; but the inevitable longing to penetrate it, in its light to see light, is a centrepetal force urging him to pierce into the heart of its mystery; and between these antagonist forces, he is whirled round amid the music of the spheres, ever journeying, even though doomed to make no advance towards the centre—ever hoping, even though destined to an eternally baffled hope—ever learning, even though never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. "Sans cesse attiré vers le secret de son être, il lui est également impossible, et de le découvrir, et de n'y pas songer toujours." And supposing one mind to be eventually disgusted by a recurring series of disappointments, and consequently to renounce the study as futile and worse; still, there is generation after generation to follow, whose thinkers repudiate thought by proxy, and must vex for their own relief the old vexed questions, and come by a road of their own cutting to the goal *Vanitas vanitatum*. The wisdom of their forefathers will not satisfy a new generation which knows not Locke and grins at Berkeley. Absolute truth may be absolute moonshine; and to extract the essence of the one may be classed with extracting the other from cucumbers: yet is the metaphysician absolutely resolved on casting in his lot with the "foolish people and unwise" who pursue this *art de s'égarer avec méthode*. If there be such absolute truth, he contends* it must be elicited by philosophical thinking; if there be not,

* See Morell's Introduction to his "Speculative Philosophy of Europe."

then philosophy is equally necessary to convince me that I can have no knowledge beyond what is contingent—that is, which may not at some future time be error and delusion. Every branch of human knowledge, he contends again, if generalised to its full extent, brings us into the region of metaphysical research; as the chemist finds when investigating matter—the mechanician when engaged with the laws of dynamics, involving the notion of Power—the physiologist when examining the idea of Life. Mental philosophy is declared by one of its leal and laborious champions in our day, to be the portal through which all must pass who would enter the inner temple of intellectual treasures, and though not *itself* the sum of all knowledge, it is the “necessary instrument in the successful prosecution of other branches of human wisdom. Without it,” adds this devout believer in sceptical times, “every man is a child, an intellectual imbecile, and can have nothing valuable or abiding in him.”* He is sanguine, we may add, as to the projects of his favourite study—in spite of the Positivists and their predictions—and, as one deeply impressed with the absolute utility and importance of metaphysical researches, he calls it cheering “to witness so many indications of their progress and extension in every direction to which we can turn the intellectual eye. We know that great ideas are never lost; and we consequently feel an inward and firm conviction that the advances which we are in this age effecting in the first of all branches of human knowledge, will never be effaced by any future retrograde movements whatever in the minds of individuals or of nations. The whole progress of human society speaks loudly against any such catastrophe.” Metaphysics in some guise or other will never say die.

The metaphysical department of the *Edinburgh Review* owes whatever *prestige* it enjoys to the contributions of Sir William Hamilton. This may be the least popular of the sections in that journal's division of labour. Yet it were hard to name among all the able coadjutors on its staff, a contributor of superior weight and vigour. The Jubilee year of *Buff and Blue* is past; her age hath attained the matronly lot of fifty, making her a “lady of a certain age:” but of all the distinguished worthies who have written to her profit and her praise—from the time when she was dandled, an infant of days, on the plump knees of Sydney Smith, and thence transferred to the surveillance of Jeffrey, to the sober maturity of her adult renown when superintended by Macvey Napier, and rendered somewhat heavy and sleepy under the regimen of Professor Empson (may Mr. Cornwall Lewis have the art to renew her youth, even in her sixth decade!)—of all the “braw, braw lads” who have espoused her cause with the pen of ready writers, we know not one, in calibre and erudition, to top the Edinburgh Professor of Logic. No candidate in the Blue and Yellow interest comes before us of bigger, burlier figure, though many may wear their colours with a more jaunty air, and win the electors by smarter and smoother speechification. In the arena of the Review, from first to last, there is hardly one gymnasiarch but must yield to the prowess, however he may exceed the grace and agility, of this massively framed and rigorously disciplined athlete. We remember who have disported themselves on the same platform; we are not unmindful of such contributors, avowed or unavowed, as Brougham,

* R. Blakey's “History of the Philosophy of Mind,” vol. i.

Malthus, Allen, Horner, Thomas Brown, Thomas Moore, Thomas Campbell, Thomas Chalmers, Thomas Carlyle, Thomas Arnold (the Toms are in great force), Romilly, Payne Knight, Palgrave, George Ellis, Walter Scott, Malcolm Laing, James Mill, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Macaulay, Mackintosh, Playfair, Stephen, H. Rogers, *et cæteros, et cæteros*. Sir William is as true a son of Anak as any of them. His head is as high, his shoulders are as broad, his port is as manly, as the best of them can affect; and woe to the best of them who should rashly challenge him to a wrestling-bout, or venture to initiate him into a new mystery in the noble art of self-defence. To have a ton of a man "down upon you," with a view to punishment,—a man, too, so versed in the science in all its ramifications, that, like Mrs. Quickly, you know not where to have him,—is no laughing matter. In erudition he is an acknowledged prodigy,—a very *Monstrum horrendum,—ingens*,—but no; that quotation won't do, because of the exquisite inapplicability of the *informe* and of the *cui lumen ademptum*. The mediæval scholarship of those omnivorous book-worms whom we regard, after the lapse of centuries, much as we regard certain pre-Adamite mammalia, is revived in this Modern Antique. Whatever is knowable, he seems to know; and most things that are unintelligible, to understand. His learning is literally *de omnibus rebus*, and, as panting common-place, that toils after him in vain, is driven and goaded (in *bull* fashion) to add, *de quibusdam aliis*. The junior soph in the Cambridge stage, who was so harassed and disgusted by being snapped up, every time he cited a line from the classics, by his fellow-traveller Porson, and requested to prove its existence, as per quotation, in the author to whom he had too recklessly attributed it—each author in succession, from Homer and Hesiod down to Plutarch and Lucian being produced, for verification, from Porson's capacious pockets—that junior soph might have enjoyed a sweet revenge, we surmise, could he have booked a third inside place for Sir William, and pitted *him* against the boozy, musty old classic (honoured be his manes!). Lord Jeffrey, who was not easily frightened within the sphere of belles lettres, avowed himself fairly frightened by the "immensity" of Sir William's erudition: "He is a wonderful fellow," added his lordship, "and I hope may yet be spared to astonish and over-awe us for years to come."* He has been compared with Magliabecchi, the Italian librarian, who, as a facetious critic describes his peculiar genius, could (by dint of trotting and cantering over all pages of all books) not only "repeat *verbatim et literatim* any possible paragraph from any conceivable book, and, letting down his bucket into the dark ages, could fetch up for you any amount of rubbish that you might call for, but could even tell you on which side, dexter or sinister, starboard or larboard, the particular page might stand, in which he had been angling." And in polyglot powers, Sir William has been classed with Cardinal Mezzofante, who is said to have radically mastered, so as to speak familiarly, thirty-four languages. Forty years ago, he was regarded by a distinguished contemporary, akin to himself in breadth and intensity of intellectual character, as possessing a pancylopædic acquaintance with every section of knowledge that could furnish keys for unlocking man's inner nature. "The immensity of Sir William's attainments," testifies his fellow-philosopher and friend, "was best laid open

* Letter to Professor Empeon, 1848. See "Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey," vol. ii., 422.

by consulting him, or by hearing him consulted, upon intellectual difficulties, or upon schemes literary and philosophic. Such applications, come from what point of the compass they might, found him always prepared. Nor did it seem to make any difference, whether it were the erudition of words or things that was wanted." It may—and ought to—be added, that he is just as unostentatious of his mental wealth, as the foregoing legend makes Porson demonstrative of *his*. At any rate Sir William has no occasion to load his pockets with *bijou* editions of the classics, nor inclination to appal undergraduates by haling from the stores of memory as exhaustless an array of authorities, as (O the illegitimate triumphs of the legitimate drama, in days of yore!) the grave-digger in "Hamlet" used to doff of waistcoats, in the bleak churchyard of Elsinore.

M. Victor Cousin has somewhere pronounced Sir William Hamilton the greatest critic of the age. His celebrated edition of "Reid" attracted and fixed the attention of Christendom at large. That his own part in it should be left unfinished in the middle of a sentence, has had the effect of suggesting words of censure and objection to critics who could find no other weak point for which to rate him. His recently published "Discussions on Philosophy"—comprising some of his most valued contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, with a mass of supplementary matter, which for various extrinsic reasons, polemical and personal,* as well as for its intrinsic worth simply as coming from him, had a special interest to all concerned—have deservedly enhanced his reputation, and present a noble collection of essays, the result of laborious thought (*ille gravem duro terram vertit aratro*), wide-sweeping vision, and indefatigable research. "The results of his reading are now sown and rooted at Paris, not less than at Berlin; are blossoming on the Rhine; and are bearing fruit on the Danube." We have seen these "Discussions" pooh-poohed in one London journal, as though they involved, after all, nothing better than verbal subtleties, and were expended on shadows and chaff, and airy nothings. Sir William is not the man to spend his strength for nought, in that sort of way. He must have tangible interest for his solid capital. He is not to be satisfied with Bank of Elegance notes, payable during the next Greek Calends. His philosophy is not a system of dry chopping logic. Nor can it content itself—for it is of British, not Deutsch growth—with transcendental reveries of baseless fabric, nor put up with unfurnished apartments in castles of the air. His spirit, though

Habitant, par l'essor d'un grand et beau génie,
Les hautes régions de la philosophie,"

is far too practical and sagacious to become absorbed in profitless abstractions. He is as impatient as the veriest utilitarian can be, of that *pompeux galimatias*, that *spécieux babîl*, which, as Molière says, "vous donne des mots pour des raisons, et des promesses pour des effets." Words, with him, must represent things, and scientific *formula* must show cause for their use, and find bail for their good behaviour.

No officious slave
Is he of that false secondary power
By which we multiply distinctions, then

* E. g., his tilt with Archdeacon Hare.

Deem that our puny boundaries are things
That we perceive, and not that we have made.

In his purest speculations he is too entirely saturated with the Aristotelian spirit to lose himself in Platonic dream-worlds, and too genuine a representative (more robust and independent, however, than any dead or living *confrère*) of the *esprit Ecossais*, and its Baconian tendencies, to deal with logic and its subtleties as an end, not a means.

The section of these "Discussions" which is devoted to literature and miscellaneous questions, holds out naturally the chief, perhaps the only, attraction to general readers: among the subjects of discussion being, the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, the Revolutions of Medicine (from the *humourism* of Galen to the *solidism* of Hoffman and Boerhaave), the Study of Mathematics as an Exercise of Mind, the Conditions of Classical Learning, the State of the English Universities, and that celebrated German satire, the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. The review of the last is an admirable specimen of Sir William's range of powers, natural and acquired, and a worthy treatise on a work which, by the testimony of Herder, effected for Germany incomparably more than Hudibras for England, or Gargantua for France, or the Knight of La Mancha for Spain,—which gave the victory to Reuchlin over the Begging Friars, and to Luther over the Court of Rome—"and never, certainly, were unconscious barbarism, self-glorious ignorance, intolerant stupidity, and sanctimonious immorality, so ludicrously delineated; never, certainly, did delineation less betray the artifice of ridicule."* The inquiry into the value of Mathematics as an engrossing study, is another highly characteristic paper—a perfect curiosity as a repertory of authorities *pro* and *con*: the writer's conclusion being, that an excessive study of mathematics not only does not prepare, but absolutely incapacitates the mind, for those intellectual energies which philosophy and life require—disqualifying us for observation, either internal or external, for abstraction and generalisation, and for common reasoning; nay, disposing us to the alternative of blind credulity or irrational scepticism. Very striking passages in confirmation of his views, that mathematics are not a logical exercise, and that in no sense is geometry a substitute for logic, are cited by Sir William from a host of witnesses—many of them distinguished highly in mathematical science—such as Aristotle, D'Alembert, Descartes, Pascal, Arnauld, Du Hamel, Joseph Scaliger, Le Clerc, Baddeus, Boscovich, Gibbon, Berkeley, Goethe, Dugald Stewart, De Staël, &c., &c. But if there is one investigation in this volume, which, more than another, may be recommended to all who would appreciate, after their manner, the veteran Professor's grasp of thought, system of metaphysical doctrine, and lucid elaboration of ideas necessarily obscure in themselves, we incline to name the thesis "On the Philosophy of the Unconditioned"—though the bare name may suffice to repel those *ab extra*, especially when the *alias* of the article is added, "In reference to Cousin's Infinito-

* Erasmus is said to have been cured of an imposthume in the face by the laughter these satires excited. Sir William contends that the actual authors were three,—viz., Hutten, Crotus, and Buschius. "Morally considered," he observes, "this satire is an atrocious libel, which can only be palliated on the plea of retaliation, necessity, the importance of the end, and the consuetude of the times."

Absolute." Smart and petulant sarcasms have been pelted at Sir William's choice of terms—his "uncouth," and "barbarous," and neologistic terminology. Nibble away, gentlemen: laugh as you please, carp as you will, be as witty as you can. Only remember, the while, that a terminology of some sort is needed, and that novel combinations of thought require new modes of expression. Even in the base appliances of the dinner-table, the terms mutton and beef will hardly suffice, in the present day, to describe in all their individual varieties and culinary *nuances*, the preparations ovine and bovine due to a Soyer or a Francatelli. And surely an aristocracy of transcendental ideas may be allowed a *haute noblesse* of titles. In such a case, the quarrel about names is a quarrel about things. Cancel the name, and, unless you provide another equally graphic, comprehensive, and precise, you cancel the thing. The new wine must have for its receptacles, new bottles; if you try to preserve it in old bottles, it is marred. Discretion is of course desirable in the selection or origination of the necessary terms. But certainly Sir William Hamilton is not pedantic or puerile enough to coin neologisms only to perplex the vulgar. It remains to be shown; that, in a field of research so emphatically his own, so many fallow parts of which he has put into cultivation, and from which he has removed so much obstructive matter, he had not a perfect, a peculiar right, to appropriate descriptive titles to the objects of his toil. As he had the right to bestow some kind of title, so he has the ability—as a profound philosophic grammarian and philologist,—to choose such titles as would duly convey his meaning and answer the purpose of his science. Compare his terminology with that adopted by the several leaders of German metaphysics; and you find that while his innovation demands, for its ready comprehension, only such ordinary attention at starting, as every reader of metaphysical works may be supposed to bring to the subject,—on the other hand, the Hegels, and Fichtes, and Kants, require each a lexicon for himself. Depend upon it, had Sir William met with an existing system of terms which would serve to transmit accurately and completely the ideas he discusses, he would not have troubled himself to create, or us to master, the novelties in question. And after all, these novelties are really few in number and mild in form. Do you object to the "Unconditioned?" If you strain at a gnat of that sort, what capacity of swallow have you for the caravan of camels trooping

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste

of German Saharas? For this particular term we happen to entertain a particular regard, because of its connexion with a metaphysical doctrine of primary value, in the elucidation and limitation of which Sir William has employed such rare gifts of

Emergic reason and a shaping mind.

The doctrine affects the whole question of absolute and relative knowledge. And with consummate tact Sir William shows, that as the eagle cannot out-soar the atmosphere in which he floats, and by which alone he is supported; so the mind cannot transcend that sphere of limitation, within and through which exclusively the possibility of thought is realised. Thought, he argues, is only of the *conditioned*, because to think is to *condition*: conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possi-

bility of thought. Hence, philosophy, if viewed as more than a science of the conditioned, is impossible. How he demonstrates this, and proves that reason is weak without being deceitful, and that its testimony is valid so far as it goes—how he enforces the salutary lesson that the capacity of thought is not to be constituted into the measure of existence, nor the domain of our knowledge to be recognised as necessarily co-extensive with the horizon of our faith—and how he deduces from the very consciousness of our inability to conceive aught above the relative and finite, a justifiable belief in the existence of something unconditioned, beyond the sphere of all comprehensible reality—how, in short, he confronts M. Cousin's doctrine of the Absolute and the Infinite on one hand, and the hopeless negations of Positivism on the other, will be examined with real profit and interest, if only with diligence and docility, by every the minutest shareholder in common *sens*.

In further illustration of this doctrine, should be studied the Appendices entitled "Conditions of the Thinkable Systematised," and "Philosophical Testimonies to the Limitation of our Knowledge from the Limitation of our Faculties." In them, it has been said, we have a kind of guarantee that the age is not becoming wholly shallow.

Another appendix is assigned to Logic—and is incomparably harder to read, and, to ordinary readers, next to impossible to digest. Sir William, in this section, treats of Syllogism and its varied functions—of Affirmation and Negation—of Propositional Forms, &c. As a Reformer in logical details much of his celebrity has been won. There are cases in which, says Mr. de Quincey, he is the "very first revealer of what had lurked unsuspected even to the most superstitious searchers of Aristotle's text." To him men still look with hope for a comprehensive treatise on every part of logic, "adapted to the growing necessities of the times." Should this hope come to nought—should the construction of an "edifice of so much labour and fatigue" be declined by this potent master-builder—yet, thus much is evident, adds the critic just named, "that whensoever, and by whomsoever, such an edifice shall be raised, the amplitude and the beauty of the superstructure will depend largely upon foundations already laid, and ground plans already traced out, by the admirable labours of Sir William Hamilton." One other publication we may more definitely expect from him—and one of exceeding value—namely, his Lectures before his classes in Edinburgh.

It is a becoming Lenten reflection, suggestive of mortifying ideas, that in such a paper as we have just perpetrated, on such a subject, no subscriber to the *New Monthly* may have cared to follow us. Albeit, we have the consolation of knowing that we are sure of an audience of three—which is a number not to be sneezed at, as times go. Do turbulent sceptics dun us with shouts of Name! Name!—Well; the triad consists of no other than Editor, Compositor, and Reader to the Press. True—their perusal of us *may* be *ex officio*, and in the quality of *volentes*: but to analyse men's motives is sometimes to inquire too curiously for one's comfort and peace of mind. And here a triumphant thought strikes us—causing the addition of a glorious Fourth to the severely scrutinised list: Sir William Hamilton reads everything; needs there syllogism to show, then, that he will read, or has read, us?—And "put us down" again with a portentous, thorough-bass Bah!

THE MONTENEGRINS.

FOUR Montenegrins, and their sister, aged twenty-one, going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Basilio, were waylaid by seven Turks in a rocky defile, so narrow that they could only thread it one by one; and hardly had they entered between the precipices that bordered it on either side, when an unexpected discharge of fire-arms killed one brother, and desperately wounded another. To retrace their steps was impossible, without meeting certain and shameful death, since to turn their backs would give their enemy the opportunity of destroying them at pleasure.

The two who were unhurt therefore advanced, and returned the fire, killing two Turks—while the wounded one, supporting himself against a rock, fired also, and mortally injured two others, but was killed himself in the act. His sister taking his gun, loaded and fired again simultaneously with her two brothers, but at the same instant one of them dropped down dead. The two surviving Turks then rushed furiously at the only remaining Montenegrin, who, however, laid open the skull of one of them with his yatagan, before receiving his own death-blow. The hapless sister, who had all the time kept up a constant fire, stood for an instant irresolute; when, suddenly assuming an air of terror and supplication, she entreated for mercy, but the Turk, enraged at the death of his companions, was brutal enough to take advantage of the unhappy girl's seeming agony, and only promised her life at the price of her honour. Hesitating at first, she pretended to listen to the villain's proposal, but no sooner did she throw him off his guard, than she buried in his body the knife she carried at her girdle. Although mortally wounded, the Turk endeavoured to make the most of his failing strength, and plucking the dagger from his side, staggered towards the courageous girl, who, driven to despair, threw herself on her relentless foe, and with superhuman energy hurled him down the neighbouring precipice, at the very moment when some shepherds, attracted by the continued firing, arrived just too late for the rescue.

Such is the character of the Montenegrins, as illustrated in the above anecdote, derived by Sir Gardener Wilkinson from Vialla.

Trained from earliest youth to the use of arms, which are through life inseparable from their persons, living in hereditary and perpetual hostility with the Turks, with the memory of cruelties and suffering inflicted upon their forefathers traditionally handed down—their ferocious feeling of vengeance upheld by human trophies, and considering it a grace of God to die in battle, no wonder that the Montenegrins should be brave, and that such a natural and hereditary courage should even be participated in by the women, nursed in the same traditions, and companions by Christianity of man, although by custom, slaves of Montenegrin husbands. The mountain fastnesses of this heroic people being at the present moment invaded for nigh the fiftieth time by the Turks, and Russia and Austria rivalling with one another in the interest openly manifested in their fate,—the latter even to avowing such an invasion at this present moment to be a *casus-belli*—it becomes a paramount interest to determine, First—Who are the Montenegrins, or Tchernagori? Secondly—Already consigned by rude map-makers within Turkey in Europe, and several

times ravaged by the Turks, has Montenegro ever been really subjected or garrisoned by the Turks, has it ever received Mussulman rulers or laws, and even if diplomatically acknowledged as subject to Turkey, has it ever considered itself so? Thirdly—What are the grounds of interest which Russia and Austria take in this little mountain district? How far do they tally, and in what are they antagonistic? And lastly, and above all, although the *Times* has justly declared that England cannot view with indifference the oppression and subjugation of an independent Christian tribe, whose mountains command one of the strongest maritime points on the coast contiguous to the Ionian Isles, still, is there any possible reason for that feeling going beyond a just sympathy, or at the most, diplomatic intercession? There are already two great powers placed in a very delicate position towards one another, and towards an invading third power, by these sturdy mountaineers; and as to their religious claims to interference, why all Christianity stood by in 1841, and let the poor Chaldeans—Christian mountaineers as brave, but more remote than the Montenegrins—be hunted down like wild beasts into their rocky caverns and exterminated, man, woman, and child, by ferocious Mussulmen, with folded arms, and without an effort to save a single scion of that ancient and once illustrious Christian community!

The Montenegrins, or Tchernagori or Black mountaineers, who number some 11,700 families, giving a population of 107,000, of whom some 20,000 or 25,000 would take up arms in defence of their country, are identical with the Servians in blood, language, and religion; and Montenegro was an important fief of that ill-fated empire—the rude magnificence of which reflected neither the refinement nor the corruption of the Lower Empire.

Balsa, Prince of Montenegro, was the son-in-law of Lazar, who, by the loss of the battle of Kossovo in 1385, and his own life at the same time, enabled the Turks to become the masters of Serbia. "To this day," says Mr. A. A. Paton, "the heroes of Serbia are those of Montenegro. Speak to them of the valour of Dushan the Powerful, and their breasts glow with national pride and martial ardour; speak to them of the woes and virtues of Lazar, the last of their kings, and their eyes suffuse with tears."

Stephen, the grandson of Balsa, was the friend and ally of Scanderbeg; but on the death of this hero the debased nobles of Albania, in order to preserve their lands, acknowledged Turkish supremacy, and embraced Islamism. Bosnia presented the same spectacle; Montenegro alone, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, rose, like Ararat, amid the overwhelming floods of Islamism. Ivan Czernojevich, the great grandson of Balsa, leaving the environs of the Lake of Scutari, where his paternal castle was situated, fixed himself in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Black Mountain. Surrounding himself with his faithful followers, every man swore on the Testament to die rather than yield, and dishonour, worse than a thousand deaths, was the reward of the man who retreated: dressed in a female garb, he was thrust, with ignominy, from the ranks of his own sex.

Such is Paton's account of the origin of the Montenegrin principality. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, in whose excellent work, "*Dalmatia and Montenegro*,"* a detailed history of the Black Mountain is given, tells us that at the

* *Dalmatia and Montenegro: with a Journey to Mostar, in Herzegovina, and Remarks on the Slavonic Nations; the History of Dalmatia and Ragusa; the Uscoks, &c., &c.* By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S., &c., &c., &c. 2 vols. John Murray.

time of the Servian Empire it was called Zeta or Zenta, and that at the fall of that empire "it preserved its independence under the rule of Prince George Balsha." According to the same authority, it was not Stephen who finally withdrew to the "Black Mountain," but Ivan, his eldest son, who being refused the assistance of Venice, abandoned not Scutari but Zabljak, which had been the residence of himself and his predecessors, and retired to the mountain, where he founded the Convent of Tzetinie, the correct etymology of the Cettinje of the papers, and transferred the metropolitan see to the new capital. This took place in 1485; and Zabljak, which has already played a part in the present campaign, has since that time continued to be a frontier town of Albania.

The family of Tzernoievich (Czernojevich of Paton) soon passed away. Pressed on the one side by Venetian, on the other by the Turkish influences; one brother, Andrew, surnamed the Valiant Arnaut, embracing Islamism, served in the armies of the Sultan at the shores of the Tigris, while George, who had succeeded his father, Ivan, having married a Venetian lady, of the family of Mocenigo, she prevailed upon him to retire with her to her native city. He, therefore, with the consent of the people, transferred the government of Montenegro to the hands of the spiritual chiefs, and withdrew to Venice in 1516. From that time the theocratic form of government has existed in Montenegro, and the spiritual and temporal powers have been vested in the Vladikas, or Prince Bishops, an office now hereditary in the house of Petrovich, but as every Vladika is consecrated bishop, and cannot marry, the succession always falls to a nephew, or some other of the family. This fact, Sir G. Wilkinson remarks, of the episcopal office being hereditary, is singular, considering the doctrines of Christians in regard to Apostolic succession. The existing Vladika, Prince Daniele Petrovich, on his return from Russia, where each Vladika is successively consecrated, in July, last year, read to the senate and people a note from the Russian government, to the effect that, in accordance with the wishes of the Montenegrins and of the senate, his Majesty the Emperor Nicholas had consented to Prince Daniele's not taking holy orders, and had further empowered him to appoint a bishop in his stead. There was formerly also a local governorship, but this was suppressed in 1832, in consequence of the then governor making an attempt to get the power into his hands, or, as some say, intending to betray the country to the Austrians.

When Sulaiman the Magnificent girt on the sword of empire, all Europe quaked again. In 1523, Montenegro was invaded, Tzetinie was delivered over to the flames, and all the strongholds were stormed by the Turks under the Pasha of Scutari. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who derived his materials for the history of Montenegro chiefly from the secretary of the Vladika, appears to have been misled by the latter to confound this invasion with one said to have been made in 1623 by one Sulaiman, Pasha of Scutari. The events of the reign of Sulaiman, Mr. Paton observes, upon this exploit, are remarkable; but if we look to the resolute character of the Montenegrin, and the almost inaccessible nature of their rocky fastnesses, there is, perhaps, no circumstance in the reign of this wonderful man that is more indicative of the pitch of military power to which his nation had arrived in the sixteenth century, than the conquest of the small, but far from insignificant, archbishopric of Montenegro. But although the more exposed parts of this country were laid waste, these

hardy mountaineers so successfully harassed their formidable enemies, that they were soon obliged to abandon the country, and retire into Albania, after sustaining severe losses, with the glory of having conquered the Montenegrins, but the disgrace of not being able to hold their country.

A period of dark doubt and despair now followed in the mountain—the Montenegrins continued to be allied to the Venetians rather than to the Turks, and they were always ready to co-operate with the latter in their wars against the Porte. But still the Turks managed to obtain an influence in the country, not so much by force of arms, which availed them nothing, as by wily policy; and, according to Spencer, also by the seductive charms of Muhammedanism. Hence, as Islamism consolidated itself in the neighbouring kingdoms of Bosnia and Albania, numbers were also converted in the “Black Mountain” itself.

Paton justly remarks upon this, that in the fifteenth century, both the Latin and Greek uniforms of Christianity were evidently worn out; and the very same rottenness that made Slaavic Bosnia embrace Islamism without much murmuring, caused John Huss and Jerome of Prague, both Slavonians, to begin the complete religious refitting and reforming of Europe—one-half accepting Protestantism, the other half retaining the old Roman uniform. Now, as the consolidation of the Turkish power in Europe arose from the possession of Bosnia, that great bastion of mountains which juts so close on Germany, we may say that, altogether, the Slaaves, as destroyers of Rome (under Genseric), reformers of Rome, and renegades of Rome, have played a most conspicuous part in the history of the world.

In the seventeenth century, the conquest of Dalmatia by Venice, of Hungary by the Imperialists, and the train of events which preceded the treaty of Carlowitz, in 1696, gave general courage to the Christians; in that year Daniele Petrovich, of Niegowich, became archbishop, and from that time the spiritual power has been hereditary in his family, with an adequate political influence little short of temporal supremacy. This founder of a dynasty having been treacherously imprisoned by the Turks, he resolved to make a clean sweep of Islamism, and to that effect he selected a long dark Christmas night, the snow lying on the ground, when by his order and arrangements a general massacre of the Moslems of Montenegro took place, and immediate baptism became the only means of escape.

In the year 1706, the Turks of Herzegovina attacked Montenegro; but this expedition met with a total defeat; and 157 Turks, who were taken prisoners, suffered the ignominy of being ransomed for the same number of pigs.

Oppressed, however, by the incessant attacks of a powerful enemy, and no longer protected by Venice, the Montenegrins soon afterwards sought the protection of Russia; and for this purpose, having declared themselves subjects of Peter the Great, they took the oath of allegiance to the Tsar, who in return promised them protection; while the Montenegrins, on their part, engaged to co-operate with the Russians in their wars against the Porte. A writer in the *Times* places the era of this event in 1796; but already, in 1711, the Montenegrins took up arms by order of Peter the Great, and made several incursions into the Turkish territory. This protectorate of Russia does not, however, appear to have

denied the sovereign rights of the Sultan, but rather to have been confined to the protection of the national Church; towards which a considerable annual contribution has been since made. Kohl estimates this contribution at 4000*l.* a year. But Russia contributes to the maintenance of the Greek Church almost everywhere throughout Turkey in Europe, and more especially in the Danubian Provinces. Even the principal Greek churches of Constantinople take pride in exhibiting to the visitor pictures, plate, and other donations of the Tsar.

In 1712 the "Black Mountain" was invaded by Ahmet Pasha at the head of 60,000 men, but the Turks were signally defeated. Another, and a still more formidable expedition, was sent, in 1714, under the Grand Visir, Duman Pasha Kiuprili, who, in concert with the Pashas of Bosnia and Herzegovina, invaded Montenegro at the head of 120,000 men. This immense force made its way to Tzetinie, burnt the convent which had been rebuilt by the Vladika Daniele, pillaged and destroyed the villages, and laid waste the country with fire and sword. The war that followed between the Turks and Venetians alone saved the Montenegrins from further calamities; the country was abandoned by the invaders; and the fugitive mountaineers, returning from their places of concealment, rebuilt their villages, and were soon in a condition to act as allies of the Venetians. Many gallant deeds of arms are recorded of the Montenegrins, as performed during these Venetian wars; one of the most noted of which was in 1750, when Nikatz Tomanovich, with forty valiant companions, penetrated through a Turkish army of 20,000 men, killed the Kaiha Pasha, and succeeded, though desperately wounded, in cutting his way back with few surviving comrades.

Before the Turkish conquest of Montenegro, the vicinity of the Italian municipalities of the Adriatic, the communication with the sea, then open by way of Antivari, but above all, the contact with Venice, appeared to have kept Montenegro within the European family; but when all these countries were overrun by the Turks, their condition underwent an organic change, and circumscribed to their rocks, a ruder barbarism was unavoidable in a people hourly menaced with extermination. Always strangers to commerce, they retrograded from agriculture and feudalism to the more primitive state of the warrior, shepherd, and the republican member of a savage horde. Hence Europe, in the eighteenth century, seemed not to know that such a spot as Montenegro existed; and Montenegro was equally ignorant of the world beyond the lake of Scutari and the hills of Herzegovina. The reader may recollect a story in Gibbon's "Decline" of a priest who presented himself in Flanders as the Emperor Baldwin escaped from Constantinople, and, for some time, found his tale generally believed. The history of Montenegro in the last century presents a curious parallel to this circumstance. In 1767 an adventurer named Stephan Mali (little Stephen) arrived among the Montenegrins, with whom the story of Peter the Great's living at Saardam as a shipwright is a household tale, and passed himself off as the Russian Emperor Peter III.; who had been strangled by order of Catherine, in 1764. The manner in which this impostor imposed upon the credulity of the brave, but ignorant, mountaineers, even to turning the tables against Prince Dolgorouki, commissioned by Catherine to expose the adventurer, is amusingly told by Mr. Paton in his work on the "Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic." This comedy had, however, a very tragic

termination; for the Turks were induced, by that spirit of arch-diplomacy which makes mountains of mole-hills, to look upon Stephen as a real Russian agent, and to invade the country at the head of 180,000 men under three different Vizirs (Pashas with three tails (Mushirs) were much more common in those days than at present), and the "Black Mountain" was once more ravaged and devastated, its metropolis again laid in ashes, and its people exterminated or driven to their usual rocky hiding-places. The Montenegrins were placed at further disadvantage on this occasion by the Venetians being hostile to them, and they were thus deprived of ammunition; a single cartridge having, it is said, cost, during that war, a sequin.

The first historical connexion of Montenegro with Austria dates back to the Russo-Austrian war against the Turks in 1787-1791, when the Montenegrins, with 400 soldiers, under Major Vukassovich, made incursions into Albania, pillaged several villages, and defied the Turks within their own territories: A writer, speaking of this epoch, says: "In 1791 it (Montenegro) still formed part of the Turkish Empire, for by the treaty of Sistow between Austria and the Porte, it was expressly stipulated that none of the inhabitants of Montenegro should be disquieted, molested, or punished for having declared against 'their proper sovereign.'" Another writer in the *Times* says upon this, that "the attempt which has been made to show that the territory of Montenegro was placed in absolute dependence on Turkey by the treaty of Sistow, in 1791, is, in our opinion, quite untenable. For the very same article of that treaty which touches Montenegro, includes also Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, all provinces which, as is well known, have long paid only a qualified tribute and allegiance to the Porte." The latter writer is undoubtedly quite right. Montenegro had stood for the greater lapse of time in the unenviable position of an independent district within an acknowledged territory. It has struggled more incessantly and with greater success against the Osmanlis than either Moldavia, Wallachia, or Servia, and its allegiance to the Porte has never been established *de facto*, or acknowledged by the Montenegrins.

These gallant mountaineers themselves give quite a different story of the treaty of Sistow, or Sistovo. They declare that the two powers omitting to stipulate for their independence (indeed, it is acknowledged that they only stipulated that they should not be punished for having declared against "their proper sovereign"), left them to be invaded by the Turks, and to resist as best they could. And nobly, indeed, did they maintain their freedom against the overwhelming power of the Porte; after having resisted every attempt to induce them to acknowledge its authority over their country.

The battle, Sir Gardner Wilkinson tells us, which was fought upon this occasion with the Pasha of Scutari, was the most glorious and decisive of all that ever took place between the Montenegrins and the Turks; it established the independence of Montenegro; and the moral effect, both in that country and in Turkey, has continued to the present day. The Montenegrins were commanded by their late Vladika, Pietro Petrovich.

"Having chosen a favourable spot for opposing the enemy, he posted 5000 men in a difficult pass, with orders to distribute their red Fox caps over the rocks, to light numerous fires at night, and to do everything to

make the Turks believe the whole army was before them, whilst he led the main body, by a forced march, to their rear. Next morning the Turks advanced to force the pass ; but the difficult nature of the ground, the narrowness of the way that led up the steep ascent, and the firmness of those who defended it, made superiority of numbers of no avail ; and the front and flanking fire of 5000 good marksmen kept the whole force of the enemy at bay until noon, when the Vladika, attacking them in the rear, decided the fate of the battle. The Turks, now no longer assailants, were obliged to defend themselves between their two foes, and, after an obstinate fight of three days and two nights, were nearly all cut to pieces. Thirty thousand Turks were killed, and among them the Pasha of Albania, Kara Mahmud Bushatlia whose head was cut off, and is still kept at Tasetinie, as a trophy of the victory. The effect of this defeat has never been forgotten by the Turks ; no similar expedition has since been sent against Montenegro ; and the interest frequently made to obtain the head of the pasha shows how sensitive they are to the disgrace."

Of all the feats of arms, however, that have conferred distinction of the Montenegrins, the assistance given to Russia in the attack on Ragusa, the capture of Curzola, and their successful combats single-handed against the French under Marmont, undoubtedly stand pre-eminent. It was only when the grasping genius of Napoleon forcibly took possession of Venice and her dependencies in the Adriatic, that the allied powers became fully aware of the value and importance of a warlike principality like that of Montenegro. An eye-witness of this campaign, M. Broniewski, says : "The best French *voltigeurs* on the advanced posts were always destroyed by them ; and the enemy's generals found it more advantageous to remain under the cover of their cannon." Again : "Their extraordinary boldness frequently triumphed over the skill of the experienced bands of the French. Attacking the columns of the enemy in front and flank, and acting separately, without any other system than the inspirations of personal courage, they were not afraid of the terrible battalion fire of the French infantry."

Still more interesting to us, as English, is the fact that we also occupy a page in Montenegrin history. It was in conjunction with the English that the Montenegrins succeeded in obtaining possession of the admirable port and strong fortress of Cattaro, which, according to a treaty with their Vladika, was henceforth to form a part of their territory, and which they constituted the capital of Montenegro. But this did not suit the views of Austria, and by one of the articles of the Congress of Vienna in 1814, Cattaro, with the other dependencies of despoiled Venice, was handed over to that power ; hence, when the whole of Europe enjoyed the blessings of peace, Cattaro sustained a murderous siege, and it was not till the mountaineers had expended their last cartridge against the Austrians, and saw before them the horrors of starvation, that they surrendered.

The Pjesma, or Bardic Poems of the Tchernagori, according to Mr. Spencer ("Travels in European Turkey," vol. i., p. 398), describing the siege, and the treachery of the allied powers, pathetically appeal to their old comrades, the Ingleski—the lions of the sea—to come to their assistance, and cause the treaty with their Vladika to be respected. England responded not, and the mountaineers had no other alternative but sab-

mission. They made, it is true, several ineffectual attempts to recover possession of a port which brought them in direct communication with the civilisation of the west, so necessary to the prosperity of their little state.

The Turks, on the other hand, were constantly trying to subjugate this unfortunate people, abandoned first by the Venetians, then by the English, bereft of their only seaport by the Austrians, and only nominally befriended by Russia. In 1832 the Porte possessed a daring general in Reshid Pasha, the conqueror of the Kurds, Bosnians, and Albanians. He was instructed to direct the whole of his forces—tried soldiers, and accustomed to victory—against the Montenegrins. He had, however, opposed to him the late Vladika, Pietro Petrovich, worthy, by his gallantry, of being placed by the side of the "Black Prince" of Tchernagora, Ivan Tchernoevich, or of his own great ancestor, the Vladika Petrovich Niegowich, and who took his measures so effectually that he successively defeated Reshid Pasha at the pass of the Morataha, and Namik Ali Pasha at the defile of the Martinichi, with immense slaughter.

Since that signal disaster the Turks have not till the present day attempted a regular invasion of the "Black Mountain." Hostilities, it is true, have never ceased; the Montenegrins sometimes invading the enemy's territory, sometimes repelling inroads of the Turks, but they have all been of minor importance, except the fall of Grahovo and the capture of the island of Vranina, which was taken by surprise, during a truce, by the Albanians.

In 1840 the Austrians forced hostilities upon the Montenegrins, by endeavouring to take forcible possession of some disputed territory near Budua. Upon this occasion the Austrians were defeated; and that, too, not in the mountain fastnesses of Tchernagora. The contest was for a piece of land which the Austrians had occupied in the neighbourhood of Kopatz, to the north-east of Castel Lastua, and the battle took place at Pastovicchio, near the frontier of Tzernitza.

The Vladika, however, fearful of the results of a war with so powerful a state as Austria, invoked the good offices of the Emperor of Russia, and the matter was amicably settled by the disputed territory being ceded for an equivalent in money. But in order the better to secure the coveted littoral of Montenegro, the three forts of Mount Kopatz, St. Spiridion, and Pressick were erected; and in order still more effectually to exclude the Montenegrins from Dalmatia, the Austrians purchased from them the Greek convent of Stanievich, which had been given to Montenegro by the Venetians.

In these acquisitions lie the whole secret of the present active interference of the Austrians in the affairs of Montenegro. That power never took a step to ward off the invasions and devastations of the Turks under Sulaiman, Ahmet Pasha, Duman Pasha Kiuprili, Kara Mahmud Bushatlea, or Kurd Reshid Pasha. On the contrary, after availing themselves of the hereditary hatred entertained by the Montenegrins for the Turks, in the war of 1787-1791, they left them unprotected to continue the struggle in the defence of their nationality and religion, of their very existence on the face of the earth. But the possession of the whole littoral of Montenegro has given quite a new aspect to Austro-Montenegrin politics.

"We cannot but admire," says Mr. Spencer, "the heroic bravery, constancy of purpose, and devotedness of the Christian tribes of Albania and Servia, who, on the destruction of all that is dear to a high-minded and patriotic people, their altars, and fatherland, found a secure retreat in the fastnesses of their native mountains, and continued for centuries to maintain their wild independence, in spite of every effort of the Ottoman Porte, even in its best days, to subdue them; and now that the Turkish government has commenced the difficult task of reforming the abuses of centuries, this very circumstance tends to retard the progress of improvement, and prevents the tranquillisation of this important portion of the Turkish Empire. At the same time, it affords a constant pretext for Austria and Russia, under the plea of religious obligation, to interfere with the internal administration of the country. The free tribes of Upper Albania, the Muriđiti, Malasori, and Klementi, who inhabit the adjoining mountains of this singular country, profess the Latin ritual, rely on Austria, as a Roman Catholic power, for protection. On the other hand, their neighbours, the Tchernagori (Montenegrins), who adhere to the Greek form of worship, look up to the Tsar of Russia as their natural chief."

Sir Gardner Wilkinson remarks, in a similar spirit, that hemmed in as the Montenegrins are, by their enemies the Turks, it was natural that they should seek the good-will, and even the protection, of some powerful state; and it must be confessed, as Colonel Vialla observes (vol. i., p. 385), that they could scarcely doubt whether to apply to Austria or Russia. The similarity of religious doctrines sufficed to make them decide in favour of the latter. If the Vladika had preferred serving the interests of Austria, he would soon have been tormented by the high ecclesiastical authorities of Vienna, who would have tried to subject him to their formidable supremacy, and perhaps to oblige him by degrees to conform to the Roman rites; or at least to draw over many of the priesthood, allured by the favours of a jealous court. Besides, the immediate vicinity of the Austrian troops was more dangerous to the independence of Montenegro than the remote position of Russia; all which considerations could only induce the Vladika to take the measures he has adopted.

The Austrians have then no plea of religious obligation in protecting Montenegro in a war with Turkey. The close alliance established between Austria and Russia, by the late war in Hungary, may, however, have given ample grounds for the Austrians taking the place of the Russians in defending Montenegro from actual invasion. Their immediate proximity to the seat of war reveals the advantages of such an arrangement, while the recent acquisition of the littoral of Montenegro would give them a personal interest in such a movement quite independent of any religious feeling. Even a part of the mountain, on the renowned ascent from Cattaro to Tzëtinie, has been ceded to the Austrians some years back for a pecuniary consideration.

Paton has given a picturesque description of this pass. "We now," he writes, "began the ascent of the celebrated ladder of Cattaro, to which the ladder of Tyre is a joke, being the most remarkable road I ever ascended. The Vellebetch is a curious road for carriages; but to ascend a face of rock 4000 feet high, and very little out of the perpendicular, was certainly a trial to the nerves. There could not be less than fifty zigzags, one over the other, and, seen from above, the road looks like a coil of ropes. As we passed one tower of the fortress after an-

other, the whole region of Cattaro was seen as from a balloon; the ships were visible only by their decks; and I do not overstrain description when I say that, arrived at the top, although we were very little out of the perpendicular above Cattaro, the human figures in the bright yellow gravelled quay were such faint black specks that the naked eye could scarce perceive them; so that the independence of Montenegro ceases to be a riddle to whomsoever ascends this road."

As to the Montenegrins themselves, the Austrians detest them. "That the Austrians," says Sir G. Wilkinson, "should have a prejudice against the Montenegrins, is very natural. They are troublesome neighbours; and their robberies give just cause of complaint. Besides, their wild and savage habits render them disagreeable, both as friends and foes; and during the encounter with the Austrians in 1840, that quiet, well-behaved people were justly shocked at their barbarous enemies treating them like Turks, and decapitating every soldier that fell into their hands."

The following anecdote, in illustration of their Dyak-like propensity, is related by the same authority. Two Austrian riflemen, finding themselves hard pressed by some of the advancing Montenegrins, and despairing of escape, threw themselves down on the ground, pretending to be dead. The Montenegrins immediately ran to the nearest one, and supposing him to be killed, cut off his head; when the other, seeing it was of no use to be dead, started up, and rushed headlong down precipices, thinking it better to have any number of bruises than fall into the hands of so relentless an enemy.

Vialla (vol. i., p. 145) speaks of the same mode of treating the French they killed or captured. General Delgorgues, when taken in an ambuscade outside the walls of Ragusa, was instantly decapitated; and during the siege of Castel Nuovo, four Montenegrins amused themselves by playing at bowls with the heads of four Frenchmen, exclaiming, every now and then, "See how capitally these French heads roll!" a cruel piece of irony, adds Vialla, "in allusion to the *légèreté* attributed to us."

Nor are the Montenegrins always very agreeable allies. Broniewski relates that, at the attack of Clobuk, a little detachment of troops was obliged to retreat, an officer of stout-make, and no longer young, fell on the ground from exhaustion. A Montenegrin perceiving it, ran immediately to him, and, having drawn his yatagan, said: "*You are very brave, and must wish that I should cut off your head: say a prayer, and make the sign of the cross.*" It is almost needless to say that the stout officer, horrified at the proposition, made an effort to rise, and rejoined his comrades with the assistance of the friendly Montenegrin.

Several times have the Austrians contemplated invading and subduing the Black Mountaineers, and they have even entertained a project of employing the Tyrolese for that purpose. The protection given to the Montenegrins at the present moment against the Turks is, then, that of the lion and the jackal. Should the mission of Count Leiningen to the Porte be successful, the *status quo* may yet be preserved awhile; but it is not likely. In the first place, the Turks have gone too far to recede easily, and Mussulmen are obstinate; and in the second, events may take place before diplomatic interference can prevail, which may place the progress of affairs beyond the immediate control of cabinets. However unnatural the condition of the Christian provinces of Turkey in Europe, balloted about between Turks and Russians and Austrians, still, on their

integrity depends the long tottering empire of the Osmanlis in Europe. The Porte is placed in a most perplexing category. If it allows Austria to rule Montenegro, it permits a first step to be taken in the dismemberment of the whole empire; if it endeavours to establish its supremacy in the mountain, it is threatened with a disastrous onslaught. For if Austria moves, Russia will be certain to follow up that movement on its own side, and it would attack Turkey in a weaker flank than Montenegro. Other European nations may interfere in supporting the long bolstered integrity of the Turkish Empire, but this would only add to the gravity of the circumstances. It is impossible, indeed, to overrate the importance of the "little war" that is now going on. There is no telling when a spark falls in a territory so long in a condition ready for combustion what may be the results. The uprising of the whole Slavonian people would only be a local phenomenon—the interests of the world are implicated and concerned in the fact that the present state of things should not be disturbed. A step taken in an adverse sense may not be retrieved till Turkey has fallen a sacrifice, or Europe is involved in a disastrous war.

The importance of Tchernagora, Mr. Spencer remarks, is entirely referable to its mountain character, and the ill-judged suicidal policy of the Ottoman Porte, in oppressing and persecuting its Christian subjects for so many centuries (to whom the impregnable fastnesses of this mountain fortress have proved a secure asylum), has been the means of adding to the enemies of Mussulman rule. At present, says the same authority elsewhere, Montenegro serves as a bulwark to arrest the intrigues of Austria, and is a point of union in the event of any future insurrection of the Rayahs (Christian subjects of the Porte), since the whole of the intermediate country, with the exception of a few Arnaut districts, is inhabited by tribes of the same race, and professing the same creed.

When Mr. Paton wrote in conclusion to his chapter on Montenegrin politics, that with the elements of a rude independence, but not of prosperity or rapidly progressive civilisation; with a population of little more than 110,000 souls, her part must ever remain a subordinate one in the history of the Adriatic, he was not in a position to contemplate all the eventualities of the case. Possibly Mr. Spencer was far more prophetic when he said: "Let then but a single tactico of Omer Pasha invade the territory of the free mountaineers of Tchernagora, and we shall find the Haiduc and the Ouskok population of the defile and the mountain again in arms, marshalling the industrious Rayah of the valley and the plain to the encounter of the hereditary enemy of their race and creed."

To understand this particular bearing of the question, which is more or less independent of either Turkish, Russian, or Austrian influences, requires some knowledge of the elements of what has been termed in modern times Pan Slavism—a subject to the consideration of which we have already devoted many pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

But the fault of Pan Slavism, or the re-establishment of a Slavonian nationality, is, that it omits the most important elements of the Turco-European question, the integrity of the Turkish Empire, the policy of Russia and Austria, and the interests of other European powers, and even of the United States, which are all more or less concerned in any great change in Europe and the Levant. However much the civilisation and prosperity of the Christian races living under Mussulman

thralldom may be at heart; however much we may wish to see the barrier removed that has so long kept the richest provinces of Europe apart from the remainder, and its populations alien to the rest of the European family; however much we may wish for the exclusion of Muhammedan bigotry and misrule from Europe, for the welfare and happiness of the whole human race; still the solution of the great question as to how that is to be brought about is beset with the gravest difficulties. No man who has even superficially weighed these difficulties will contemplate a first step taken towards such a solution without the deepest anxiety; and although he will feel that he could occupy pages in discussing contingencies, he will still arrive at only one conclusion, which is, that the very extent of the danger, even of a partial conflagration amid such combustible materials, will induce all parties to lend a hand in putting out the fire where it is first lighted up. As to the Montenegrins, who have defeated armies of 120,000 Turks in their best days, being able successfully to defend their country against the renegade Omer Pasha and his degenerate followers, we entertain no doubt whatsoever—the danger lies in the impulse that will be given, even by the success of the Mountaineers, to the long agitated question of Panславism, and to which the present Vladika is an enthusiastic convert, and in the jealousy with which Austria, who rules over so large a Slavonic population, will view the ascendancy of any such a party in Turkey in Europe. Hence Austria's apprehensions of a war. Should the Porte succeed, its power on the coast of Montenegro is threatened; it cannot, therefore, permit success. But if the Montenegrins triumph, as they ever have done, they fear the ascendancy of Panславism; and on that question the interests which for the time being allied Austria and Russia, are diametrically antagonistic. As to the employment of the Slavonians to meet the difficulties of the case, they have always composed the military frontier, and they are the most available force for that purpose. But it is impossible to deny that two other categories may have presented themselves to the Austrians; one is, that by the employment of the loyal portion of the Slavonians, under the Ban Jellalich, they might anticipate any Panславonic movement and turn it to their own account; another is, that in case of hostilities with the Porte, the Austrians and Russians have come to an understanding that the one takes the Slavonian, the other the Greek and Turkish provinces. Montenegro would still remain a sore in the side of Austria, even in this last possible category. The interest of all other countries, excepting Russia and Austria, should Islamism be obliged by the progress of civilisation to withdraw from Europe, is to preserve the nationality of the Slavonian races—Austria and Russia absorbing already too many nationalities—and to protect the rights and independence of the long prostrate Christians of the East generally.

The successful advance of the Turks from Niksich, in the Herzegovine, down the valley of the river Zetta, and of the Turks under Omer Pasha, by Podgoritsa and Spuss, up the valley of the same river, is a very untoward incident in the campaign, as the valley of the Zetta separates the four districts of Bielopavalich, Moratscha, Piperi, and Kutaka, from Montenegro Proper; but it has not, as has been supposed, any decisive effect, for the mountains themselves have not yet been penetrated; and to judge by the result of past campaigns, the capture of Tzetinie itself, and the devastation of the mountain, has never yet sufficed to extinguish totally Montenegrin independence.

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NOW PUBLISHING
IN THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE FLITCH OF BACON:

OR,

The Custom of Dunmow.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

This Tale of English Home, commenced in the JANUARY NUMBER of the NEW MONTHLY, will be continued regularly until completion.

JANUARY.

PART THE FIRST.—THE OLD INN AT DUNMOW.—Chap. I. From which it may be inferred that Perseverance in a Good Cause will meet its Reward. II. How Jonas Nettlebed counted his Chickens before they were hatched. III. Of the Strange Guest who arrived at the Flitch. IV. How Abel Roper, the Steward, obtained an insight into the Old Gentleman's breast. V. Showing that Frank Woodbine should have Looked before he Leaped. VI. The Jury of Bachelors and Maidens; and what they did.

FEBRUARY.

PART THE SECOND.—THE GAMEKEEPER'S COTTAGE.—Chap. I. How Dr. Plot visited the Old Priory Church of Dunmow. II. A Peep at the Gamekeeper's Wife. III. Dr. Plot gives Reasons for his Disbelief in Conjugal Felicity; and relates the Particulars of an Unfortunate Marriage. IV. The Pigeon and the Rook.

MARCH.

PART THE THIRD.—THE LORD OF THE MANOR OF LITTLE DUNMOW.—Chap. I. In which it is shown that there may be More Ways than One out of a Cellar; and more Rooms, than are generally suspected, in an Old House. II. The Wager. III. An Essex Foxhunter of the Old School. IV. In which the Tables are slightly turned upon Captain Juddock; and Jonas begins to look up a little.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 198, PICCADILLY.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE FLITCH OF BACON:

OR,

THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW.

A TALE OF ENGLISH HOME.*

BY THE EDITOR.

The Bacon was not set for them I trow,
That some men have in Essex at Dunmow.

CHAUCER. *Wife of Bath's Prologue.*

PART THE FOURTH.

The Haunted Chamber.

I.

HOW THE ROOM CAME TO BE HAUNTED.

Down the dark corridor, at the very end, lies the Room. The fourth door, and the last.

Tread carefully. The boards are rotten in places, and you may perchance fall through them, and break your neck upon the pavement beneath. Shame to leave them in such a dangerous condition. Yet this wing of the Old House is so little frequented, it seems scarcely worth while to keep it in repair, Jonas thinks. A few years more, he says, and it will be altogether in ruins; if, indeed, it will last so long.

Peep into those disused chambers as you pass by; preserving amid woful dilapidation an air of former splendour. Many a lovely dame has rested there in days gone by. Conjure up, if you can, those phantoms of delight. Re-people the deserted chambers, and furnish forth again their crumbling walls with the glories of the looms of Flanders.

Strange noises the rats make! They swarm in this part of the house; and squeak and gibber, like the sheeted dead, behind the hollow wainscots; scampering after each other, and detaching fragments of wood and bits of mortar in their play. The clatter increases. Are the noxious creatures

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bursting forth in legions to devour us, as they did Bishop Hatto, in his Tower on the Rhine? No. 'Tis only the cat that has jumped down the chimney, and brought two or three loose bricks along with her. Shut the door, and leave grimalkin there, to keep those pestilent rats quiet.

How the casements rattle! The wind finds its way through the broken panes. Shield the light, or it will be extinguished. Those windows look upon the garden; and the tall trees, growing in front of them, cast a shade over the passage, making it gloomy, even at noontide, when the sun shines brightest.

Well! we have arrived without accident. Here is the Room. But stop! before entering it, let us note the glass-door at the end of the corridor, communicating with a flight of wooden steps outside, that descend into the garden. Through that glass-door, and down those steps, Nelly and Frank Woodbine hurried, when the latter escaped from the bailiffs. Hastily traversing an arcade below, running parallel with the upper corridor, and formed of open transom-windows of oak, supported by a wall, breast-high; they made their way by tortuous passages to the cellars where Frank was locked up, as already narrated.

But it is not merely in reference to this circumstance that we desire to call attention to the glass-door. Things less substantial, it is asserted, than the innkeeper's buxom wife and the young gamekeeper, have glided through it, without stopping to draw back the bolt. A female figure, enveloped in a shroud, has issued, at dead of night, from the adjoining chamber, and passing, with noiseless footsteps, along the corridor, has disappeared by that outlet. This phantom Carrotty Dick, and others of the household have witnessed with their own eyes; and they will swear to the truth of the story. Nay, more, pretty Peggy happening to be alone on one occasion in the passage, was frightened almost out of her wits, by seeing a ghastly face, with hollow eyes, glimmering like fen-fires, stare at her through the door-panes.

No one believes in ghosts now-a-days. Superstition has not a leg left to stand upon; or rather modern philosophy and scepticism have striven to cut the ground from under it. Yet, in spite of our incredulity, very few of us like to sleep in a haunted room; and if put into one by chance, in an old country-house having fearful traditions connected with it, our slumbers are apt to be disturbed, though we care not to acknowledge our nocturnal alarms next morning at breakfast.

But a veritable Ghost's Room now awaits us. Let us enter it boldly.

A cheerful fire at any rate, and ample provision in that basket of wood for keeping up the blaze. Merrily crackle the logs upon the hearth; the flaming pile being supported by andirons, with heads like brazen shields. The chimney-piece is immense; advancing far into the room, and springing to the very ceiling. In the centre of the upper compartment, once fairly painted and gilded, may be discerned the proud blazonry of the Fitzwalters. On either side of the many-quartered scutcheon, and placed in a little niche, a saintly image; the outer pilasters crowned with busts. The floor of black polished oak; the wainscots of the same wood, and partly hung with faded tapestry; one piece of which, bearing date 1450, is worked with the following legend:

I pray God bless the life
Of Sir Walter Fitzwalter, his wife,
And all the Children that with him wonnes,
His five Daughters and seven Sonnes.

Another piece of tapestry, yet older, represents the good Samaritan; engaged in his office of charity. Here and there, portraits of the family painted upon panels. The ceiling is enriched with elaborate tracery, and there is a deep bay-window with stained glass in it, across which a heavy curtain can be drawn, if need be. The moon shines through the window now. Not much furniture, but what there is, ancient, and in keeping with the room; consisting of a carved oak livery-cupboard, a high-backed chair or two with deep cushions, a tabouret, covered with faded velvet, and a small dressing-table, on which a fringed cloth is spread, near the window, with an antiquated and almost useless mirror, leaning over it from the wall. On the opposite side of the recess, an old embroidered prie-dieu, with a crucifix placed above it. Neither have been disturbed, out of respect to the memory of the last ill-fated Lady Fitzwalter, who was wont to offer up her prayers there. Two deep roomy closets, screened with arras : one opposite the fireplace ; the other near the prie-dieu.

Facing the window, to the left of the door, a great gloomy bedstead. Its lofty tester of black walnut-tree touches the ceiling ; its twisted pillars and carved back are of the same dusky material ; and the thick curtains, once of purple stuff woven with gold thread, have acquired by age a sombre, funereal look.

The fire burns cheerily ; the moon shines brightly ; yet neither fire-light nor moonlight can dispel that chamber's gloom : a gloom, perceptible to the feelings rather than to the sight, and communicating an undefined sense of awe and mystery. Within that room, you feel, as it were, on the confines of the spiritual world, and in spite of all efforts to the contrary, begin to yield to the influence breathed from that dread unknown region. Thoughts to make the flesh creep, and the blood run cold, irresistibly assail you, and will not be chased away. Imagination peoples the brain with phantoms ; but these distempered creations seem to have a strange and inexplicable connexion with visionary beings of a different order, which await but the fitting moment, when the intruder on their domain shall be duly impressed by their shuddering influence, to appear and hold communion with him. No one, who has slept within that chamber, of late years, but has experienced sensations like to these, however resolutely he may have battled with them. If he has escaped an actual supernatural visitation as well, he may esteem himself singularly fortunate. Those, who have beheld the ghost, do not desire a repetition of the sight.

With this chamber the tragic history of the hapless Lady Fitzwalter, whose spirit still haunts the scene of her earthly sorrows, is intimately connected ; since within it occurred most of the events that brought her life to an untimely close. Here she came as a bride, when her surpassing beauty held captive Sir Walter's affections, until jealous doubts and fancies estranged them. In it was born their son ; whom his father, perplexed by the tormenting fiend, would not look upon ; and whom

his mother, deeming the babe's innocent face would melt the moody man's self-hardened heart, carried to him, well-nigh causing the poor child's destruction.

Here her tears were plentifully shed after that sad occurrence; and feelings of resentment at first enkindled by the wrongful suspicion entertained of her, and the harsh treatment she experienced, were gradually softened by returning love. Here took place the misconstrued and fatal interview between the afflicted lady, anxious to regain the place she had lost in her husband's heart, and their mutual friend; interrupted so terribly by Sir Walter himself, guided by the faithless confidante.

Sir Walter came through the closet opposite the fireplace, which communicates by a secret door with the next chamber, and as he drew aside the arras, and gazed upon her with flashing eyes and infuriated countenance, the unfortunate lady felt she was doomed, and that no time would be allowed her for justification. Yet she prevented instant bloodshed. The blow that was to pierce the bosom of a friend was not struck then.

O, the agony of that night! when husband and friend were gone; pledged to meet at daybreak in mortal conflict. In vain did she seek out Sir Walter, and protest her innocence: in vain supplicate for mercy. He was deaf to all she said. And Heaven seemed equally deaf to her prayers, for though she passed the whole night on her bended knees in earnest entreaties for its interference, the catastrophe was not to be averted.

A note from her lord, written in pencil at the place of meeting, informed her that Montfichet was killed. On receipt of it, she shed no more tears, and prayed no longer. Rising up as if to utter imprecations upon his slayer, she became suddenly dumb. The torpor of despair had seized her.

She was indeed alone. Her child had been sent away by Sir Walter's command, and no one knew what had become of him. Thus the only link that might have bound her to the world was snapped asunder. What had she to live for now?

O! if this chamber could but echo back the groans and heart-piercing ejaculations she uttered! And such woful sounds *have* been heard within it, as if the poor lady were weeping and lamenting still. Death would seem to have brought her neither rest, nor respite from earthly woe. Perhaps, because her end was sinful.

She was found, one morning, lifeless and cold within her bed, with an empty phial of laudanum in her grasp—thus proclaiming the manner of her death. She could not have lasted long, for she was wasted almost to a skeleton. But that did not make her crime the less.

In this very bed they say she died.

And so the Room came to be haunted.

II.

TOUCHING A MYSTERIOUS BOX FOUND IN THE CLOSET ; AND ITS CONTENTS.

Two persons are in the Room just now.

One, seated on the edge of a large black portmanteau, set on end, and inscribed with the name of DR. PLOT, is whistling in a low key the air of the lvelorn ditty—"I am a poor Shepherd undone,"—and gazing sentimentally at the crackling logs, fancying they typify his own scorched condition. The other, having put the place in order as well as she can, is vainly trying to polish the surface of the dim old mirror, in which she beholds no flattering reflection of a very pretty countenance.

"A plague on the glass! how wrinkled and ugly it makes a body look," Peggy cried, abandoning her task in despair;—"I can't abide a mirror like this, and if I'd my own way, I'd break it into fifty shivers, that I would."

"Jist becoss it tells truth, and shows you as you be, Peggy," Carrotty Dick replied. "Now that's the sort o' plain-spoken glass I likes."

"But you don't think me old and ugly I'm sure, Dick?" the little syren rejoined, laying her hand affectionately on his shoulder.

And as the enamoured ostler looked up and met her tender eyes, he couldn't, for the life of him, say he did. Still, he felt very jealous; the recollection of several circumstances that had recently taken place galling him sorely.

"No great matter what I thinks, Peggy," he said. "My love's o' no mich consequence it seems; an' I'm no worth havin' when any one better is by."

"How can you tell such stories, Dick?" Peggy rejoined, coaxingly. "You've been in a shocking bad humour all night, and deserve scolding, that you do, you cross thing."

"And what's put me in a bad humour?" Dick asked, reproachfully. "Haven't I had cause? Didn't I see——"

"Stuff and nonsense! you've seen nothing," she interrupted, stopping his mouth. "It's all fancy. Well, now, I've quite done here, so we may go down stairs. Just heap a few more logs on the fire. The room looks tolerably comfortable; but I wouldn't sleep in it for all Essex. Do you know, Dick, they say *she* died in that bed?"

"No; do they? What the poor lady?"

"Yes. But don't let's talk of her. I feel a sort of shivering and all-overishness, whenever I think of the face I saw at the glass-door. Oh! good gracious! what's that?"

"Only the portmantle a-tumbled down," Dick rejoined. "I hope there be nothin' wrong in it. It be a smartish size, but mich too sma' to hold a man."

"Oh! Gimini! You don't think there's a man in it, Dick?"

"If I did, I'd make short wi' him. I'd stick the red-hot poker down his throat. But the portmantle's woundy heavy, anyhow. My back aches consumedly wi' carryin' on it up-stairs."

"Shouldn't you like to see it opened, Dick?"

"No—I can't say I've any sich curiosity. But my stars! Peggy, look there!"

"Wh—where?—wh—what is it you see?" she inquired, in great trepidation.

"The old gentleman," Dick rejoined.

"The old gentleman—below?"

"Yes—yes—no—no—not him—the old gentleman down stairs. Look at that picter," pointing to one of the painted panels. "It's as like him as two peas."

"So it is, I declare," Peggy replied, examining the portrait—"only younger, and a great deal better looking."

"O, Peggy, you're like missis—always set on good looks."

"Not a word against missis, Dick. I won't allow it. My aim is to resemble her, and if ever you and I come to be married, I trust we shall get the Flitch."

"I'm afeard we stand but a poor chance of it, Peggy," Dick replied, scratching his red poll.

"That may be your opinion, but it's not mine, sir," she rejoined, sharply. "Talkin' of likenesses, whom do you think this picture resembles?" pointing to another panel, on which was represented the kneeling figure of a knight in complete armour, with his helmet lying near him.

"Whom do I think? why Frank Woodbine to be sure. It's jist his nose an' chin—and his brown curly locks."

"Right, Dick. 'Tis Frank to the very life. I wonder I never noticed the likeness before. But I've always been too much frightened to look about me carefully. Do you know, Dick, I'm dying to see the inside of those two closets."

"Dear! dear! how full of cur'osity you be, Peggy!"

"It's the priv'lege of my sex, Dick. I'll just take a peep now. Keep close behind me, in case anything should appear."

As she spoke, she went to the nearest closet (Dick following her), and cautiously, and not without misgiving, lifted the arras. Nothing met her view except a box, which her quick eye detected in an out-of-the-way corner.

"Bring it out, Dick," the inquisitive damsel cried. "I must have it opened."

The ostler obeyed. The box, on examination, proved to be locked.

"Plague on't! how provoking!" Peggy exclaimed. "I wonder whether we can find the key. I dare say it's in the closet."

After some search the object of their quest was found on the floor, where no doubt it had dropped, and Peggy's curiosity seemed in a fair way of gratification. On being opened, however, the box was found to contain only an old white handkerchief, with several dark brown stains upon it. One of these, deeper, darker, and larger than the rest, attracted Peggy's particular attention. She guessed at once the cause of the spots.

Holding up the handkerchief to the astonished ostler, whose red locks bristled with terror, she exclaimed, in thrilling accents—"Blood, Dick—blood! Murder has been done here—murder!"

"Lor' bless us! I hope not," the ostler replied.

"It has," she rejoined. "It has. Stay! there's something inside this handkerchief, that may lead to the detection of the murderer."

And she unfolded it with trembling hands.

Two letters, and a small phial.

The first note she touched was a mere scrap of paper; the writing on it traced in pencil. It was addressed to Lady Fitzwalter. With prying eyes she devoured it. Brief and terrible, it ran thus :

"This handkerchief is dyed in the life-blood of your lover. With it I have wiped the blade that has pierced his heart. Never again will you behold the husband you have dishonoured, but who is now avenged. Never again will you behold your child, who shall neither bear my name, to which he has no title, nor hold my estates, to which he has no rightful claim. Live in peace if you can! W. F'W."

Peggy read this savage missive twice over, without fully comprehending its meaning, and then turned to examine the other letter. It was addressed to Sir Walter Fitzwalter, and the seal, which was of black wax, was still unbroken. The chambermaid had few scruples; and if she had, her curiosity was so highly excited, that it would have overcome them now. Accordingly, she was just on the point of opening it, when her purpose was arrested by a startling sound from the closet.

Some one appeared to be stirring within it, though she knew it to be quite empty.

Consulting Dick with a look, she read in his white cheeks that he had heard the strange sound too.

"See who it is," she whispered.

Dick shook his head. "Hist!" he cried.

A profound sigh—such as only could proceed from a heavily-laden breast. At the same time, a singular vibration was felt throughout the chamber. And the candle seemed in their eyes to burn blue.

As they looked at each other in affright, the arras was wafted forward. It might be by the wind—though how came the wind to blow there? More likely, as it seemed to them, the spectre was coming forth.

They saw nothing more. Leaving the box where it was, and the letters and bloodstained handkerchief on the floor, they made their way out of the room.

Flying along the corridor, and thinking the ghost was at their heels, they never stopped till they reached the great gallery overlooking the hall. They then considered what was to be done. After awhile, Peggy, regaining a little confidence, and calling to mind the state of disorder in which she had left the room, was for going back to remove the damning proofs of her curiosity, and put the mysterious box into the closet; but no persuasions could induce Dick to accompany her, and she dared not return alone. So, since there was no remedy, she was obliged to submit; her only chance being to attend the old gentleman to his chamber, when she might be able to remove the evidences against her while he was by. This she resolved to do; but when Dr. Plot took the candle from her at the foot of the staircase, where she had held herself in readiness for his departure for the night, his looks so alarmed her, that quite for-

getting what she was about, she did not even recover her presence of mind till he had disappeared. It was then too late, and discovery was inevitable. But now seized by a new curiosity to ascertain what the old gentleman did on finding the things, she coaxed Dick to bear her company as far as the gallery; but it took full half an hour's persuasion of the most wheedling kind to induce him to move another step. However, she accomplished her purpose at last—as a woman generally contrives to do, when resolved to carry a point—and the end of their muttered conference was overheard by Frank Woodbine, while concealed in the secret recess.

Treading on tiptoe, they gained the door.

They listened, and thought they heard a deep groan. Another, deeper still—then all was silent. No keyhole through which they could see what was going on inside—no crevice in the boards to answer the same purpose. Resolved not to be balked, however, Peggy had just made up her mind to knock, on some pretence or other, when her arm was grasped by Dick, who exclaimed, in accents of wildest terror,

“There it be!—there it be!”

At once comprehending his meaning, and only venturing to cast a side look at the glass-door, behind which she fancied something white could be distinguished, she instantly took to her heels with her companion. On reaching the gallery, their terror was brought to a climax by the unmistakeable appearance of a mail-clad phantom.

Though Peggy was well-nigh thrown into fits at the sight of this appalling spectre, so much more dreadful than anything she could have imagined, she did not fail to mark its resemblance to the knightly figure painted on the panel in the Haunted Chamber. The features were the same, though stained with blood, and more ghastly. It must be the old knight come from his tomb in the Priory Church to punish her indiscretion.

Scream after scream,—enough to bring the Old House about her ears! Poor Dick could scarcely sustain her.

III.

VISIONS: AND A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

He, too, went down the dark corridor, slowly and silently. He, too, hesitated at the door, sighing as he opened it.

He knew that Room well. Alas! too well!

Profound emotions were awakened in his bosom as he set foot within it. Scenes of other days arose before him with the vividness of reality. He beheld himself in the full vigour of manhood, ardent, impassioned, blessed with the hand of her he loved, and anticipating a cloudless future. He beheld her, as she was when he first called her his own; young, fresh, superbly beautiful. Her accents were those of endearment; her looks, tenderness and love. They smote him now like a poniard's point driven to his very heart. He did not think he could have borne a pang so keen, and live.

His torture was not yet ended. He saw her standing before the

mirror, tiring her jetty hair ; her stately figure and her marble neck ravishing him with admiration. A picture of beauty never to be effaced from his memory. But it was maddening now. Why, he asked in despair, could not the past be recalled—or for ever cancelled ? Why could not men live their lives over again, to repair the wrongs they had done, and regain lost happiness ?

Pressing his hands before his eyes he tried to shut out the beautiful, but agonising vision. Not being presented to the visual ray, but to the mind, it could not be excluded. Staggering towards a chair, he sank upon it : a prey to intolerable anguish. Avenging furies beset him, and lashed him with whips of steel. His groans and frantic ejaculations might have awakened pity even in those who had suffered from his severity and injustice.

He could not rest. He strode about the room. He even thought of quitting the house ; denouncing himself as a madman for having come within it at all. But where was he to go ? He must endure the torture. Perhaps it would subside. Little hope of it.

He walked to the fire. Ay, there he stood where he had stood years ago. O, how unlike his former self ! how different in feeling. Then, he had some youth left—and at least, had hope. Now, he was an old, broken man ; crushed by the weight of despair ; self-widowed ; self-exiled ; a stranger to his kinsmen. No fond accents had ever termed him—"Father."

The latter wrong, at least, could be repaired. Pride might oppose the step as humiliating. Go to ! It must be taken. Abase thyself to the dust, proud man. Expiate, so far as thou canst, the wrongs thou hast committed. Bow the stiff neck, and bend the stubborn knee. Make ample reparation ; and then have done with a world, that has long since done with thee.

Arriving at this determination, he grew somewhat more composed, but his trouble was awakened anew, by the discovery of the handkerchief, which he had not as yet remarked.

Picking it up, he started as if a serpent had stung him. He knew whose it was, and in whose blood it was imbrued. He recognised his own cypher worked in the corner—by *her* !

Another vision arose—very different from the first, and far more terrible.

Grey dawn, with scarce light enough to see an object distinctly, revealed two men in a secluded spot, with swords crossed in conflict. They were duellists. Their seconds stood by, anxiously watching each pass they made, and glad when a thrust was successfully parried. A slight wound might, they hoped, end the fight. Such was not the intention of one of the combatants, a stern man, the peculiarity of whose posture showed him to be lame, and who breathed nothing but vengeance. Suddenly he made a feint, his adversary replied, laid himself open, and the vengeful sword passed through his breast to the hilt. The blade was drawn forth, and he fell. He essayed to speak, but could not—and fixed an imploring and forgiving look upon his slayer. The other was unmoved. Regarding his expiring foe with a look of gratified vengeance, he calmly wiped his dripping sword. Then tearing a leaf from his tablets, he traced a few lines upon it with a pencil, and folding the missive in the bloodstained

handkerchief, bade his friend deliver it to his wife. While this took place, the wounded man died; and the others quitted the field. He who was charged with the ruthless commission, hastened to obey it.

Who talks of Retribution? Can Retribution be made for a deed like this? Yet men acquit him. Faugh! how foul blood smells! Throw away that handkerchief.

What more? Another letter, and a phial. Are these, too, evidences of his guilt? The phial has held laudanum. She died by such a draught. Can this have contained the poison? The letter! It is addressed to himself—by *her*! The seal is unbroken. He tears it open. After reading a few lines, his brain reels; his eyes swim; the paper drops from his hand.

His first emotion, on recovering, was one of regret to find himself yet living; but he checked the thought as it rose, murmuring, "No, I must not die yet. My task is not ended. I have much to do before I quit this Vale of Tears."

He then trimmed the light, and summoning all his fortitude, resumed the perusal of the letter. These were the words that had shaken him:

"Farewell! for ever, Sir Walter! This is my last leave-taking. Trouble yourself no more about me. When these lines meet your gaze I shall be past all earthly consideration. I have drained the fatal phial, and already feel its numbing influence. Insupportable grief has driven me to the desperate step, but an All Wise Power, knowing the extent of my sorrows, and my utter inability to bear them, will I trust pardon me. I have prayed fervently for your forgiveness, and my own. May those prayers be heard at the throne of Infinite Mercy! In this my latest hour, I utter no reproaches against you; and I take the whole guilt of the rash act I have committed in thus rushing, unsummoned, to Eternity, upon my own head. Nor, in asserting with my latest breath my entire innocence from criminality, such as you have imputed to me, do I design to reproach you. But it is needful you should know the truth, and not continue to labour under a delusion, which, if not dispelled, may work mischief to our child, as it has brought misery and destruction on me. As I hope for pity hereafter, I have been a true wife to you, Sir Walter—in thought and deed."

While reading this, he could not repress a groan.

"Nay more, I have loved you with unwavering affection, even when unjustly doubted, and harshly treated. From such error as might bring dishonour upon your name—nay, from the slightest shade of it my conscience is free; but I must own to lesser faults, which, I cannot now, on the brink of the grave, attempt to palliate, feeling they have produced these sad consequences. At the time, they seemed light and venial to me, and to others; but now I view them differently, and regret from the bottom of my heart that I have acquired the knowledge too late. The faults I impute to myself are wilfulness, and caprice; too great confidence in the power over you of my own personal attractions, coupled with the desire to exhibit it. Assuming an air of levity, foreign to my natural disposition, I appeared to listen to flattery which I despised. Affecting a passion for society because you preferred seclusion, though our tastes,

in this respect, as in most others, were alike, I chose to be surrounded by company, when you desired to be alone ; thus contradicting you when our sentiments were secretly in accordance. A spoiled, pretty woman, accustomed to indulge my whims and fancies, and imbued with the notion that men were created to be my vassals, I thought my husband ought to submit to me in all things, and live but to please me. I cannot excuse myself on the plea of ignorance of your peculiarities. I was perfectly aware of them, and rather played upon them, than avoided, as I ought to have done, any chance of provocation. Feeling secure in your devotion to me, and confident in the power of my own charms, I thought little of the risk I ran. Nor when I first found out my mistake, did I care to repair it. Though aware of the fault I had committed, I would not own myself in the wrong—least of all to you. So the breach was widened—widened irreparably as it proved—which at first might have been easily closed. Thus considered, light offences become crimes, and for these I suffer. Those wedded persons who trifle with their happiness would do well to weigh this in time ; and my unfortunate case might serve as a warning, if there were any to profit by it. In my own justification I may allege that I did not believe matters to be so bad as they eventually proved. Thinking you were merely piqued, and would love me all the better when our reconciliation occurred, I looked anxiously forward to it. Alas ! it never came. On the contrary, my imprudence had engendered suspicions in your breast, which could not be removed.”

Here he laid down the letter, and some minutes elapsed before he was able to go on with it.

“In exculpating myself, I must needs exculpate another, and though I would not add one pang to those you must already feel ; justice requires that I should clear from aspersion the memory of one who was a true friend to both of us—but chiefly to you, Sir Walter ; who ever painted your good qualities in the brightest colours ; and shielded your defects, if you have any ; who hesitated not to tell me of my faults, and to point out the mischief they would probably occasion ; who ever strove to mediate between us ; and who even, when he found he had incurred your suspicion and displeasure, persevered in his good offices.”

“I will not recapitulate the afflicting circumstances that led to our complete rupture. I know you were transported by passion and jealousy, and am sure you must have bitterly repented your blind fury. Reflection convinced me of this, though I understood it not at first ; and having sharply experienced the unhappiness occasioned by my own folly, I determined to make a last great effort to retrieve myself in your opinion by fully confessing my faults, and throwing myself upon your compassion. With this view I sent for Sir Gilbert de Montfichet to aid me with his counsel as to the best means of effecting my purpose. Here again I acted indiscreetly ; but I was so agitated that my better judgment deserted me, or I should not have appointed a secret interview with him. I have since learnt that my woman, Alice Aggs, betrayed me to you. May Heaven forgive her ! Scarcely had Sir Gilbert heard my plan, and expressed approval of it, and willingness to undertake it, than you appeared. O, the terror of that scene ! Frenzy seemed to possess you. I tried to tell you all I have here written. You would not listen

to me. I clung to you, and you shook me off. Blood only would satisfy you—*his blood*. O, death ! O, despair !

"Left alone, I could not believe what had occurred. It must have been a horrid vision—too horrid for reality. The terrible truth soon forced itself upon me. After futile messages, I sought you out in your private chamber, and tried to move you, and was again repulsed—savagely repulsed—but I heeded it not. I would have submitted to any indignity to avert the catastrophe I dreaded. It came; and sooner than I expected. I have said I mean not to reproach you, Sir Walter—nor will I. Yet methinks, if you could have witnessed the effect of your message, you would not have sent it. O, that bloodstained handkerchief ! I needed not your note to tell me what had happened."

He paused.

Cold damps bedewed his brow ; and a severe spasm crossed his breast, the anguish of which extorted a cry. The paroxysm over, he arose, took up the handkerchief and the phial, and regarded them fixedly. He then sat down again to conclude the letter.

"A fearful change has taken place in me since I commenced ; but while my senses remain, let me conjure you, Sir Walter, by all you hold sacred and just, not to disown our child ! He is your son, Sir Walter ; let him be regarded as such. This is the dying request of a wife, who forgives you the wrongs you have done her. Since the poor child will never know a mother's care and love, let him have a father's. Do this, Sir Walter, and I will intercede for you above. May our son be a consolation to you, and a blessing ! Teach him to think kindly of me. And in long after years—which I trust you may live to see !—may he find, in some fortunate union, a happiness denied to us. My blessings on you both !

"THE UNHAPPY JUGA."

He wept aloud.

"How have her wishes been fulfilled !" he exclaimed, at length. "My son neglected and disowned—a stranger to his father. Yet how could I act otherwise, since this letter has never reached me till now ; being kept back, no doubt, designedly. But by whom ?—Perhaps, by the same hand that placed it here—together with those other fearful mementos. It may be Roper who has done it—yet it seems scarce likely. I will inquire to-morrow. Be it accident, or design, I am equally thankful for the discovery I have effected. Reparation shall be made, and promptly."

IV.

PHANTOMS.

HE did not attempt to court repose. Sleep was out of the question in his present state of excitement. Then wherefore seek his couch, till he was calmer?

Calmer! should he ever be calm again, till his brain had ceased to work, and his heart to beat? Should he ever know profound repose, till he slept the sleep of death?

And what was to ensure him rest even within the tomb? Had he not been told that her sad spirit wandered abroad at night to pour forth its lamentations? Had not he himself, not many hours ago, heard supernatural sounds within the Old Priory Church? And did he not involuntarily connect those sounds with *her*?

But he rejected these evidences. Reason derided them. Idle tales were those of ghosts, invented by poltroons and dotards. In his own case, mere delusion—fancy's coinage—products of an overwrought mind. No—no! Death was utter annihilation!

Then what was Life?—Did he deny the Soul's existence? As well one as the other. He knew not what he doubted—what he denied. He felt on the verge of madness.

Let him kneel down and pray. There was the little 'broidered cushion, on which *she* was wont to offer up her addresses to Heaven. It invited him to approach. Yet he could not. It would be profanation. Besides, in his present agitated frame of mind prayer would be unavailing.

He pray!—*ha!* *ha!* Would Heaven listen to him, if he did?

The devil was busy with his heart, suggesting a dark and desperate deed, perplexing him with wild and fearful fancies, tossing him to and fro as on a tempestuous sea, and pointing to one only refuge from black despair.

He strove to resist the dread suggestion; but it grew upon him with frightful force, and soon bore down all opposition. How could he face the son after the wrongs he had done the mother? He must ever shun his sight. Then why live? True, there was one gentle being united to that son who had listened to his sad history with tender interest, and seemed to compassionate him. But when she knew the whole terrible truth, would she not hate, and shun him? Nay, was she not so entirely devoted to her husband, that whatever he did she would do likewise? No chance then of sympathy from her. He had broken all human ties—*forfeited all human love.* Such were the promptings of the Fiend.

Suicide had once already been committed in this chamber. Fit theatre—*accursed, as it was!*—for such another deed. Ah! the very phial that conveyed the deadly draught to her lips. Would it were replenished! But he was not unprovided with weapons by which the same fatal end might be attained, and more expeditiously.

No pang so great as those he now endured. And if there were—it would be over as soon as felt.

His resolution taken, a dreadful calmness succeeded. Bolting the door for fear of interruption, he proceeded deliberately to unfasten his portmanteau, and took from it a case of pistols and a sword. A choice of death. He smiled grimly at the notion. He could afford to jest now. The pistols would be speediest in effect; but the sword would be the more appropriate instrument of destruction, inasmuch as it was the very weapon with which he slew his friend. This consideration decided him. He laid down the pistol-case, unsheathed the shining blade, and placed its point against his heart. An instant more, and all had been over. But a merciful interposition stayed his hand.

Ere the irrevocable step was taken, something had to be done. He was not yet quits with earth. He was bound to render explanation to his son; to remove every difficulty from his path; and above all, he was bound to clear the memory of his ill-fated wife from dishonour. This might be accomplished in writing. However irksome the task, it must be performed. It was the last. Ay, the last. And a ghastly smile again played upon his white lips.

Laying down the sword with reluctance, he took out his watch. It wanted a quarter of midnight. Before one o'clock, all should be ended.

Again having recourse to the portmanteau, and taking from it an escritoir and a bundle of papers, he placed them upon the table, and drew a chair towards it. Amongst other documents, the bundle contained his will, and having glanced at it, he re-inclosed it with the other papers, sealed the packet carefully, and directed it to Abel Roper.

This done, he began the letter to his son, which occupied him for some time, as he wished to make it full and explanatory. After entering into such details as he deemed necessary, he concluded by expressing entire approbation of the marriage the young man had made, and a firm conviction that the partner he had chosen, however inferior she might be to him in point of birth, was in all respects calculated to make him happy; and he earnestly implored him to persevere in the course he had commenced, and to cultivate wedded love and calm domestic happiness as the first of human blessings; solemnly enjoining him to consider how the neglect of these duties (though trifling in the first instance), had led to disastrous consequences in his own case. Thus, while enjoying present felicity of the best and purest kind, his son might, in the fulness of time, be remembered as an example worthy of imitation; while he, himself, if rescued from deserved oblivion, could be only held up as a warning!

Though his purpose of ridding himself by violence of the load of care that oppressed him still continued inflexible; his thoughts, during the composition of this letter, took a gentler turn, and some clinging feelings to things of earth betrayed themselves, especially, as he dwelt upon his son's wedded happiness and the affectionate nature of his wife.

O, if that gentle being had been near him then, she might have diverted him from his direful purpose. Her image almost sufficed to do it. But he remained firm; finished and sealed the letter, having first enclosed Lady Fitzwalter's sad communication within it; and was about to

address it, when a slight and singular vibration shook the chamber, and a deep sigh, apparently uttered near him, broke upon his ear.

He raised his eyes. Heavens! the sight he beheld.

Between him and the window, through which the moonlight was streaming, stood a figure wrapped in a winding-sheet of white linen. The grave-clothes were folded round the head, so that the face alone could be discerned, and that indistinctly; but as much of it as could be seen was deathlike and cadaverous in hue. The eyes were deep sunken, with no speculation in them. Changed as those features were from what they had been in life, he knew them. He essayed to address the phantom, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and refused its office.

The figure came nearer, without noise, without perceptible motion. Nearer—still nearer!

As it advanced, an atmosphere, chilling as death, by which it appeared to be surrounded, fell upon him. Shudderingly, he watched the spectre approach the table, point to the weapons upon it, solemnly shake its head as if forbidding their use, and then retire.

Slowly, noiselessly, without apparent movement, as it came. Still facing him; still regarding him, with fixed and mournful gaze.

Into the closet it passed. The arras seemed wafted aside as it neared them, closing upon it, as it glided in.

Then, and not till then, did he recover power of speech and movement. Arising, and wildly ejaculating her name, he made his way to the point of disappearance.

He raised the arras, but did not enter the closet, remaining as if transfixed.

The spirit of his wife was gone, and in its place stood another apparition infinitely more appalling. A shadowy figure, thin as air, luminous with pale phosphorescent flame diffused around it, yet having the semblance of a man, stripped to the shirt as if for conflict, with a wound in the breast, from which blood had flowed. The phantom appeared to regard him sorrowfully rather than vengefully, and motioned him backwards. He let fall the tapestry.

"Pardon!—pardon, injured shades!" he exclaimed, dropping on his knees. "I abandon the wicked purpose I had formed, and will devote such life as may be spared me to the reparation of the wrongs I have done you!"

Another sigh reached his ear, but less profound than the first. And the same vibration as before was felt throughout the room, though in a slighter degree.

He looked up, hoping the spirits might re-appear; but nothing was visible.

THE UNHOLY WISH.

I.

SHE was certainly a wondrously pretty girl (and she knew it), with her brown glossy ringlets, the damask colour on her cheeks, and her laughing eyes, dark as an April violet. As to her figure, it was for ever being compared to all things that were light and beautiful, a sylph and the Venus di Medicis; but to those who had really *seen* Medicis's goddess, the former comparison appeared by far the more suitable.

But what a flirt she was! it spoilt all. Why, how many lovers had she numbered since they settled at Ebury? First, there was Mr. Grey, a handsome young fellow who came down for the shooting season; next followed young Campbell, an out-and-out flirt himself; then came the sentimental walks with that tall college chap, who was reading with the Reverend Mr. Tuck's curate—much reading he did, no wonder he got plucked in the Little Go; and now it was James Ailsa, the new assistant to the good old surgeon, Mr. Winninton. And all these, without reckoning Tom Hardwick, who had been her admirer, in an off-hand manner, all along! Go on—go on, Miss Emily Bell; have a try at all the hearts in the village, and see how many you can break.

Ebury, one of your highly aristocratic country places, never found out what Mr. Bell had been. All agreed he was "retired," but some said from stockbroking; others suggested pawnbroking; a few declared he had been an eminent solicitor; and that toying busybody, old Dick Flockaway, insinuated that he might have kept a gin shop. However, as he was a companionable, gentlemanly sort of man, the village tacitly agreed to reject the liquor and lending businesses, and went to call upon them.

They took upon lease the pretty villa at the turning of the road, near to Beech Wood, and lived in very good style; nobody better, except the squire, whose large, handsome mansion was half filled with dependents; grooms, gamekeepers, horses, dogs, and the like—who were eating him up. The callers found Mrs. Bell a delicate, quiet woman, her ill health having been their chief inducement to change their London residence for a country one; and Miss Emily, the eldest of six children, one to be very much admired.

It was a great pity James Ailsa fell so madly in love with her the moment he came. He was told to beware of her blandishments, and how she would serve him; how many she had loved, or professed to love; but the warning came too late. Besides, he did not believe it: to him she seemed an angel upon earth: and they might have talked him deaf ere he would credit aught against her. So they left him to his fate and to the seductions of Miss Bell. It could have been only for amusement that Emily began the flirtation: he was a quiet, gentlemanly man, attractive in person and manners; but as to anything serious, his position, with *her* high notions, would forbid that—a surgeon's assistant, and without prospects. It was understood he had no money, and was quite friendless; so many, Tom Hardwick especially, were fond of cutting their jokes at him.

Mr. Tom Hardwick (half the village wrote it Hardick, according to its

pronunciation, and as to calling him "Thomas," he never was so called in his life) was the fashion at Ebury: the village beholding with indescribable admiration his daring feats and scrapes, his lavish expenditure of money, his blood horses, his scarlet hunting coats. His time was passed in fox-hunting, steeple-chasing, horse-racing, dog-fighting, boating, shooting, and rioting; and, although Miss Emily Bell chose to include him in her list of lovers, she did not greatly like him. But he was the son of the squire, and Miss Emily, wanting family herself, looked up to the house of Hardwick, who traced its descent back to royalty, and was connected with some of the best county families, with undae reverence. Hence chiefly arose her patronage of Mr. Tom; and never better pleased was she than when strolling through the village, with the gentleman talking nonsense at her side, the village rustics bowing and curtsying to him at every step: marks of respect which Mr. Tom would carelessly acknowledge or wholly neglect, according to the leisure his gallant speeches to Emily allowed him.

One fine morning in October, Emily Bell left the breakfast-table and retired to her own chamber, fastening the door after her. She then unlocked a small cabinet, which made the middle of a low, old-fashioned walnut-tree set of drawers, and drew forth a bundle of letters. They were from James Ailsa. Other packets were there, tied up with blue, pink, or yellow ribbon, and were the epistles of former lovers, but as Emily did not disturb these, neither can we. She opened three or four of James Ailsa's, glancing at their contents here and there: and the reader may look over her shoulder.

"Oh thank, thank you! to the last hour of my life will I thank you: whatever may be the fate of my love, and whether it shall hereafter be accepted or rejected, still will I thank and bless you. Your little note has relieved me from suspense almost intolerable. A thousand fears were in my heart; a dread, almost as of death, was on my soul, that you might indignantly spurn me, and fling back my letter with scorn.

"Do you remember, Miss Bell, that morning, a few weeks ago, when we were walking together on the Brenton-road, and our conversation turned on the subject of love? Do you recollect how confused I became, breaking off in the midst of a sentence, and that after an interval of silence I dropped the topic for another? Can you guess the cause of that embarrassment?—did you guess it then? That my passion for you was so great, I could not speak on the subject of love to you without the most painful agitation—without betraying more than I then dared."

This is an extract from another:

"Oh, Emily, dearest Emily, how can I support the rapture which has throbbed within me since last night? You confessed I was not indifferent to you—your head for a few moments was pillowed on my bosom—those kisses which I snatched still seem to linger on my lips. I did not attempt to go to rest; it would have been useless: I sat in my room and watched the stars till morning. I lived over and over again our interview. I dared to conjure up visions of the future, *our* future: I pressed my hands upon my temples, and asked if this taste of paradise were not a dream. I ask it, still. I repeat to myself, 'She loves, she loves me!' Ought not our lives to be one continued breath of thanks-

giving to the Almighty, that He has vouchsafed us the power to taste on earth of such all-perfect bliss?"

Here follows another:

"Why, my love, do you mention forebodings so gloomy?—why should we separate? It is true my position, now, is not such that would warrant my demanding you of your father, but, Emily, *know you not what such love as mine can dare to plan and effect?* Rely upon it, though we see not the means yet, my fate in life shall not be an obscure one—it *shall* be such as to justify my asking you to share it."

Then this:

"Emily, Emily, I am tortured nearly to madness. You tell me you do not like Mr. Hardwick; then why show him these marks of favour? Last night, when we left, I was close to you; my arm was ready; yet you passed me and took his. It cannot be that you did not see me: or if you did not see me, you do not love. *I look for you*: I see but you: at a distance, before another's eyes could possibly distinguish your form, my heart tells me it is you. Oh, Emily, if your love were but a tithe of what mine is, you could not so act."

And this extract is from the last letter she had received from him:

"Forgive, forgive me, my only love. I did not mean to reproach you: I will believe, Emily, I am too exacting. I will believe, God knows how willingly, that your heart is wholly mine. But if you knew how I love, what I suffer for you, you would not wonder that I cannot bear even the semblance of an attachment to another."

Emily sat contemplating the characters of this last letter, and a smile and a blush stole over her face. Were they the tokens of love, or but of triumphant vanity?

Presently she reached her writing materials, and began a note to Ailsa, "My dearest James." Whilst thus occupied, some one tried the door of the room, and, finding it fastened, knocked loudly against it. Emily scuffled all signs of her employment away.

"What do you want now?" she pettishly asked, finding it was her sister, and vexed at being interrupted.

"What do I want!" repeated Miss Margaret, astonished at the question. "The room is as much mine as it is yours, and I want to come in."

Emily was silent, and her sister resumed:

"Tom Hardwick is down stairs. He has brought an invitation from Mary for us to join them in a pic-nic to-day; for they have visitors at the Hall, and are at a loss for amusement."

"*That* is not Hardwick's voice!" exclaimed Emily, listening.

"That is James Ailsa's: Tom Hardwick is in the drawing-room with mamma," answered Margaret. "Ailsa has come up to see baby. Mind you don't tell *him* about the pic-nic, Emily, or we shall have him pushing himself into it."

"You are more likely to tell him than I," cried Emily, as she ran down stairs.

Mr. Ailsa was in the hall. His pale, sweet-tempered countenance lighted up with joy as he advanced to greet Emily.

"James," she whispered, as he threw his arm round her for a mo-

mentary embrace, while they were yet alone, "do you know anything of the party they are planning for to-day?"

"What party, my love?"

"Some pic-nic of Mary Hardwick's. Will you come?"

"I have no invitation."

"Nonsense about an invitation. It is in the open air, you know, and you can join us as if by accident. James, you must come."

"I will brave all for you, Emily," was his answer. "They have called me an intruder—a thruster forward of myself. No matter; the comments and ill-natured remarks of the world fall on my heart as the idle wind, whilst I have the consciousness of your love to make its sunshine."

II.

"I do believe there's that Jim Ailsa coming here!" exclaimed Miss Margaret Bell to her companions, a merry party gathered round a dinner-table à-la-gipseey, on the outskirts of Beech Wood. "Who can have told him we were here?"

"Oh, he ferrets out our plans himself," retorted Tom Hardwick; "he has the deuce's luck and his own too at that underhand fun. Treat him with the contempt he deserves, all of you, and don't speak to him; do you hear, Mary?"

Mary Hardwick heard, but she possessed too much good feeling and politeness, to heed all her brother's counsels. James Ailsa was a thorough gentleman, save perhaps in pocket, and that he was not regarded as such by all Ebury was only owing to Mr. Tom Hardwick's incessant ridicule and abuse of him. Tom Hardwick was as inferior to Ailsa as one man can well be to another; but people are ever ready to take part with the great and powerful, and Mr. Tom Hardwick held the sway at Ebury.

Ailsa stood there in silence, after greeting the circle, and Miss Hardwick, somewhat timidly, proffered him an invitation to sit, and join their party.

"Enjoying a stroll in the woods this fine day, and so popped upon us unawares?" broke in Tom Hardwick, in a sarcastic tone.

"I am on my way to pay a visit for Mr. Winninton," answered Ailsa. And he spoke the truth.

"Who is ill?" inquired Miss Hardwick. *She* did not doubt him.

"Mrs. Hudson," he replied.

"Then you have come a devilish deal out of your way," retorted Hardwick, coarsely. "It is a good mile nearer by the road."

"I was going by the road," returned Ailsa, "but cut across the fields on seeing you here."

He looked at Emily, seeking for a glance to recompense him for the painful position to which, for her sake, he had subjected himself, sensitive and unobtrusive as he was by nature; but he looked in vain. The ban was on him; he was a despised man; and Emily, proud, vain, and little-minded, followed the example around her, and noticed him not. Miss Hardwick felt deeply for his situation, and she engaged him in conversation, whilst most of the others left their places and dispersed about the wood. James rose from his seat, to leave.

"Emily must have told him we should be here," exclaimed Miss Mar-

garet Bell to Tom Hardwick, "for as to his seeing us here from the road, it's all stuff."

"A lie," uttered Mr. Tom. "If he had ten telescopes, and set 'em all up in a line, he could not see over to Beech Wood."

"Emily pretends to dislike and despise him," resumed Margaret, "but I saw him kiss her the other day, and slip a letter into her hand."

"You had better take care what you say, Miss Margaret," exclaimed Tom Hardwick, with an expletive we will omit, and growing very red in the face.

"It is the truth," answered the young lady. "I was peeping at them through the greenhouse window."

"Does he often write to her—does she write to him?" stammered Mr. Tom, becoming purple with rage.

"I can't tell whether she writes to him," said Margaret, "but she is always locking herself in our bedroom, and two or three times I have looked through the keyhole, and seen her scuffling the ink away. Don't you tell her I said this."

"Oh, bother!" answered the gallant gentleman, "I'll have it all out at once, one way or another. Where is she now?"

Upon James Ailes's leaving, he struck through the wood, intending to take the Beech Path, as it is called, to Mrs. Hudson's house. But scarcely had he gone many steps, when Emily stole after him, and called him, softly, by name. He turned and met her.

"James," she whispered, "are you not going to stay with us?"

"*Am I going to stay!*" he uttered, laying a painful stress upon every word. "Emily, if your heart can truly say that it wishes me to do so, I will; and bear in silence."

"Dear, dear James," she said, the tears rising to her eyes, "why do you speak to me in so cold a tone—why do you look so reproachfully at me?"

"Have I not cause?" he rejoined, painfully excited; but even then he gave way to his enduring love, and throwing his arms round her, embraced her fervently.

"Why do you permit Hardwick to appear on these most familiar terms with you?" he remonstrated: "to all but me, he must be looked upon as your lover."

"James," she said, earnestly, raising her head from his shoulder, "indeed you need not be jealous of him. I have no love for Tom Hardwick; I have scarcely any liking for him. Believe me, dear, dear James."

He did not answer; but he pressed his burning forehead upon hers. She felt its throbbing.

At this moment, the voice of Mr. Tom Hardwick was heard. Emily started from her lover; and, pressing his hand in token of farewell, stole silently away amongst the trees.

"Who is that in the wood, Emily?" exclaimed Tom Hardwick, as she emerged from it. "I heard voices."

"The wind, perhaps," returned Emily, carelessly. "Or—I was humming a tune to myself; you may have heard that."

"Don't trouble yourself with any more falsehoods," rejoined Hardwick, dashing into the subject without ceremony; "you were talking

with that presuming fool, Ailsa. And as I don't mean to stand this nonsense about him any longer, I shall acquaint Mr. Bell that you and he have been writing love-letters to each other."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, say nothing to my father!" cried Emily, well-nigh startled out of her senses.

"I am glad you have the grace not to deny it," interrupted Hardwick, sullenly.

"Yes, yes, yes," exclaimed the agitated girl, striving to repair the unlucky admission she had made, "I do deny it."

"Emily, I will ~~not~~ be trifled with, so you may spare yourself the attempt. You shall either promise to be mine, and keep to it, or I will give you up at once."

This was the nearest approach to an offer Emily had ever received from Mr. Tom Hardwick, and she felt somewhat overpowered with bewildering sensations. On the one hand was James Ailsa, with his steadfast love, that she knew would shield her from every harm in life; on the other was the tempting prospect of becoming a daughter-in-law of the lofty old squire; and this last was irresistible to her aspiring heart.

"It shall be one of us, not both," resumed Hardwick, who was in an ill humour, and a very resolute one. "And I here swear, that if you ever again attempt to speak to that beggar Ailsa, I will take no further notice of you whatever: if we meet in the street, I'll pass you; should you call at my father's house, I will go out of it whilst you are there."

"Oh, Tom, why do you put yourself in this passion. I declare to you that I hate Jim Ailsa."

"Then you will deliver his letters up to Mr. Bell."

"For the love of goodness, don't mention the subject to papa," she implored; "he is so strict with us. He *has* written me one or two nonsensical letters, I won't deny it. I will give them up to you, Tom, if you will not tell papa. But you won't read them?"

"Not I. I'll make them into a packet, and dash it in Ailsa's face."

"Don't talk so wildly, Tom: you know Ailsa is no coward. If you want to get up a quarrel, I will have nothing more to say to you, any more than to him: and I will keep the letters."

"Well, well, Emily, I'll promise you to let the beggar alone; and he shall know nothing about the letters. I will come for them to-morrow morning, mind."

"Very well," said Emily, deep in thought.

"There's my darling girl," he added, stooping to salute her; "and when I can afford to marry, you shall be my wife."

Emily made no reply to this exceedingly gracious promise. She was thinking what excuse she could make about the letters, for as to giving them up to him, that, she was determined never to do. "Who in the world can have told him that we correspond?" she soliloquised. "If it should come to be known in Ebury, I think I shall go mad—everybody so despises Ailsa. If Tom Hardwick had sent me a lot of love-letters now, I should not care who knew it: they might take and publish them in the newspapers if they liked."

With the morning, arrived Mr. Tom Hardwick, according to his promise. Emily met him in the garden, as if accidentally.

"I have destroyed the letters," was her salutation.

"You have done *what*?" he asked.

"I feared you might send them to Ailsa, as you threatened," she repeated, "so I thought it safer to burn them."

"It is a lie!" shouted Hardwick, angered out of his good manners. "Emily, I am not to be done in this way. Give me the letters, or, by my honour, I will go straight to your father."

"I *have* destroyed them," she replied, tremblingly. "I thought it the wisest and safest plan. It is of no use being angry, the thing is done. But for the future, Tom, you may trust me, for may I never stir from here, if I don't hate that James Ailsa; and I'll never speak to him again."

What further romancing might have been indulged in by Emily, was out short by her mother's calling to her, so she ran in, leaving Mr. Tom Hardwick standing where he was.

"Will you walk in?" called out Mrs. Bell to him.

"No I thank you," he answered, sullenly.

And, turning away, he had not left the gates many minutes, when he encountered Mr. Bell.

"Good morning, Mr. Tom. All well at home, I hope."

"I was coming in search of you, sir," said Hardwick, speaking in a very excited manner, and taking no notice of Mr. Bell's salutation. "An unpleasant matter has come to my knowledge, which I think you ought to be made acquainted with. That upstart, penniless fellow Ailsa, has taken upon himself to make love to your daughter, and unless a check is administered to him, he may be drawing her into a mess; a promise to marry him, or some such madness. Girls are such simpletons."

"My daughter? Emily?" stammered the astonished man.

"Emily of course. He has been sending her love-letters. She has got a whole heap of them, I dare say."

"Take care what you do say, sir," roared Mr. Bell.

"Oh, it is quite correct. I am sorry to say the whole village is up to it, and I thought I would give you a hint of what was going on," continued the friendly Tom, "and do as I would be done by. If it were my sister, for instance, I should hold myself under eternal obligations to the man who had enlightened me."

"Thanks, thanks, my dear Mr. Hardwick," exclaimed Mr. Bell, wringing his hand, and tearing away at a great rate towards the house.

He found Emily in her bedroom, and closing the door behind him as he addressed her, demanded, in a voice hoarse with suppressed passion, where the letters were that she had received from that beggar James Ailsa.

The startled girl stood transfixed before him: every vestige of colour forsook her countenance, and the sickness of terror flew to her heart.

"Do you hear me, disgraceful girl?" resumed Mr. Bell. "Give me up the letters, or I will break open and examine every box and drawer that may belong to you."

It was too stern a moment for equivocation; Emily faltered out that they were *there*, and pointed with her hand to the cabinet in the chest of drawers.

"Produce them."

She stood still as a post.

"Produce them," repeated her father, "before I give vent to the passion you have called up, and am tempted to strike you."

She shivered and trembled, holding the back of a chair for support ; but she opened the cabinet, and took out the letters. On the top of them lay the epistle she had begun to James Ailsa the previous morning, and had thrust away in her haste when interrupted by her sister. It of course came forth with the others, but Emily, hoping she was not observed, flung it back.

"What paper is that ?" cried Mr. Bell ; "what are you trying to put back ?"

She faltered out something about "some poetry."

"Give it me with the rest," screamed Mr. Bell ; "how dare you attempt to trifle with me ? You may have your poetry again when I have looked at it—if it is poetry."

He snatched it, with the letters, from her hand, and the first words that caught his gaze were, "My dearest James." Two or three lines of little import followed—the cream of Emily's letters was seldom at the beginning. Mr. Bell tore the paper into the smallest particles, and with a glance of unutterable rage at Emily, advanced to the window and scattered them to the winds.

"Are these all ?" he demanded, pointing to the packet which he held in his hand.

"Yes ; all," faltered Emily.

"Open the place again that I may see for myself," returned Mr. Bell. "I cannot trust you."

"Papa," she cried, clasping her hands in terror, lest he should execute his threat, and so find that Mr. James Ailsa had not been her first correspondent in the love-letter line, "on my word, on my honour, they are all. I never received so much as a sentence or a scrap of paper from him besides. The letters themselves will prove that they are all."

It was impossible to doubt that she spoke the truth, and Mr. Bell stalked out of the room with the letters in his hand. Emily sank into a chair, and sobbed aloud.

Somehow or other, all this gossip went forth to the village, and with innumerable exaggerations. Also the account of Mr. Bell's stormy interview with James Ailsa, when the latter was compelled to give up Emily's letters to him, in the midst of contemptuous jeers and taunts at a paltry, penniless surgeon's assistant presuming to think of Miss Emily Bell. The next news Ebury heard was, that Ailsa—but there's something to relate first.

It was one of the most wretched nights that November ever turned out—cold, rainy, and boisterous. A light shone in the curtained window of Emily Bell's sleeping apartment : she herself was there, wretched as the weather, having been ordered, ever since the explosion, to keep her own chamber. This was a severe punishment for Emily, whose whole existence lay in the exercise of her flirting talents. She was sitting, dull enough, in a low rocking-chair, which she had fetched out of the nursery, swaying herself backwards and forwards, wishing bedtime was come, when Margaret would be up, or that the term of her punishment was at an end, when a rattling at the window, as of gravel thrown

at it, made her start from her chair. A few moments, and the summons was repeated, so she softly opened the window.

"It is James Ailsa," whispered her heart. And her surmise was correct: James Ailsa stood there. He came close underneath the window, and asked her to come down to him for a few moments.

"What a request, James!"

"It is the last I shall have to make you," he said. "I am going away for ever."

"You are joking."

"The last few days have been no joke for me," he answered, "or such as to incline me for joking. I repeat to you, Emily, that I am going; and it may be that this is our last meeting on earth."

She left the window, and, stealing down the stairs, ran out at a back door, and so round the house till she came in sight of James. He drew her underneath some trees, where they were shielded from observation, and partially so from the pouring rain.

"James," she said, "I am doing very wrong in thus coming down to you, because you know our intimacy is at an end."

"I do know it," he replied, bitterly, "and it is not for the purpose of chastelessly inducing you to renew it, or to act contrary to the wish of your parents, that I am here."

Emily, arrant flirt that she was, felt rather disappointed, for she had fancied Mr. James's nocturnal visit *had* that tendency, and would have experienced much gratification in refusing the boon, or, to speak more correctly, in being asked it.

"Hear me," began Ailsa. "I have loved you, Emily, with no common love: few have loved another in this world as I love you. If you possess the same affection for me, any fate will be more tolerable to you than hopeless separation; and the very thought of marrying another must be hateful to you. Now listen. I would not fetter you by word or deed; but if your heart will whisper one hope to me, I shall go forth a different man; life will be as bright to me as all is now dark."

"I do not understand you," replied Emily. "We are separated, therefore what hope can I give you?"

"The hope that when my efforts have been crowned with success; when I shall have acquired fame, fortune, that even you might be proud to share, I may return and woo you."

"It is so long to look forward to!" was her answer, delivered in a grumbling tone.

"That is sufficient," returned Ailsa, sadly: "it has convinced me of what I feared;" and, had the light permitted, Emily might have seen the despair that flew to his countenance; but she could not have seen it, in all its bitter sickness, as it then and there seated itself upon his heart. "Had you put the question to me," he continued, "and required me to wait until our hairs were grown grey, and our steps feeble, I should have knelt and blessed you. Did you love as I love, this request of mine would have made a heaven of your days: it would have held forth a hope to cheer the whole of existence."

"But what would papa say? He——"

"I think you do not quite understand me," interrupted Ailsa, in the same tone of sadness, which indeed characterised his conversation

through the entire interview: "I said I would not fetter you—I would not encourage an act rebellious to your parents. But the secret feelings of the heart cannot be controlled or hindered, even at the command of those we are bound to obey, and I knew that if your misery were what mine is—in thus speaking to you—no matter."

He stopped: he was greatly agitated.

"You take things too much to heart, James."

"I will not in future," he exclaimed, almost vehemently; "in the years to come, I will struggle with all my dearest feelings, and uproot them, one by one. I must struggle to uproot your image, Emily, which has entwined itself round my very heartstrings—God knows it will be a bitter task."

"But if I were to give you this promise——"

"I did not ask a promise," he interrupted.

"Well, this hope then; it would be of little use: it is not like a regular engagement."

"It is too late—I do not ask it now," he hastily answered, "for it would be valueless, unless precious to you as to me. I thought perhaps it might have been so: against my fears and my better judgment, I thought so."

"I fear, James, these dreams of yours, about fame and fortune, are very chimerical," was her next remark.

"They may prove so now," he answered, "wanting the spur that would have urged them on to realisation."

"I am sure I wish I could see you rise to—to—to be physician to the Queen."

"I have now only to take my leave of you," he said, leaving her wild, and perhaps not very sincere thought, unanswered.

"But why do you go away, James, in this strange manner?" she resumed. "Where do you purpose going?"

"Anywhere. I have no plans. No matter what part of the globe I am in, so that it be not Ebury. I—I—heard a rumour to-day—I heard the same yesterday," he continued, jerking his sentences out, as if in too much agitation to speak in even periods, "that I am given up for Mr. Tom Hardwick."

"It is not true," she exclaimed, fiercely; but Ailsa shook his head.

"Why did Tom Hardwick interfere between us, Emily?—why should he, of all people, make it his business to seek your father, and tell him that I loved you? And you, why should you have promised to give up my letters to him?"

"Who told you that?" cried Emily, with her face in a glow.

"I gathered it from his own foolish boasting; from the unjustifiable remarks he made in the presence of your father, for the few minutes that during our interview he was present. They had might on their side, and I——"

"No one ever believes half Tom Hardwick says," she stammered. "And I declare to you, James, that I hate the sight of him."

"You are flattered by his attentions, because his family is high, and he holds some sway in the neighbourhood," resumed Ailsa; "but these recommendations are but negative ones. They will not compensate for some that he wants; and beware, Emily, lest in looking after the shadow, you lose the substance."

"You need not give me this advice, James : I tell you Tom Hardwick is nothing to me."

"Farewell, Emily," he murmured, wringing her hands. "You know not the value of the heart you have rejected ; the spirit you have broken. Be assured that few men love as I have loved. I would have guarded you in my bosom ; shielded you from harm ; warded from you unhappiness. May the husband you shall choose, cherish you as I would have done. Farewell."

She burst into tears, and laid her head upon his shoulder, as formerly. But the passionate embrace that would once have rewarded her was withheld now—with violence to his own feelings, but still withheld. He knew now she did not love him : at least with a love fit to mate with such as his.

"Farewell, Emily," he repeated, as he raised her gently up, when the paroxysm of her emotion was over ; and with another wring of the hand, he was gone.

James Ailsa quitted the immediate neighbourhood of the house, but he continued, scarcely conscious of what he was about, to pace the plantations around it. His misery was great ; far greater than those can form any idea of, who have not gone through a similar ordeal. In the full sunshine of his love, he had once thanked the Almighty for bestowing upon us the power to taste of such unutterable bliss : he might now be grateful to the same all-merciful Being, that He gives us strength to support and *survive* its contrast.

The events of the last few days had been a severe trial to him, but what were they compared with that night's interview, when the conviction that she had never loved him forced itself upon his soul ? He pressed his brow upon the rough bark of the trees ; he walked hither and thither without aim : the weather was uncared for in his agony of mind ; the hours also elapsed unheeded. But at length he was drenched to the skin, and began slowly to make his way home. The church clock was striking twelve as he reached Mr. Winninton's door.

He knocked gently, but it was unanswered ; and in looking up at the house, no light was to be seen : the curtains were drawn closely before the windows, and total silence prevailed. Everything seemed to intimate that the family and servants were in bed ; and he, unwilling to disturb them, and caring little, in his present frame of mind, what became of him, retraced his steps and walked about till morning. Soon after twelve, the rain had ceased, but the wind continued boisterously high. His body shivered and shook with cold, but it remained uncared for.

It was about half-past seven in the morning when he again stood at the surgeon's door, and at the same moment a horse was heard advancing at a brisk trot from round the corner. Mechanically Ailsa turned his eyes towards the sound, waiting to see who came in sight.

It was Mr. Tom Hardwick, booted and spurred, and trimly dressed. He was going to the steeple-chase, full of congratulation that the wretched night had turned out so fine a morning. He saw James Ailsa standing there, and looked full at him, but did not condescend to speak. A gesture of contempt, not noticeable perhaps by one uninterested, but strangely conspicuous to Ailsa, escaped him. Drawing his back proudly in, and his

head up with unsuppressed triumph, he averted his eyes from his outwitted rival and rode on.

"I wish to God he may break his back!" uttered Ailsa, as he looked after him, stung almost into madness by his haughty glance, and consciously triumphant bearing.

Tom Hardwick, followed by his groom, continued his way to the Crown and Thistle, an inn situated about two miles from Ebury, and close to the ground marked out for the steeple-chase. Here he found some friends awaiting him, and more were assembling, steeple-chasers like himself, those to be engaged in the day's contest having agreed to breakfast there, with a select assemblage of supporters.

This steeple-chase had been a long-looked-for event in Ebury, not only by Mr. Tom Hardwick and his sporting cronies, but by the village in general. Everybody had something staked on the great event, from the old squire's cool thousand, to Miss Emily Bell's pair of gloves. But the interest it excited, above that of all other steeple-chases, past or to come, was caused by the dangerous nature of the ground to be run over. None, save men deep in their cups, as had been the case in this affair, would have been so wild as to fix upon it. Five horses were to run, their owners to ride. Six men had been at the convivial meeting, whence the scheme had its origin, but one, young Gaunt, had in the mean time gone to London, and was now lying there dangerously ill. Many a one, after surveying the ground, turned away with a shrug of the shoulders, wondering if the parties were already tired of life. Earl Dunnely, the old lord-lieutenant of the county, and father of Viscount Chiselem, came in haste from one of his distant seats, to endeavour to prevail on his son to renounce the danger. But the young sporting blades thought it looked very fine to persist in their contempt for the danger, and would listen to nobody.

Viscount Chiselem's Daylight, Honourable Charles Easthope's The Tartar, Mr. T. Hardwick's Fire-and-fly, Mr. Pryn's Brown John, Captain Flannagan's Cut-and-come-again. Of these horses, The Tartar was the favourite, and most bets were laid on him—except with the ladies. They, according to custom, only saw the merits of the horses through the attractions of their riders, and their betting was free enough upon the *gentlemen* favourites, these being, very generally, Lord Chiselem and Mr. Tom Hardwick. Emily Bell's gloves were of course red-hot upon Fire-and-fly.

III.

EVERYBODY had gone to the steeple-chase, man, woman, and child; not a soul was left at home to take care of the village, which might have run away with itself without hinderance. Even Miss Emily Bell, in spite of her disgrace, had been conveyed thither by her parents.

One exception there was, James Ailsa; but he was in no mood for steeple-chases. His preparations for leaving Ebury were completed; he was in haste to depart; and only waited the return of Mr. Winninton from the scene of the day's sport.

They were coming back at last, not one or two only, but in groups. Ailsa had been watching for them at the door a long while, and he stood and watched them still. A horseman clattered past, riding as if for his life. It was the butler at the Hall. Following close upon him, came

another; and this proved to be young Chewton, the lawyer's son. He saw Ailsa, and pulled up.

"Have you been there, Ailsa? I did not see you."

"No."

"This is a horrible thing, is it not?"

"Has there been any accident?" demanded Ailsa.

"Good Heavens! have you not heard? Tom Hardwick's killed."

Ailsa, strong man that he was, shook in every limb. He drew back, and leaned against the door-post for support.

"Is he dead?" he gasped.

"He was not dead when I left," replied young Chewton, "but they say he cannot survive the night. *His back is broken.*"

Ailsa shuddered: as if something supernatural were creeping over him.

"Why Ailsa, the news has startled you indeed! you are as white as a corpse."

There was no reply.

"One would think you were going to faint," continued Mr. Chewton.

"Can't you speak? Are you insensible?"

At that moment he was, to all outward things. A prayer was ascending from his heart to the throne of Heaven for forgiveness of the sinful wish he had that morning uttered as Hardwick passed him, and which had been so strangely fulfilled.

"By the way, Easthope has got his arm broken—or leg; I forget which," resumed Chewton.

"You forget which!"

"I really do. Minor accidents are lost sight of before such a calamity as Hardwick's. The poor horses, for instance, nobody has cast a thought towards them. Chiselem was thrown twice, and got stunned; and Flannagan was flung into Beech Pond. I don't know whether he's out yet."

"But Tom Hardwick!" uttered Ailsa, incapable of listening to any other topic; "I would sacrifice my own life to save his."

"What a vain wish!" exclaimed Chewton. "By the way, have you heard that Gaunt's dead?"

"Gaunt! was *he* there?"

"No, no; news came this morning to the Manor House. He died in town."

"Oh, goodness me! there never was such a steeple-chase before!" squeaked little Tuck, Mr. Winninton's new apprentice. "Mamma need not have said I shouldn't go, for fear I should get a liking for them. I'll never go to another. It's dreadful. You should have heard Tom Hardwick's groans. If you please, sir, can they set a broken back?"

"Not exactly," said young Chewton, answering for Ailsa, as he rode away.

Master Tuck was right. There never had been such a steeple-chase before, at least in the recollection of Ebury. Lord Chiselem was thrown, and picked up insensible, Mr. Easthope's shoulder was dislocated, and Tom Hardwick's back was broken. Two of the horses were killed, one was lamed, and another had disappeared altogether.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Winninton, throwing himself back in his easy-

chair, after perusing a flowing account of the steeple-chase in one of the local papers, "men are greater fools than they are generally taken for, to risk a rush into eternity every time they venture at these insane steeple-chases."

"But this was a particularly insane one," rejoined his gentle sister, who had invariably a kind and excusing word for everybody in the village, old maid though they all called her. "And I think the authorities should have interfered beforehand, and not have allowed these poor, thoughtless lads to risk their necks."

But the authorities had not done so, and the "thoughtless lads" had to reap the consequences of their own temerity.

THE FAIRIES' HOME.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

[In Ireland, it is said, the fairies have power to punish those who intrude upon their haunts, and that they disappear altogether when their dwellings are encroached on by the homes and habitations of man.]

In many a silent moonlit dell
The fairy people used to dwell,
But none so gay as those erewhile
Who made their home in Erin's isle.
On sweet Killarney's flower-clad hills,
Or down by Mallow's gurgling rills,
Or where sweet Shannon's waters roam,
Be sure the fairies made their home.

The bright, the mystic Elfin band
There made their home in Erin's land.

They dwelt where voice was never heard
Save whispering wind, or warbling bird;
And ah! that was a rueful day
When herdsman led his kine that way,—
For if within the fairies' ring
His wandering flock he'd chance to bring,
In danger's path 'twas his to roam,
Who crush'd the flowers of the fairies' home!
Such mystic powers that Elfin band
Possess'd of old, in Erin's land.

But now, where stood those lovely dells,
How many a busy household dwells;
The mystic, dream-like, fairy past
Was all too pure, too bright to last.
'Tis thus in life—can age restore
Youth's beauteous fairy scenes of yore?
No! but in dreams again we roam
Those sunny realms, the fairies' home!

There only meet that gentle band
That bless'd young Erin's sunny land!

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No I.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Few, it may be reasonably affirmed, will demur to the judgment which assigns to Mr. Washington Irving the most distinguished place in American literature. Meaning thereby, not the distinction of incomparable genius in general, nor of pre-eminent superiority in any special department of authorship; but—without present reference to his personal or intrinsic claims, however great—the distinction of extrinsic, popular renown, the external evidence of long-established and world-wide recognition. Wherever America is known to have a literature at all, she is known to rejoice in one Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., as its representative. If an unreading alderman presiding at a public dinner wished to couple with a toast in honour of that literature the name of its most distinguished scion, Washington Irving's, we presume, is the name he would fix on; not, perhaps, that the alderman may have read that author much, but that he has read his brother authors less, or not at all, and, in short, proposes the toast in an easy, conventional, matter-of-fact way, as paying a compliment the legitimacy of which will be impeached by no comptator at the civic board. The alderman's private opinion, he being "no great things" as a student and critic in the *belles lettres*, may be valued at zero; but his post-prandial proposition, as the mouthpiece of public opinion, as the symbol or exponent by which society rates a name now to be toasted with all the honours, is of prime significance. There may be American writers who, either in the range, or the depth, of literary power, or in both combined, are actually the superiors of the author of "Rip Van Winkle" and the "History of New York." He may yield in picturesque reality to Fenimore Cooper—in dramatic animation to Brockden Brown—in meditative calmness to Cullen Bryant—to Longfellow in philosophic aspiration—to Holmes in epigrammatic ease—to Emerson in independent thought—to Melville in graphic intensity—to Edgar Poe in witching fancy—to Mayo in lively eccentricity—to Prescott in accurate erudition—to Hawthorne in subtle insight—to Mitchell in tender sentiment. He may, or he may not, do all this, or part of it. But, notwithstanding, his position remains, either way, at the top of the tree. Thitherwards he was elevated years ago, by popular acclamation, when as yet he stood almost alone in transatlantic literature; and thence there has been little disposition to thrust him down, in favour of the many rivals who have since sprung up, and multiplied, and covered the land. Mrs. Beecher Stowe is of course infinitely more popular for the nonce, or, indeed,

It may be for years, and it may be for ever;

but, recurring to that distinction which is traditional, conventional, and thus far "well-ordered in all things and sure," Washington Irving holds it in possession, and *that* is nine points of the law.

In effect, he is already installed on the shelf as a classic. His sweet, smooth, translucent style, makes him worthy to be known, and pleasant

to be read, of all men. Be his theme what it may—and in choice of themes he is comprehensive enough—whether a Dutch “tea and turn-out,” or a “Siege of Granada;” a full-length of “Mahomet,” or a crayon sketch of “Jack Tibbetts;” a biography of “Goldsmith,” or of “Dolph Heyliger;” a “prairie on fire,” or a “Yorkshire Christmas dinner;” a night on the “Rocky Mountains,” or a morning at “Abbotsford”—to each he brings the same *bello stile che*, as he may say, and *has said*,* *m’ha fatto onore*. His style is indeed charming, so far as it goes. That is not, possibly, very far, or at least very deep. For it is not a style to compass profound or impassioned subjects, or to intone the thrilling notes which “sigh upward from the Delphic caves of human life.” It has not, speaking generally, and “organically,” more than one set of keys, and can give little meaning to passages demanding diapason grandeur, or trumpet stop. It fluently expresses ballad and dance music; or even the mellifluous cadences of Bellini, and the gliding graces of Haydn; but beyond its range are such complex harmonies as a *Sinfonia Eroica*, such tumultuous movements as a *Hailstone Chorus*. And therefore is it not what one sometimes hears it called, a perfect style—unless the perfection be relatively interpreted, *quoad rem*, which of itself is a “pretty considerable” concession. But in its proper track, it is eminently delightful, and flows on, not in serpentine, meandering curves, but straightforward, “unhasting, yet unresting,” with musical ripple as of some soft inland murmur. Hence a vast proportion of the favour vouchsafed to its master, who has made it instrumental in popularising subjects in the treatment of which he had scarcely another advantage, or even justification. Quiet humour, gentle pathos, sober judgment, healthy morality, amiable sentiment, and exemplary professional industry, have done the rest.

That Mr. Irving was eminently endowed with the mytho-pœic faculty—the art of myth-making—was delightfully evident in the production of “Knickerbocker’s History of New York.” In relation to the infant experiences of the city he depicts, he occupies as notable a position from the positive pole as Niebuhr does from the negative; the German’s skill in the use of the *minus* sign, he emulates in dexterous management of the *plus*; whatever fame the one deserves as a destructive, the other may arrogate as a conservative, or rather a creator; the former immortalises himself because he exhausts old worlds, the latter because he imagines new. All honour, then, to the undaunted historian of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty—being the Only Authentic History of the Times that ever hath been published; which peremptory “only,” so far at least as it excludes other claimants, is a terse and tidy challenge, “which nobody can deny.” Equally undeniable is it that, for a historian and chronicler, old Knickerbocker is “a jolly good fellow;” and that even Sir Robert Walpole might have been tempted to revoke and recant his slander on history at large, had he been familiar with such a dainty dish as this. Every pursuivant of useful knowledge is conciliated *in limine*, by the honest man’s assurance, that if any one quality pre-eminently distinguishes his compilation, it is that

* In the preface to his “Life of Goldsmith,” to whose literary influence over himself he applies the address of Dante to Virgil.

of conscientious, severe, and faithful veracity—"carefully winnowing away the chaff of hypothesis, and discarding the tares of fable, which are too apt to spring up and choke the seeds of truth and wholesome knowledge." Inspired by this stern principle, it is beautiful to hear his disclaimer of all records assailable by scepticism, or vulnerable by critical analysis—his sublime rejection of many a pithy tale and marvellous adventure—his jealous maintenance of that fidelity, gravity, and dignity which he accounts indispensable to his order. The heroes of the New York mythological æon swagger before us in memorable guise. Good Master Hendrick Hudson, for instance, with his mastiff mouth, and his broad copper nose—supposed (the latter, to wit) to have acquired its fiery hue from the constant neighbourhood of the tobacco-pipe; a man remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders, and for a voice which sounded not unlike the brattling of a tin trumpet, owing to the number of hard nor'-westers swallowed by him in the course of his sea-faring. Walter the Doubter, again, so styled because the magnitude of his ideas kept him everlastingly in suspense—his head not being large enough to let him turn them over, and examine them on both sides; an alleged lineal descendant of the illustrious King Log; hugely endowed with the divine faculty of silence, and loving to sit with his privy council for hours together, smoking and dozing over public affairs, without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness so necessary to deep reflection. Golden age of innocence and primitive blessedness! when tea-parties were marked with the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment—no flirting, or coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, or hoyden, chattering, and romping of young ones—but when the demure misses seated themselves for the evening in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings, nor ever opened their lips, unless to say "Yah, Mynheer," or "Yah, ya Vrouw," to any question that was asked them—while the gentlemen tranquilly "blew a cloud," and seemed, one and all, lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles of the fireplace, representing, perhaps, Tobit and his dog, or Haman swinging conspicuously on his gibbet, or Jonah manfully bouncing out of the whale, "like harlequin through a barrel of fire." Then comes William the Testy—that "universal genius"—who would have been a much better governor had he been a less learned man—who was perpetually experimentalising at the expense of the state, and reducing to practice the political schemes he had gathered from Solon and Lycurgus, and the republic of Plato and the Pandects of Justinian—who introduced the art of fighting by proclamation (an art worthy of Mr. Cobden* himself), and wrought out for himself great renown by a series of mechanical inventions, such as carts that went before the horses, and patronised a race of lawyers and bum-bailiffs, and made his people exceedingly enlightened and unhappy. And lastly, we have Peter the Headstrong—tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, leathern-sided, and

* The fellow-feeling between these two great men may be illustrated by the annexed passage from Knickerbocker:—"The great defect of William the Testy's policy was, that though no man could be more ready to stand forth in an hour of emergency, yet he was so intent upon guarding the national pocket, that he suffered the enemy to break its head; in other words, whatever precaution for public safety he adopted, he was so intent upon rendering it cheap, that he invariably rendered it ineffectual."—"History of New York," book iv., c. 4.

wooden-legged—a hero of chivalry struck off by the hand of nature at a single heat—a beautiful relique of old-fashioned bigotry—a perfect fossil of effete notions—a peremptory and pugnacious man, who would stamp to and fro about the town, during political ferment, with a most war-betokening visage, his hands in his pockets, whistling a low Dutch psalm-tune, which bore no small resemblance to the music of a north-east wind when a storm is brewing. The very dogs, as they eyed his excellency, and heard his wooden foot-fall, skulking anywhither in dismay. It argues a significant talent for ironical composition and easy badinage in Mr. Irving, that he has sustained to the last, in this perhaps over-long history, the quaint tone of subdued comedy and simple gravity which marks its opening. It abounds in pungent reflections profitable for later times, and likely to remain applicable until the last public quack and parliamentary humbug and official mountebank shall be no more.

"Salmagundi" belongs to the same—the earliest—stage in the author's literary career, and partakes of the same satiric features. But the satire is good-natured enough in both cases, and indeed comes from too kindly a heart to be impregnated with any very bitter stuff. What Byron calls

The royal vices of the age, demand
A keener weapon and a mightier hand.

And against such it is not Geoffrey Crayon's mission to set himself in array.

Still there are follies e'en for him to chase,
And yield, at least, amusement in the race.

So that, although it is not for him, "good easy man, full surely," to confront and apprehend gigantic vice stalking in the streets, or to extinguish the "guilty glare" blazing from what threaten to be "eternal beacons of consummate crime," yet he can speak on the hint,

Are there no follies for my pen to purge?
Are there no fools whose backs deserve the scourge?

And, albeit, the fools have nine lives, and kind Geoffrey's scourge, or cat, hath only one; he lays it on with what appetite he may. He certainly has the gift "*d'apercevoir le ridicule, et de le peindre avec grace et gaieté*." And as certainly, he has had no such "evil communications" with a mocking spirit* as to corrupt his "good manners," or freeze his warm heart.

Hitherto Mr. Irving had catered for the New World. He was now to identify himself with the literators of the Old, by publishing "*The Sketch-Book*," under (to use his own words) "the kind and cordial aus-

* Speaking of the above "sense of the ridiculous," and of the art of painting it with vivacity and mirth, Madame de Staël adds: "*Ce n'est pas là le genre de moquerie dont les suites sont les plus à craindre; celle qui s'attache aux idées et aux sentimens est la plus funeste de toutes, car elle s'insinue dans la source des affections fortes et dévouées.*"—*DE L'ALLEMAGNE*, IV., § ii. This "wise saw," in its warning against the perverting tendencies of satire, reminds us of a "modern instance." Thomas Moore, a man of as gay and kindly a disposition as the author of "*Salmagundi*," had attained a far greater renown as a satirist, and with far greater pretensions to that "bad eminence," when, apprehensive of its corroding power, as well on agent as patient, he wrote in his diary (1819): "Resolved never to have anything more to do with satire; it is a path in which one not only strews, but gathers thorns." Five years previously, Lady Donegal had urged him to take the same resolution, on the same grounds.

pices of Sir Walter Scott," and by the agency of the prince of book-sellers, John Murray. This Sketch-Book he compares with that of a wayward travelling artist, who, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, copies objects in nooks, and corners, and by-places; the result being a volume crowded with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins, but neglectful of St. Peter's, or the Colosseum, the cascade of Terni, or the bay of Naples, and without a single glacier or volcano in the whole collection. This absence of aught volcanic or violent, removes the sketches from participation in Diderot's judgment, that "*les esquisses ont communément un feu que le tableau n'a pas. C'est le moment de chaleur de l'artiste, &c.*" Look not in these *esquisses* for *feu* or *chaleur*. They are the placid, dreamy droppings of a limner's truant crayon, wandering over the paper at its own sweet will. Variety the collection designedly has; the collector's design being that it should contain something to suit each reader, to harmonise with every note in the gamut of taste. "Few guests," argued he, in arranging his Miscellany—"few guests sit down to a varied table with an equal appetite for every dish. One has an elegant horror of a roasted pig; another holds a curry or a devil in utter abomination; a third cannot tolerate the ancient flavour of venison and wild fowl; and a fourth, of truly masculine stomach, looks with sovereign contempt on those knick-knacks here and there dished up for the ladies. Thus each article is condemned in its turn; and yet amidst this variety of appetites, seldom does a dish go away from the table without being tasted and relished by some one or other of the guests." Is pathos your passion? There is "The Widow and her Son," to ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears—the affliction of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, bereaved of her last solace; and there is "The Pride of the Village," a love tale, and a tale of sorrow unto death—a prose elegy, most musical, most melancholy, on as pretty a low-born lass as ever ran on the green sward. Is humour to you a metal more attractive (though every true taste for pathos involves a hearty relish for humour, and *vice versa*)? There is the discursive chapter on "Little Britain"—that heart's core of the city, that stronghold of John Bullism, as it seemed to Mr. Crayon, looking as usual through coloured spectacles, so that he here recognised a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions, where flourish in great preservation many of the holiday games and customs of yore, and where still revisit the glimpses of the moon not a few ghosts in full-bottomed wigs and hanging sleeves, or in lappets, hoops, and brocade. Such a Little Britain was hardly to be found in Great Britain when Geoffrey pilgrimised amongst us; and is now traceable, in its merest outline, only in his Sketch-Book. Then, again, there is the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," recording the expedition of Ichabod Crane, and his adventure with the Goblin Horseman; and the essay on "John Bull," from an American point of view; and the "Christmas Dinner" at Bracebridge Hall, with boar's head and carol, with wassail bowl of "gentle lamb's wool," celebrated by Master Simon, in certain roistering staves about the "merry browne bowle" and the "merry deep canne," and followed by a Christmas mummary, superintended by a Lord of Misrule, in which Ancient Christmas duly figures away with a frostbitten nose, and Dame Mince Pie, in the venerable magnificence of a faded brocade, long stomacher, peaked hat, and high-

heeled shoes. Or, if your demand be for the romantic and the superstitious, is there not "The Spectre Bridegroom," and the peerless narrative of "Rip Van Winkle?" Or, should you be of literary predilections, there are the essay on "The Art of Book-making," and the Shakspearean researches in the Boar's Head Tavern, and Stratford-on-Avon. A like miscellaneous character pertains to "Bracebridge Hall," and the same refractive medium of coloured spectacles everywhere occurs. The merry England described, is almost in the state of the old lady in the ballad; market-bound, egg-laden, and sleepily *recubans sub tegmine fagi*, to whom, locked in dreamland, "there came by a pedlar, and his name was Stout, and he cut her petticoats all round about;" so that when the matron recovered her consciousness, it was (Hibernicè) not to know herself, and to infer from the new guise of her scant classic drapery that her personal ME (Teutonicè) had evaporated, or transmigrated, or disintegrated itself in some ineffable fashion, precipitating this ineffable residuum or result. Geoffrey Crayon has played more amiable but equally revolutionary pranks on "merry England," adorning her in vestments so out of date (alas!), and so dreamily fictitious, that she fails to recognise in the glass even the general resemblance. He has painted her, not as the sun paints portraits, with harsh and unflattering fidelity, blackening every frown, deepening every furrow, indenting every crow's foot, but rather as the sentimental artist, who has a soul above accuracy, and who groups together prosy people in poetic attitudes, after the manner of the family piece in the "Vicar of Wakefield." These Yorkshire squires and villagers are but demi-semi-realities. They are mostly too good to be true. The angularities of the originals are too much smoothed down, their crooked ways made straight, and their rough places plain. Distance seems to lend enchantment to the view, and a dreamy haze to soften the vision. Be it far from us, nevertheless, to rail at the sketcher's kindly idealism; nor ever can his book be other than dear to us while we remember in it a Ready-Money Jack, and a Tom Slingsby the schoolmaster, or recal that substantial, drab-breeched, top-booted mystery, the Stout Gentleman in No. 13. Nor must we omit allusion to that august widow, Lady Lillycraft, tender-hearted, romantic, and fond of ease—living on white meats, and little ladylike dishes—cherishing the intimacy of pet dogs, Angola cats, and singing birds—an insatiable novel-reader, though she maintains that there are no novels now-a-days equal to "Pamela" and "Sir Charles Grandison," and that the "Castle of Otranto" is at the head of all romances. Old Christy, too, and Mrs. Hannah, merit a passing salutation—a couple as evidently formed to be linked together as ever were pepper-box and vinegar-cruet. The story of "Dolph Heyliger" glides on with sprightly ease.

Next, we come to the "Tales of a Traveller." Comparatively, it is a well-known truth, they were a failure. Mr. Irving's rambling among the forests of Germany and the plains of Italy provided him with copious *matériel* for legendary lore; but the critics decided that of this *matériel* he did not make the most. Notwithstanding his advantages, he might have written the tales, it was averred, without being a traveller at all; instead of spending three years on them, he might have finished the thing in three months, without stirring out of London. The ghost stories, it was alleged, were some of them old, and nearly all badly told—that is,

not told seriously, but in a sort of half-witty vein, with little dancing quirks interspersed. "Good Heavens!" cried a *Blackwood* censor, "are we come to this, that men of this rank cannot even make a robbery terrific, or a love story tolerable?" The story of the Inn at Terracina, of the Beheaded Lady, of Buckthorne, &c., all were more or less found wanting; in descriptive passages, where the traveller had taken up his rest at Venice, Florence, Naples, and other such inspiring abodes, he was declared to have produced either a blank or a blunder; and the only meed of praise awarded him was for that section of the book devoted to "some of his old genuine stuff—the quaintnesses of the ancient Dutch heers and frows of the delicious land of the *Manhattoes*." He was therefore counselled to eschew European and classical subjects, and to riot once more, as Knickerbocker, in pumpkin pies, grinning negroes, smoking skippers, plump little Dutch maidens, and their grizzly-periwigged papas. If he would have honour, he was bid go seek it by prophesying and historicising about his own country, and his father's house.

So far he followed this counsel as to write in detail the life and the voyages of his country's immortal visitor, not to say her mortal creator, Christopher Columbus—

Who the great secret of the Deep possess'd,
And, issuing through the portals of the West,
Fearless, resolved, with every sail unfurl'd,
Planted his standard on the Unknown World.*

Verily, a fascinating narrative—a strange, saddening, yet inspiring tale of the great Genoese sea-king, and of his great fight of afflictions, in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils by his adopted countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. In narrating the story of this hero, Mr. Irving has endeavoured to place him in a clear and familiar point of view; rejecting no circumstance, however trivial, which appeared to evolve some point of character; and seeking all kinds of collateral facts which might throw light upon his views and motives. In this endeavour he has succeeded. Few biographies surpass in sustained interest this memoir of the

Ἄνδρα . . . πολυτροπον, ὅς μαλα πολλὰ
Πλαγχθῇ—

a misconceived, misrepresented man—with none to sympathise with and foster his high imaginations,

Moving about in worlds not realised.

Perhaps the subject might have warranted a little more warmth of colouring—indeed, Mr. Irving is less ornate than usual in the present instance, and might easily have drawn a more impressive figure of the admiral in the waste deep waters—"around him, mutinous, discouraged souls," to use the words of Carlyle; "behind him, disgrace and ruin; before him, the unpenetrated veil of Night." However, apart from the intrinsic charm of the recital, there is so much of the author's wonted fluency and

* Rogers.

unaffected grace of style and clearness of method in working it out, that it leaves us sensibly his debtors, and in charity with him, if not (remembering the wrongs of Columbus) with all mankind.

The bent of his Spanish studies at this time found a new direction in the "History of the Conquest of Granada"—wherein he has fully availed himself, says Mr. Prescott, of all the picturesque and animating movements of the romantic era of Ferdinand and Isabella, and has been very slightly seduced from historic accuracy by the poetical aspect of his subject. "The fictitious and romantic dress of his work has enabled him to make it the medium for reflecting more vividly the floating opinions and chimerical fancies of the age, while he has illuminated the picture with the dramatic brilliancy of colouring denied to sober history."* The concoction of this modern Iliad is certainly admirable. The hand of a master is seen in the delineation of character, Christian and Moorish; in the grouping of the *dramatis personæ*; and in the evolution, act by act, and scene after scene, of the drama itself. Especially we remember with interest the portraits of Don Juan de Vera, ever dignified and chivalric, and the gallant Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz; of the daring old warrior, El Zagal, and the ill-starred Boabdil. Tenderly the historian tells the exodus of the latter, with his devoted cavaliers, from the city of the Alhambra—how they paused on the mountain side to take a farewell gaze at their beloved Granada, which a few more steps would shut from their sight for ever, and which never before had appeared so lovely in their eyes—the sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighting up each tower and minaret, and resting gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra, while the vega (plain) spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil; how the proud exiles lingered with a silent agony of tenderness and grief in view of that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures—until a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem king lost for ever; and how, thereupon, the heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with woe, could no longer contain itself, and the words of resignation, *Allah achbar!* died upon his lips, and tears blinded his last glance at the metropolis of his sires.

Far less satisfactory, to our thinking, is the collection of tales entitled "The Alhambra"—for we shared in the "dolorous disappointment" of an eminent reviewer, who observes that he came to it with the eager supposition that it was some real Spanish or Moorish legend connected with that romantic edifice; and behold! it was a mere Sadler's Wells travesty (before the reign of Phelps and legitimacy) applied to some slender fragments from past days. The observation applies, however, to the plan of the work, not to the execution.

But we must "hurry on"—which Mr. Irving did, à *merveille*, in his rapid production of volume after volume. "A Tour on the Prairies" recalls him to his own country, in one of its most distinctive features, and is agreeably described, without any straining at effect, or long-bow draughtmanship. "Astoria" followed—the story of a merchant-prince's

* Prescott's "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," vol. ii., ch. 4.

commercial enterprise, from its projection to its failure; sometimes tedious, but not without moving accidents by flood and field. "Abbotsford and Newstead" is a delightful specimen of biographical-topographical gossip: the former part making up one of the most charming chapters in "Lockhart's Life of Scott;" which is giving it unstinted praise, yet praise as discreet as emphatical. "Captain Bonneville" is a kind of sequel to "Astoria," relating the expedition of a chieftain of trappers and hunters among the Rocky Mountains of the Far West. But the supply of this sort of information concerning bark canoes and wigwams, Indian swamps and Indian scamps, snowy mountains and sun-scorched prairies, beaver-skins and buffalo meat, salt weed and cotton-wood bark, was by this time beginning to exceed the demand, and the excitement kindled by Cooper's romances was becoming subject to the law of reaction. Hence these works fell comparatively flat on the public ear, and the public voice was heard to murmur that Geoffrey Crayon had written himself dry, and that his every later literary birth was a still birth—a sleep and a forgetting.

For awhile he was silent. When again his voice was heard, it was heard gladly, and the echo of response was still fraught with the music of popularity, and swelled with resonance of welcome. "Oliver Goldsmith: a Biography," was a theme a little the worse for wear; but an English public was too fond of both Geoffrey Crayon and him "for shortness called Noll,"

Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll,

not to lend a willing ear to what the one had to say of the other. Prior's life was voted a pattern of industry, but left unread. Forster's was highly, widely, and deservedly admired, and remains *the* Life—being executed, as Mr. Irving himself testifies, with a spirit, a feeling, a grace, and an eloquence, that leave nothing to be desired. That Mr. Irving's biography made its appearance at all, when by its own averment it was no desideratum, is explained by the fact that its author had already published it in a meagre and fragmentary form, which attracted slight notice; and now, in the course of revising and republishing his *opera omnia*, felt called upon to reproduce it in a more complete and satisfactory shape. He writes *con amore*, and with ever-prompt indulgence, of one to whose literary genius his own is indebted and akin. Whereas Johnson said of poor Goldsmith, "Let not his frailties be remembered: he was a very great man,"—it is Mr. Irving's course to say, let them rather *be* remembered, since their tendency is to endear; since he was no man's enemy but his own; since his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous and touching circumstances as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness; since there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring creature, that pleads affectingly to our common nature—as being ourselves also in the body, *ὡς καὶ αὐτοὶ ὄντες ἐν σαρκί*. Prudish censors may scout this sort of indulgence on the part of a critical biographer. For ourselves, we have too much fellow-feeling with Elia's veneration for an honest obliquity of mind, to find the indulgence culpable; thinking with Elia, that the more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not bewray or overreach you. "I love the safety," protests dear,

canonised Charles, "which a palpable hallucination warrants, the security which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition." Goldy was no fool, though; but his nature found it occasionally *dulce desipere*, and not always *in loco*.

The "Life of Mahomet," like the preceding, seemed to require explanation, since it confessedly could add no new fact to those already known concerning the Arabian prophet. The author tells us it forms part of a projected series of writings illustrative of the domination of the Arabs in Spain—most of the particulars being drawn from Spanish sources, with the addition of assistance from the elaborate work by Dr. Weil, and other recent authorities; his object in constructing it being, to digest into an easy, perspicuous, and flowing narrative (wherein so few can compete with him) the admitted facts concerning Mahomet, together with the leading legends and traditions connected with his creed, and a summary of the creed itself. The pretensions of this memoir are, therefore, small, as regards historical weight. It is deficient, moreover, in the matter of contemporary history, so essential to a due understanding of Mahomet's political and religious stand-point. The criticism on Mahomet's personal character is of that moderate and judicious kind which the author's antecedents might have warranted us to expect—neither condemning the prophet as an impudent impostor, juggler, and sensualist, nor exalting him to the honours of hero-worship. Mahomet is neither taxed with heartless selfishness, and ruinous imbecility, nor eulogised for "total freedom from cant," "deadly earnestness," and "annihilation of self."* He is portrayed as an enthusiast originally acting under a species of mental delusion, deeply imbued with a conviction of his being a divine agent for religious reform, but who, after his flight to Medina, became subject to worldly passions and worldly schemes—yet throughout his career, in a great degree, the creature of impulse and excitement, and very much at the mercy of circumstances. With equal impartiality Mr. Irving discusses the lives and actions of his successors.

But *New Monthly* space and patience will no farther go, and leave us only room, in anticipation of his promised life of Washington, to bid that great man's namesake a pleasant and respectful *au revoir*.

* Carlyle.

ORIENTAL ARCHÆOLOGY.*

THE state of things in Western Asia is certainly very much changed to what it used to be. This is in part owing to some real progress among the Turks, in part to increased communication with Europeans, and improvement of the natives themselves. In 1820 Mr. Rich started from Baghdad on a visit to Kurdistan and Nineveh, accompanied by the officers and servants of the residency, and a guard of twenty-five Sepoys and their subadar. Mrs. Rich also travelled, attended by women servants, and all the state of a harem. Yet, with such an escort, the mound of Jonah had to be measured surreptitiously, the Yezidis were left enveloped in mystery, and vain attempts were made to visit Al Hadhr. In the time of the Euphrates expedition, Syria and Palestine were held by the Egyptians. The Arabs of Syria and Mesopotamia were in open revolt, and the Kurds were only held in check at one extremity by Rashid, surnamed from his exploits, Kurd Pasha; and at the other by Ali Pasha, of Baghdad. The navigation and exploration of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris was carried on by an express firman of the Sublime Porte, and under the especial protection of the Sultan: the expedition was thus at times obliged to uphold the authority of the Porte, among semi-barbarous savages, by vigorous measures, which appalled the then aged diplomatist at Baghdad, who, during some thirteen years' residence at the city of the Khalifa, had never ventured as far as the ruins of Babylon; and which Mr. Layard has been misled by the same influences to designate as "highly imprudent and ill-advised acts."

The Euphrates expedition was followed by the more humble Kurdistan expedition: Syria was still in revolt, and the defeat of the Turks at Nizab, during the progress of the expedition, had thrown the whole country into a state of disorder; the Kurds were harassing the Turks in the very heart of Asia Minor; the Arabs held Mesopotamia up to the walls of Mardin; the Yezidis, under the descendant of an Umniyad Khalif, were all-powerful in the Sinjar, and all Turkish Kurdistan was under the undisputed sway of its warlike bays, among whom Badir Khan, the exterminator of the Nestorians; Nur Ullah, the murderer of Schultz, the Bay of Rahwanduz; the redoubted antagonist of Ali Pasha, and Mahmud, Bay of Mahmudiyah, claimed to be lineal descendants of the Abbasside Khalifs. Still, notwithstanding these difficulties, two complete sections, illustrating the geological structure and physical configuration of the central mountain districts of Kurdistan were obtained, the central Nestorian regions were explored, and the footsteps of Xenophon and the retreating Greeks were faithfully followed out.

The French next sent Botta to the same regions. Qualified by nearly twenty years' residence in the East, by great archæological acquirements, and intimacy with both the Arabic and Turkish languages, and backed by an enlightened government, with whom archæological researches have always been held in honour, aided by the more liberal spirit that

* Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert; being the result of a Second Expedition, undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum. By Austen H. Layard, M.P., &c. John Murray.

has crept into the councils of the Porte within the last ten or fifteen years, this enterprising consul was the first to so far triumph over Musulman prejudices as to obtain the sanction of the authorities to excavate the mounds of Nineveh.

Mr. Layard had traversed the same countries previously, and at the time the Kurdistan expedition was still engaged there, as also at a subsequent period. His interest and curiosity had been roused by the contemplation of so many mounds of ruin, and they were carried to their very height by the success of Botta, whose discovery of sculptured representations of battles, sieges, and similar events, first opened a new page in history, and laid the records of an almost unknown people before the world. Happily at that time Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, to whom we are indebted for the marbles of Halicarnassus, now in the British Museum, represented Great Britain at Constantinople, and he held out a liberal hand to help the young English traveller in his explorations—the success that attended upon which has been followed by honours and rewards that rarely await upon successful travel or research, and which in this instance are most truly equally well deserved and well worn.

We have now before us the results of a second expedition to the same countries, carried on under still better auspices and encouragement, both pecuniary and otherwise, than the first. The Turks had finally subjected Kurdistan. All the great chiefs, Badir Khan, Nur Ullah, the Bay of Rahwanduz, even Sheriff Bay of Bitlis, were dead or in exile. The Turks had penetrated as far as the strongholds of the Nestorians; but little, it appears, from Mr. Layard's account, to the advantage of these persecuted Christians, who are as ill-treated, as much tortured, and ground down by the Osmanlis, as they were by their hereditary Kurdish foes. Archæological research, instead of being almost surreptitiously carried on at Nineveh, was at a premium; everybody had turned explorer, and even the Turkish Pasha had been carried away by the fever, and, to the horror of all devout Musselmen, was busily engaged in undermining the Mausoleum of the prophet Jonah, a place whose sanctity had saved it from European zeal. The friendship of most of the Arab and Yezidi chiefs had also been won over and secured by a series of acts most honourable to all parties, and thus the mysterious rites of Shaik Adi, the robber dens of Sinjar, and the lion and beaver-frequented regions of the Khabur, were alike laid open to this adventurous and successful traveller.

Mr. Layard was accompanied on the "Second Expedition" by a goodly party, including Dr. Sandwith, Mr. Cooper, an artist, Mr. H. Rassam, Kawal Yusuf, a Yezidi* preacher, Muhammad Aga, a Kawass, Abd-el-Messiah, a Catholic Syrian, and Sarkis, an Armenian. The early part of the journey to Erzurum presents no features of novelty. Beyond this the party were enabled to proceed to Mosul, by the Lake of Wan, Bitlis, and Jisrah: the first portion of the journey lying by Hinnis, or Khanus;† thence crossing the Euphrates beyond Kara Gul

* Izedis, or, as they were afterwards named by the Muhammadans, Yezidis (Rawlinson in "*Journal of Roy. Geog. Society*," vol. x., p. 92).

† The Rev. Mr. Renouard ascertained from the Jihan Numa that it is Khorus, or Khanus.

(Black Lake), they reached the Lakes of Shailu and Nazik; the first of which was ascertained to pour its waters into the Murad Su, the second into Lake Van, at Akhlat, by a deep ravine, but that only during the period of flood, during which period the inhabitants lay in a stock of fish sufficient to last the whole year. Beyond this the party arrived at Akhlat, the ancient Armenian city of Khelath, whose remarkable ruins and picturesque beauties are described at length; Mr. Cooper's pencil introducing us to two splendid mausolea of sultans of the renowned Tatar tribes of the black and white sheep. We regret that the party appear to have missed a remarkable mausoleum of the same description that stands in a glen not far north of Khanus Castle, and which well deserved to be commemorated by the same artist.

From Bitlis the party proceeded along the river of the same name, leaving Se'rt to the left, to the country of the Kharzan, or Gharzen Yezidis, who would appear to represent the Arzanians of the Romans and the Low Empire. The presence of Kawal Yusuf, who, through the mediation of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, was the bearer of an imperial firman, which secured to these sectarians the full enjoyment of their religion and other great privileges, ensured a triumphant reception to the party both at the villages and at the town of Radwan, where are also Armenians, Jacobites, and Chaldeans of the Roman Catholic Church. Here Mr. Layard first saw the Malik Taus, or brazen peacock, the mysterious standard of the Yezidis. Kawals, or priests, are sent annually to collect the revenues of the chief of the sect to the four Yezidi districts of Sinjar, Aleppo, Radwan, and Georgia. Each mission has its brazen standard. The Kawals happened at this moment to be at Radwan, and Mr. Layard and Mr. Rassam were allowed to see the sacred emblem. "The Kawals and elders offering no objection," Mr. Layard relates, "I was conducted early in the morning into a dark inner room in Nazi's house. It was some time before my eyes had become sufficiently accustomed to the dim light to distinguish an object, from which a large red coverlet had been raised on my entry. The Kawals drew near with every sign of respect, bowing and kissing the corner of the cloth on which it was placed. A stand of bright copper or brass, in shape like the candlesticks generally used in Mosul and Baghdad, was surmounted by the rude image of a bird in the same metal, and more like an Indian or Mexican idol than a cock or peacock. Its peculiar workmanship indicated some antiquity, but I could see no traces of inscription upon it. Before it stood a copper bowl to receive contributions, and a bag to contain the bird and stand, which takes to pieces when carried from place to place." Thus at length we have not only a description, but a drawing, of this singular religious emblem, concerning which such strange stories have been current. The Yezidis declared to Mr. Layard that, notwithstanding the frequent wars and massacres to which the sect has been exposed, and the plunder and murder of the priests during their journeys, no Malik Taus has ever fallen into the hands of the Mussulmans. Notwithstanding the devotional respect paid to the emblem, Mr. Layard still avers that it is not looked upon as an idol, but "simply as a symbol or a banner." That which is "symbolic" can, however, scarcely be designated "simple;" it must, to be such, represent some abstract or religious idea.

From Radwan the party proceeded to Tillah, at the junction of the

Tigris and the Buhtan-Chai. Mr. Layard does not notice the identification of this place with Til, celebrated in Armenian history, and much favoured by Tigranes. Mr. Layard also supposes that he crossed at the ford used by the Greeks in the memorable Katabasis, but this must have been higher up, for the Greeks are described by Xenophon as encamping above the plain of the Centrites (Buhtan Chai), the lower ford being defended by a large body of horse. The Greeks after this tried to pass the river at a second ford, which they reached by a road that led upwards, but found the water too deep, and it was only the next day that a third ford was discovered four stadia further onwards. The ford first crossed by Cheirisophus would thus certainly not be at the junction of the rivers, but has been determined to exist elsewhere.

Our travellers wished to avoid Funduk, a large village of ferocious Kurds, where the Kurdistan expedition had, however, before slept in safety, but the hospitality of the warlike mountaineers was forced upon them. At Fynyk (ancient Phœnica) Mr. Layard was lucky enough to have two sculptured figures of the Parthian period pointed out to him by the Kurds. Mr. Layard takes no notice of the history of the place to which attention was first called in modern times by Mr. Rich, and which was subsequently visited by the Kurdistan expedition, and is noticed by Ammianus Marcellinus, by Assemani, and in the Tarikh al Akrad, as celebrated in Kurdish annals.

Mr. Layard found two more rock sculptures, representing a warrior on horseback and a single figure, of the same age as those of Fynyk, in an adjacent valley leading from Jizirah to Dargilah, the former stronghold of Badir Khan Bay. From hence, descending into the valley of the Khabur, the party found themselves nearing the Assyrian plains, and the heat was so intense that, as Mr. Layard remarks, "it seemed to paralyse all nature, causing the very air itself to vibrate." Unfortunately the Arabs had crossed the Tigris on one of their perpetual predatory expeditions, which rendered the road very insecure, especially near to the Tigris, which was the one the party followed. A large party of friends had, however, ridden from the neighbourhood of Shaikh Khan, nearly forty miles, through the night, to meet them and escort them; and further on they met with still more friends and fellow-labourers at the excavations, with Mr. Esau Rassam (the vice-consul), and they were thus not long in being safely housed in Mosul—"it seemed," says Mr. Layard, "as if we had but returned from a summer's ride; two years had passed away like a dream."

Mr. Layard says that the identification of the route pursued by Xenophon and the Ten Thousand had been one of the principal objects of this journey; and in a concluding recapitulation, or *resumé*, he states first his conviction that the parasang was not a measure of distance accurately determined—an objectionable view of the case (although no doubt that in the instance of the Anabasis it was often guessed at), as it enables the theorist to adapt the day's journeys to his own speculations. Taking the Greeks across a ford over the Zab, twenty-five miles above the junction of that river with the Tigris, he identifies the site of the struggle with Mithridates, with the Ghazir Su, or Bumadus; Larissa with Nimrud; Mespila with Kuyunjik;* the villages beyond with Batnai, not Tel Kaif; the palace

* It, as Mr. Layard avers, the word means a little sheep, it should be Kuyunjik, not Koununjik.

with Zakhu; the spot where the craggy mountains of the Carduchians hang over the river, with Phœnica; and the Centrites with the Bahstan Chai. Arrived here, he says: "It was impossible to cross the river at this spot (near Tillah) in the face of the enemy. At length a ford was discovered higher up. This must have been at a short distance from Tillah, as the river, narrowed between rocky banks, is no longer fordable higher up." This is a mistake. It is fordable higher up. The Teleboas he believes to be the river of Bitlis, to which it must be objected that the Greek historian says that before they reached that river they had advanced above the head of the Tigris, and that it is described as flowing through a plain; and, it is added, they travelled thence, also fifteen parasangs over a plain. The country was called Western Armenia, and the descriptions of the Greek historian correspond best with what is still considered as Armenia. The great point in favour of such an identification is, that the Greeks made six marches thence to the Euphrates; and if we identified the Teleboas with the Bitlis Chai there would be no necessity to carry the Greeks up the Murad Chai, except their own statement that its sources were not far off where they forded it. Beyond this, Mr. Layard fairly gives up all explanation of the Katabasis as a hopeless task. "I am on the whole," he says, "inclined to believe that either the Greeks took a very tortuous course after leaving the Euphrates, making daily but little actual progress towards the great end of their arduous journey, the sea coast, or that there is a considerable error in the amount of parasangs given by Xenophon." Mr. Layard was not aware that Professor Malden had set this point, which has hitherto baffled the most anxious inquiry, at rest, by showing that the real meaning of Xenophon (*Anab.*, iv., 6, 4) is: "After this they marched seven days' marches, at the rate of five parasangs a day, *along* the river Phasis," and not, as has been hitherto read, *to* the river Phasis. (*Classical Museum*, No. VII., p. 36.) This reduces the number of marches between the Euphrates and the Phasis to seven.

All that is new, then, in this long commentary on the Katabasis, in which Mr. Layard makes no reference whatsoever to Rennell, Kinneir, D'Anville, Hamilton, or any other labourer in the same field, except where he differs with Ainsworth as to the site of the ford on the Zab, is the determination of the site of the said ford; the identification of the villages beyond Nineveh with Batnai, instead of Tel Kaif; the cross of the Centrites near Til, instead of higher up (which we cannot admit); the identification of the Teleboas with the river of Bitlis (very doubtful); and the pass of the Murad Su, at Karagül (also not satisfactorily proved).

Mr. Ross, who had been left on Mr. Layard's return to England in 1847 to continue the excavations, had left Mosul; since which time Mr. E. Rassam had been directed by the Trustees of the British Museum to employ a small number of men, rather to retain possession of the spot, and to prevent interference on the part of others, than to carry on extensive operations. Mr. Layard lost no time in making arrangements for continuing the excavations with as much activity as the funds granted to Trustees of the British Museum would permit. These proceedings were interrupted for a moment by attendance at the annual festival of the Yezidis, and after that by a visit to Nimrud. The so-called "poem," or sacred book of Shaikh Adi, of which translations now exist by Mr. H.

Rassam and by Mr. Badger, shows how fond the Orientals are of placing themselves under the banner of some particular prophet or claimant to holiness, and how much the language of these holy men resembles one another. Mr. Layard visited at the same time, as also subsequently, the rock sculptures of Bavian, first visited by the late M. Rouet, French consul at Mosul, and among the most important that have yet been discovered in Assyria. In these sculptures of the time of Sennacherib, we have sacred symbols, not similar, but decidedly analogous to the Malik Taus of the Yezidis. They also occur in a picturesque ravine, apparently like Shaikh Adi, which is in the same neighbourhood, devoted to religious ceremonies. Mr. Bell, the young artist, was drowned near where two enormous fragments of rock have fallen into the waters of the Gumal Su, one of the principal feeders of the Ghazir, or Bumadus, and in whose name may be traced a reminiscence of Gaugamela, celebrated for that great victory which gave to the Macedonian conqueror the dominion of the Eastern world.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the archaeological researches carried on for some months at Kuyunjik, Jerraiyah, Baashaikah, Nimrud, and others of these wondrous storehouses of Assyrian history and art. Interesting as these Belzoni-kind of labours are, still it is in the general results—in the light which they cumulatively bring upon the history, and the manners and customs of the Assyrians of old—that their great importance lies. Among the discoveries, however, that crowned the labours of the excavators may be mentioned sculptures representing how the great stones and winged bulls were moved; of the grand entrance to the palace of Kuyunjik; known by the researches of Dr. Hincks and Colonel Rawlinson to have been the home of Sennacherib; of the royal throne; of clay seals, and signets of Assyrian and Egyptian kings, including a royal cylinder of Sennacherib; of numerous bas-reliefs; arches and vaulted drains; and of innumerable objects in metal, copper caldrons, bells, rings, tripods, bowls, cups, and dishes, arms and armour; ivory relics, bronze cubes inlaid with gold and other objects of the highest interest to the antiquary and the historian.

The presence of the Shamar Arabs at the great mount of Kalah Sharakat, imperfectly examined during his former residence in Assyria, prevented Mr. Layard revisiting that most interesting spot; so he repaired instead to the mounds south of the Great Zab, and to the east of the Tigris, and which a party of Arabs had been engaged to excavate. The lofty mound of Kashaf, at the junction of the Zab and Tigris, was found to be an artificial platform of earth and unbaked bricks, resting upon limestone rock. Upon this summit were the ruins of a deserted fort. Captain Lynch ascended the Tigris in his steamer up to this point. The great plain of Shunamuk beyond was inhabited by the Tai Arabs, unfortunately divided among themselves, and Kurds, who descend annually from the mountains to pasture their flocks in the low and fertile plains. The Shamar Arabs had recently crossed the Tigris and made a ghazzia among the herds and horses, and the tribes were much cast down and vexed by these recent misfortunes. Undeterred, however, by the dread of Shamars, Mr. Layard, now joined by Mr. Rolland and Mr. H. Rassam, proceeded to the ruins of Makhamur, lying in the deserted district between the Karachuk range and the river Tigris. The principal mound

was found to be of considerable height, ending in a cone. I was apparently the remains of a platform built of earth and sun-dried bricks, originally divided into several distinct stages or terraces. It stands in the centre of a quadrangle of lower mounds, about 480 paces square. Mr. Layard is mistaken when he calls the Hamrin a ridge of limestone; it is for the greater part a very friable supracretaceous red sandstone—whence its name. The party also visited in the same district the ruins of Abu Jardah, a mound of considerable size, with traces of foundations in stone-masonry on its summit, and the “Kasr,” or palace, one of the principal artificial mounds of Shumamuk. The Arabs had opened several deep trenches and tunnels in the last-mentioned mound, and had discovered chambers, some with walls of plain sun-dried bricks, others panelled round the lower part with slabs of reddish limestone. They had also discovered inscribed bricks with inscriptions declaring that Sennacherib had built a city, or rather palace, for the name of which, or rather its equivalent in cuneiform characters, Mr. Layard could not suggest a reading. From the summit of this mound, bearings were taken of twenty-five considerable mounds, the remains of ancient Assyrian population, showing that the whole of the fertile and little known region between the two Zabs was inhabited in olden times. From the mound of Abd al Assiz, sepulchral urns and pottery, apparently not Assyrian, were obtained; and from the Gla (an Arab corruption of Kalah, Castle), partly a natural, and partly an artificial elevation, and a very remarkable spot, were obtained bricks bearing the name of Sennacherib, as also the name of the place, which Mr. Layard was unable to decipher. It was on his return from this journey that Mr. Layard came to the ford of the Great Zab, near the ruin of Abu Shitha, which he identifies with the spot crossed by the Greeks.

The news having arrived at Mosul that two colossal idols, similar to those of Nimrud, had suddenly appeared in a mound by the side of the river Khabur, Mr. Layard resolved upon an exploratory journey to the regions watered by the Habor or Chebar of the Samaritan captivity, and the Chaboras of the Greek geographers—regions less known, and as much worthy of exploration, as any to which profane and biblical history have imparted interest, in the now desolate countries of Western Asia.

Mr. Layard started on this expedition in great force. First he gained over one of the principal shaikhs of the Shamar, or Mesopotamian Arabs, Suttum, chief of the Buraij tribe—who, with his followers and an Anaza, or Syrian Arab, were to accompany him throughout, and ensure peace with the Arabs both in Mesopotamia and Arabia Proper. Then there were about fifty of his best Arab excavators and twelve Tiyari, or Nestorian mountaineers, to follow on foot. Of Europeans, there were Mr. Layard, Dr. Sandwith, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. and Mrs. Rolland. Thirteen or fourteen Shamar Arabs had charge of the camels; some Yezidis joined as far as the Sinjar; and, lastly, several Jibur families—whose tribe was encamped at Abu Sarai, “the father of palaces”—seized this opportunity to join their friends, taking with them their tents and cattle. This was a safe and secure way of travelling—not to mention the creature-comforts that Mr. H. Rassam had especially provided—not a miserable expedition with a hundred or two a year to keep flesh and bones together. “When we had all assembled,” says Mr. Layard, “outside the

Sinjar gate, our party had swollen into a little army." And again: "As we wound slowly over the low rocky hills to the west of the town of Mosul, in a long, straggling line, our caravan had a strange and motley appearance; Europeans, Turks, Bedouins, town Arabs, Tiyari, and Yezidis were mingled in singular confusion, each adding, by difference of costume and a profusion of bright colours, to the general picturesqueness and gaiety of the scene."

Shaikh Suttum had the general direction and superintendence of the march. The Mesopotamian desert had been his home from his birth, and he knew every spring and pasture. He possessed unbounded influence, was extremely intelligent, of noble, dignified manners, and as amiable, agreeable, and entertaining as he was daring in war.* The first point of interest reached were the ruins of Abu Khamira, a lofty, conical mound, surrounded by a square inclosure. Eight or ten workmen had been engaged for some days past excavating here, and their labours had laid bare walls of sun-burnt brick, alabaster slabs, and pottery, but no sculptures or inscriptions. Other Assyrian mounds rose up on all sides, covered with soft herbage or gaudy flowers. These lofty mounds, seen from a great distance, and the best of landmarks in a vast plain, guide the Arab in his yearly wanderings. The next day they passed Tel Armah, "the mound of spears;" like most others, a mound of distinct platforms, or terraces, rising one above the other, the topmost crumbled down by time into the form of a cone, and surrounded by earthen walls. Next came another group of mounds of ruin, called Tel Jimal, for the Arabs have names for them all, though the old ones are lost. Here they encamped "on a green lawn, enamelled with flowers, that furnished a carpet for our tents unequalled in softness of texture, or in richness of colour, by the looms of Cashmere."

Beyond this, they came to Sinjar, for a long time one of the least accessible districts of Mesopotamia. Mr. Layard found no traces of remains anterior to Mohammadan times, although there was once a Roman colony here—*Aurelia septimia colonia Singara*—which played an important part in the wars of the Romans and Parthians.† Mr. Layard crossed the hills with his English friends to visit some of the rebellious Yezidis, and endeavour to bring them to a sense of better things—a labour in which he was eminently successful. Such a man, who takes with him the arguments and the example of civilised life to the remotest homes of predatory tribes, is worth a whole host of consuls. The ibex is met with in the highest ridges of the Sinjar, and the plains abound with game, gazelles, wild boar, hares, several kinds of bustards, partridges, and plover. The wild ass also is occasionally seen. Mr. Layard succeeded in obtaining two colts, but not in bringing or sending one of them to England.

Re-crossing the hills, they came to the encampment of the Buraij Arabs, near which was a group of mounds called Abu Khaima. "Are these singular ruins," inquiringly suggests Mr. Layard, "those of towns or of temples? Their similarity of form—a centre mound, divided into a series of terraces, ascended by an inclined way, or steps, and sur-

* Alas, poor fellow! he has since been killed in a foray with the Anaza.

† Mr. Forbes describes, however, what he considers to be a Roman relic at this place. See "Journ. of Roy. Geo. Society," vol. ix, p. 415.

rounded by equilateral walls—would lead to the conjecture that they were fire-temples, or vast altars, destined for astral worship. It will be seen hereafter that the well-known ruin of the Birs Nimrad, on or near the site of Ancient Babylon, is very nearly the same shape."

Passing Umal Dhiban, "the mother of flies," they entered an undulating country, with beds of gypsum cropping out, the low hills of Sinjar, well wooded with ilex and dwarf oak, subsiding to the west; bivouacked at a brackish spring, Suttum providing a bag of bustards for supper with his hawk, and then passing the encampments of the Hamud Shamar, who had just plundered a Turkish caravan, they arrived at the Khabur, flowing through the richest pastures and meadows. "Its banks were now covered with flowers of every hue, and its windings through the green plain were like the coils of a mighty serpent. I never beheld a more lovely scene. An uncontrollable emotion of joy seized all our party when they saw the end of their journey before them. The horsemen urged their horses to full speed; the Jiburs, dancing in a circle, raised their coloured kerchiefs on their spears, and shouted their war-cry, Hormuzd leading the chorus; the Tiyyari sang their mountain songs, and fired their muskets into the air."

Flocks of sheep and herds of camels were spread over the meadows on both sides of the river.

The point at which the Khabur had been struck was near to the mound and ruins of Arban, where the river had, during the recent floods, washed away the earth, and brought to light a pair of winged human-headed bulls. These were soon brought further into view, and found to resemble in general form the well-known winged bulls of Nineveh, but differing in style of art, with countenances of a peculiar character; and it appeared, from an inscription above, that they belonged to the palace of a king, whose name has been found on no other monument. The excavations were carried on at Arban for three weeks, and a host of monuments rewarded the labours of the explorers. Among them two more winged bulls, a colossal lion, like that discovered by the Euphrates surveying party at Saruj, a human figure in relief, jars, vases, funeral urns, bottles inscribed with Chinese characters, terra-cotta relics, and numerous engraved Scarabæi and stones, mostly of the time of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, a period when there was a close connexion between Assyria and Egypt. Arban, it is to be remarked, is mentioned by the Arab geographers as a flourishing city; hence other cities have risen upon the spot since the destruction of the edifices in which these relics stood. Ptolemy notices Acraba and Apphaddana on the lower Khaboras, but elsewhere Apphaddana, as it is also spelt, is placed below the confluence of the Khaboras and the Euphrates. It is difficult, then, to identify the site with aught known to the Romans. It is more interesting to think that "around Arban may have been pitched the tents of the sorrowing Jews, as those of the Arabs were during my visit."

While on the Khabur, our travellers experienced one of those fearful storms of the desert such as destroyed the *Tigris* steamer. It was the 6th of April. "During the day heavy clouds had been hanging on the horizon, foreboding one of those furious storms which at this time of the year occasionally visit the desert. Late in the afternoon, these clouds had gathered into one vast circle, which moved slowly round like an enormous wheel, presenting one of the most extraordinary and awful appearances I

ever saw. From its sides leaped, without ceasing, forked flames of lightning; clouds springing up from all sides of the heavens, were dragged hurriedly into the vortex, which advanced gradually towards us, and threatened soon to break over our encampment. Fortunately, however, we only felt the very edge of the storm—a deluge of rain and of hail of the size of pigeon's eggs! The great rolling cloud, attracted by the Sinjar hill, soon passed away, leaving in undiminished splendour the setting sun."

Beavers were formerly in large numbers on the Khabur, but in consequence of the value attached to the musk-bag, they have been hunted almost to extermination by the Arabs. No less than seven were, however, killed or captured upon a rise of the waters while the party were there. They were a distinct species, probably unknown to naturalists. Suttum lost his valuable hawk, by an incident similar to one recorded last month—the onslaught of a kite or eagle. This hawk used to catch six or seven bustards daily. Mr. Layard did not visit the junction of the Khabur with the Euphrates at Carchemish, or Abou Psera, as he calls it (Mr. E. Rassam is responsible for the Euphrates expedition recognising it as Abu Sarai, the father, or place of palaces), the Jiburs with whom he was, being engaged in a ghazzia, or ghasou, as the Mesopotamian Arabs call it, against the Agaydah, who were encamped there. These Arabs are never at peace, and the title of haraymi, or thief, is one of honour and distinction. He visited, however, several other mounds of ruin, among the most remarkable of which were Shadadi, Tel Hamir, Ladjmiyat, and Shamshani. There were also several ruined bridges on the river, of the time of the Khalifs.

On the 19th of April, the party left the central Khabur, for the upper portions of the same river. The banks were belted with poplars, tamarisks, and brushwood, the retreat of wild boars, francolins, and other game, and studded with artificial mounds, the remains of ancient settlements. One of the largest of these was called Mishnak, beyond that was Abu Shalah, and next Taaban, where the Turks had taken up a position to endeavour to control the Arabs a little. On this occasion, Mr. Layard visited the cone of Kukab, a remarkable object, on the plain of Mesopotamia from every side. He found it to be a regular cone of lava, scoria, and ashes, rising to a height of about 300 feet, out of a crater, and resembling precisely the cone which rises in the craters of Vesuvius and *Ætna*. There was another large crater—a deep hollow, surrounded by basaltic rocks—close by. In a rocky ravine, not far from the foot of the hill, was a cave, the abode of innumerable bats, and sometimes of lions, within which is a lake of cool fresh water, high in esteem among the Arabs.

Seeing two rivers unite at this point, one the river of Ras al Ain, from the west, the other from the east, or north-east, Mr. Layard has contented himself with identifying the latter, which he calls Jerujer, with the Mygdonius, or Nisibin river; thus, strangely enough, omitting altogether from his map the main tributary to the Khabur, the Jahjakjah, which contains twice the volume of water of the Ras al Ain or the Nisibin rivers. Yet he was told that one of the sources of the Khabur was in the Kharej (Karajah Tagh?) to the west of Mardin. Thus, Mr. Layard's map leaves the well-watered regions between Urfa and Mardin

without a river or a rivulet! However, the determination of Kukab to be a recent volcano, more than compensates for any such trifling oversight. Unfortunately, owing to the disturbed state of the country, he was unable to visit Ras el Ain, known to the ancients, he says, under the name of Rasina. We have only found that name in the notices of the Lower Empire. It was called by Ptolemy, Raisena, which has been corrected by most commentators to Resaina. Ammianus calls it Resaina. On the coins, it is *Septimæ coloniæ Resainesiorum*. Cellarius writes, Resæna or Resaina. Mr. Layard rode, however, up the Ras al Ain river, through golden meadows, as far as to Mijdall, a lofty platform surrounded by groups of smaller hills. It is to be regretted that he did not visit the Abd ul Assiz hills, where are also ruined cities. He also heard of a ruined city, with columns, buildings, and sculptured stones, so that there still remains plenty for an adventurous traveller to do in Mesopotamia, especially between the Khabur, the Belik or Rakka river, and the Euphrates.

On the way back the little central Mesopotamian lake of Khatuniyah was visited. It was about six miles in circumference, with a peninsula and islet, on which are the ruins of an Arab town. The waters of the lake are brackish, but potable, and abound in fish. Aquatic birds swarm on the banks, and lions and other wild beasts lurk in the reeds and rank herbage of the Hul, a swamp into which the waters of the lake empty themselves. From hence they returned to Mosul, by the circuitous line of Tel Shur, Tel Afar, Abu Mariyah, and Aski, or Old Mosul. Mr. Layard had set excavators to work at both the latter places. At the former they had discovered bricks, bearing the name of the founder of the north-west palace at Nimrud; but all he says of the excavations at Old Mosul is, that no relics were discovered throwing any light upon its history.

During their absence a great many interesting discoveries had been made both at Nineveh and Nimrud. Among these some bas-reliefs of exceeding interest; colossal figures of Dagon, the fish-god; a chamber containing tablets and cylinders, the archives of the empire; an enormous alabaster monolith, with an inscription of great historical and geographical interest; a statue of a king, and many others.

July had now set in, and most of the party had been unable to resist the heat. At length, on the 11th of July, Mr. Layard, "in the middle of the hot stage of fever, and half delirious," took himself also off, with H. Rassam, to the mountains. At Akra they joined the Hon. Mr. Walpole and Dr. Sandwith, who lay there prostrate with fever. This gave Mr. Layard time to examine some rock sculptures in the neighbouring village of Gunduk. A deep valley with a river divided the Akra range from a second and loftier range. This latter passed, the travellers descended into the valley of the Zab, here tenanted by the Zibari Kurds. The authority of the chief of the Zibari extended from Akra to the Persian frontier. Beyond the Zab they found the country to be broken into a number of parallel ranges of wooded hills, divided by narrow ravines. On the 21st of July, crossing a high ridge, they entered the district of Shirwan. Most of the villages of this district had small mud forts, with either four or six towers—the places of refuge and defence of the numerous petty chiefs during their frequent broils and

blood-feuds. Crossing Khaniresh (4372 feet above the sea) and the Sir i Reah, they entered Gherdi, a Nestorian district, beyond which was Shamesdin, where were also Nestorians, under their bishop. Mousa Bey (we suppose Musa Bay, and not a mouse bey), the Kurd chief of the Shamdina, was at that time almost the only chief in Kurdistan who had not made a formal submission to the Turkish government. This district is thickly set with Nestorian villages, whose inhabitants were miserably poor, the children starved and naked, the men and women scarcely half covered with rags. The bishop calls himself Metropolitan of Rustak, and his ancient church stood at an elevation of 6625 feet above the level of the sea. Crossing the mountain hence, they found several Nestorian families crouching, half naked, for shelter beneath a projecting rock. They seized the bridles of the travellers' horses, as they rode by, beseeching them to help them to recover their little property, which, but a few hours before, had been swept away by a party of Harki Kurds. The black tents of the robbers, and their vast flocks of sheep and herds of horses were seen roving over the green pastures in the valley below. Our travellers passed the same night at a Nestorian village, whose inhabitants were too poor to furnish them even with the common coarse black barley bread.

The next district, that of Ghiavar, was one of those alpine morasses common in Kurdistan, at the foot of the snow-clad mountains. The Nestorians here were a more hardy and prosperous race, and the Americans are said since to have opened schools among them. This region is 6493 feet above the sea, and snow lies deep during more than half the year, at which time all communication is cut off with the rest of the world. The cold is too great for the cultivation of barley, of fruits, and even of most vegetables, and there is not a solitary tree on the plain. From this elevated plain a series of valleys lead to Bash-Kalah, and each bears its tributary to the Zab. After Dizza, the residence of a Turk governor, the travellers passed from the Nestorian to Armenian districts, but one of the chief places they came to, Anless, was inhabited by both. Here were some travertino and sulphureous springs, and beyond they came to the upper valley of the Zab, at the very point where Schulz was murdered by Nur Ullah Bay, the treacherous chief of the Hakkiyari Kurds.

Bash Kalah is one of the ancient strongholds of Kurdistan. Its rapacious chief, Nur Ullah Bay, who with Badir Khan Bay ruled the surrounding mountain districts in the time of the Kurdistan expedition, and who united in the great massacres of the Nestorians, are now happily deposed, and the whole country has been brought under the immediate control of the Porte, which is desirous of developing its resources, more especially in minerals. Between Bash Kalah and Mahmudiyah was an undulating upland, covered with deep snow, more than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. A gigantic partridge, nearly as large as a small turkey, is met with on these lofty uplands. Mahmudiyah Castle, once the residence of independent Kurd Bays, who, like the Bays of Jizirah, claimed descent from the Abbasside Khalifs, but now in the hands of the Porte, led the way to the ancient city of Wan, whose antiquities and present state have been often described.

Dr. Sandwith, Mr. Walpole, and Mr. Cooper, were too unwell to

return hence to the burning plains of Assyria, so they left for Europe; Mr. Layard and Hormuzd Rassam starting alone by way of Vastan, once the residence of the royal Armenian family of Ardzruni and Akhayanak, and visiting on the way the islanded church and convents, the home of the ancient and once powerful Armenian patriarch of Akhtamar. They then left the shores of Lake Wan by a ravine, which contained many villages and several ruined castles. Passing a range of mountains, clad with snow at this the hottest period of the year, they came to a deep natural cavern, from which burst, white with foam, and struggling through a bed of pink flowers, a most abundant spring, one of the principal sources of the eastern Tigris, and which has long existed from report on our maps, but has never before been visited. This was in the district of Mukus, ancient Mogkh, which contains sixty villages, forty of which are inhabited by Armenians. The eastern Tigris is already a deep stream in this district, fed by many mountains and upland tributaries. The Shokh or Shattak river appears to be the most distant of these sources of the eastern Tigris, arising from the foot of the lofty chain of Billi, from the snow-clad crest of which Mr. Layard clearly distinguished the Peak of Ararat, 145 miles distant. The country traversed on this occasion between Lake Wan and the Zab is indeed throughout new to geographers, and was hitherto a blank on our maps. The immense blank that still remains, between the Buhtan river, the Tigris, and the Upper Zab, is very puzzling, and sometimes almost leads us to believe in some grave geographical error, in the distance in longitude allowed between the Tigris, north of Jizirah and the Upper Zab.

The first Nestorians were met with in the district of Mirwanan, north of the Billi range, and soon afterwards their patriarch, Simon (Mar Shimun, or Shamoun, as Mr. Layard writes it), was joined as Kochannes, bewailing alike his personal sufferings and the misfortunes of his people. Worse than all, he had been taught to look upon the American missionaries as his enemies. From hence Mr. Layard proceeded to Julamerik, which he states to be 5625 feet above the sea, whereas the Kurdistan expedition found Pagi, close by, and above the level of the town, to be only 4880 feet. Mr. Layard, unfortunately, does not give the temperature of the boiling-point, nor the thermometric correction. Instead of following the direct road by Tiyari to Mosul, Mr. Layard turned to the north to pass by the Diz and Jellu Nestorian districts into the Tkhome district, which he had visited on his previous journey. This was a good arrangement, as the other route had been explored by the Kurdistan expedition, and the Jellu district presented features of great novelty. The villages of Diz were found, like those of the Nestorian valleys generally, to stand in the midst of orchards and cultivated terraces. They had all been laid waste, and the houses burnt by the Kurda. The snow-clad Suppa Durak, a spur of the Tura Jellu, had to be crossed at an elevation of 11,000 feet to reach the valley of the Jellu Nestorians. The descent was frightful, and not unattended with danger. The valley itself was smiling: villages, embowered in trees, filled every nook and sheltered plain. Mr. Layard enumerates fifteen Nestorian and one Kurdish village. Badir Khan Bay had not been able to penetrate into this, the most secluded and mountainous district of all Kurdistan. The blackened walls, the roofless house, the plundered church, and the neglected vineyard, which marked

in other parts of the mountains the once flourishing villages of the Nestorian tribes, did not disfigure the smiling district of Jellu. Its inhabitants, too, still maintained, to a certain extent, the appearance of their former prosperity, notwithstanding the rapacity and injustice of their new masters, the Turks. It is curious to see the Nestorians thus living in wilder recesses of the mountains even than the Kurds themselves; nor do they appear altogether to have been driven there by persecution, for the church of the Jellu tribe is esteemed one of the oldest in the mountains; and Layard found there relics brought from the distant empire of Cathay, by those early missionaries of the Chaldean Church who bore the tidings of the Gospel to the shores of the Yellow Sea. The Tura Jellu rises above these mountains to a height, according to Mr. Layard, of certainly not less than 15,000 feet above the level of the sea (the villages were estimated at 10,000 feet). On its precipitous sides, rising like an artificial wall of rock, the snow cannot rest; but around it are eternal glaciers. These mountains abound in bears, leopards, wolves, chamois and wild goats, and sheep, of which it is said there are three distinct varieties. We suspect all these heights to be over-estimated by some 1000 to 2000 feet. A steep mountain, wooded with oak, and a broad and rapid torrent, had to be crossed before reaching the district of Baz, where Mr. Layard found himself among old friends, and crossing hence the Zab into the valley of Berwan, they made a short journey of it by the pass of Amadiyah to Mosul.

The Turks seem in some respects to be an unimprovable race. The Sublime Porte, as it pleases to call itself, according to Mr. Layard, so far from fulfilling the pledges given to the British embassy, after the Kurd massacre of the Nestorians, had sent officers to the mountains, who had grievously ill-treated and oppressed the Christian inhabitants. The taxes, which the Porte had promised to remit for three years, in consideration of the losses sustained by the unfortunate Nestorians during the massacre, had been collected all together, and whole districts had been plunged into want and misery. Every manner of cruelty and torture had been used to compel the suffering Christians to yield up their little property. Even their pasture and arable lands had been taken away from them and given to their Kurdish tyrants. "The Kurds," they said themselves, touchingly, "took away our lives, but the Turks take away wherewith we have to live." At Julamerik, they met the poor Nestorians flying, with their wives and children, they knew not whither, from the oppression of their Turkish governors. In the Diz district all the property of the inhabitants had been seized, even to the seed for next harvest! In Tkhoma, the Turks had destroyed the little that had been restored since the Kurdish invasion. The chief had been thrown, with his arms tied behind his back, in a heap of burning straw, and the priest had been torn from the altar and beaten before his congregation. "Men," says Mr. Layard, "showed me the marks of torture on their bodies, and of iron fetters round their limbs." All these deeds of violence had been committed by officers sent by the Porte to protect the Christian subjects of the Sultan, whom they pretended to have released from the misrule of the Kurdish chiefs. What a people to sympathise with and to uphold in their integrity! Mr. Layard is luckily on his way once more to the East, and he is too full of commiseration for the poor persecuted Christian moun-

taineers not to do his best to relieve them, howsoever little, from these perpetual persecutions.

The explorations had been going on as usual at Nineveh during the absence of the excavator-in-chief, and numerous important discoveries had been made, among which a very interesting series of bas-reliefs, representing marches and conquests, captures of cities, the pomp of the kings, and the less agreeable torturing of victims. The cool season coming on, Mr. Layard started with H. Rassam and Mr. Romaine on a raft, to descend the Tigris to Baghdad. The Arabs being in possession of the country around the latter city, Mr. Layard was detained there some time. At length, on the 5th of December, he was enabled to join the Pasha, who was engaged near Mussaiyib in endeavouring to block up the Hindiyah canal, by which the marshes would be dried, and the rebellious tribes that had taken refuge in them be brought to obedience. From hence he proceeded to Hillah, where he commenced excavating the different mounds of Babylon. Some of these mounds appear, unfortunately, to have been converted, in subsequent times, into burial-places; and in others numerous trenches and tunnels, carried into the sides at different levels, led to no other discovery than that of parts of two figures of gods, and of numerous relics of a doubtful period, such as arrow-heads in bronze and iron, small glass bottles, and vases of earthenware, similar to those of which a large collection has been sent to this country by Mr. Loftus from the ruins of Niffah and Wurka.

These relics appear, for the most part, to belong to the time of the successors of Alexander the Great, and among them are some which bear inscriptions in the ancient Chaldean language, and which have been successfully deciphered by Mr. Thomas Ellis, of the British Museum. The subjects of these inscriptions are amulets, or charms against evil spirits, diseases, and every kind of misfortune; the Chaldeans of old being, as is well known, famous for divination, astrology, and witchcraft. These inscriptions unveil quite a new page in the history of the art. Mr. Layard attributes them to the descendants of those Jews who were carried captive by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon and the surrounding cities. Particular mention is made in them of Batnaïum, which Layard says was at one time well known by its Arabic name of Serug. Serug, which records the name of the grandfather of Abraham, and as a locality is immediately connected with Haran, the birthplace of the Patriarch, was, however, a name probably of greater antiquity than Batnaïum, or Batne of the Romans.

Mr. Layard says very distinctly (p. 565) that the mound which is designated the Kasr, or palace, by Mr. Rich, from whom Heeren and most other commentators have derived their main facts regarding the ruins of Babylon, is called by the Arabs Mujelibe, or Mujaliba, "the overturned;" and that the mound, called by Mr. Rich Mujaleba, is called by the Arabs "Babel." This is precisely what is said in the "Researches in Assyria, &c.," p. 169; a work in which the Birs Nimrud was also first identified with Borsippa; and which change of names was erroneously objected to by Mr. Fraser in his excellent little work "Assyria and Mesopotamia," where he says (p. 144), "Had he (Mr. W. F. Ainsworth) inquired minutely, he would scarcely have found grounds on which to rest his new nomenclature." The fact is, that the only really correct admeasurement, as far as

the nature of the crumbling irregular mounds would admit of such, and minute and accurate survey of the ruins of Babylon, is contained in the said "Researches." Mr. Layard does not attempt any admeasurements, but he adds, that the theory first put forward by Colonel Rawlinson, that the ruins around Hillah do not mark the site of the first Babylon, which must be sought for further to the south, as far even as Niffah, has, he presumes, been abandoned.

Mr. Layard having sent a special messenger to Agab Shaikh, of the Afaij, to inform that chief that he was about to enter his territories, the latter sent two horsemen to conduct him into regions where, he says, as yet only one or two travellers have passed remains of ancient civilisation when journeying through the Jizirah—a not very courteous mode of disposing of the adventurous journey made into these countries by his old friend, Mr. Ross and by Mr. Fraser, the latter of whom was the first to describe the vast ruins at Sunkhara, Yukha, Tel Aida, Guttubah, Iskurayah, Zibliyah, and others. Niffah, being in the same district, must have been among these, although not noticed under that name. It is described by Mr. Layard as having a cone at the north-east corner similar to those of Nimrud and Kalah Sharkat, but in having also, on its broken outline and division into several distinct parts, more the appearance of the remains of different buildings, than of one regular platform surrounded by walls. In this respect resembling the Mujalibah and Amram of Babylon. Besides the coffins or sarcophagi of glazed earthenware and vases with human remains found by Mr. Ross, Mr. Layard, who carried on regular excavations, discovered conjuring bowls with Hebrew characters, and other fragments of more or less interest. According to Mr. Loftus, the great mound of Wurka is also built almost entirely of coffins, piled one upon another. Colonel Rawlinson, who thinks that this latter was the great burial-place of the old Assyrian kings visited by Alexander, identifies Niffah with the Telani of Stephanus of Byzantium, as he reads the name of Tel Anu on the bricks. The identification of the same site with olden Babylon, would have necessitated a still larger deposit of alluvium between the epoch of the Deluge and the building of the Tower of Babel than that demanded, by the position of the ruins around Hillah; but even that amount is so great as to lead to the belief that the diluvium of Babylonia is part and portion of the alluvial tracts of the same plain, as advocated in the "Researches in Assyria;" and there is, further, every reason to believe that some of these Chaldean mounds are of the same, or nearly the same, antiquity as those of Babylonia. Tel Anu, for example, was, according to Stephanus (not a perfectly satisfactory authority), the residence of the Assyrian kings before the building of Nineveh.

The dampness of the soil in the Chaldean marshes, and the unwholesome air, brought on severe illness; and this, added to disturbances among the Arabs, whom our author designates almost in the same breath "wild beings, little better than mere beasts," "ferocious and hideous," and yet not insensible to justice and to a feeling of gratitude—in fact, as exceedingly ill-treated by those who first navigated the river—obliged Mr. Layard to find his way back to the last-mentioned city in the best way he could. It is to be remarked, that our author describes lions—so seldom met with by the officers of the Euphrates expedition, who used to shoot

boar and francolin, alike in the jungles of Chaldæa, of the Tigris, and the Karun—as quite common on these plains. During the excavations at Niffah, fresh traces of their footsteps were seen almost daily among the ruins. Although the maneless lion abounds chiefly in Babylonia, he also informs us that he met with lions in the Karun with long black manes. The Arabs designate the former as Mussulmans, and the latter as Kaffirs, or infidels. By a proper remonstrance, and at the same time pronouncing the profession of faith, a true believer may induce the one to spare his life, but the unbelieving lion is inexorable.

Although the whole of Mesopotamia was in a state of revolt, Arabs fighting against one another, and all uniting to war against their Turkish oppressors, Mr. Layard placed himself under the protection of Sahiman, one of the Shamar Shaikhs, and resolved to return to Mosul by the western bank of the Tigris. His departure, however, was marked by an act of black treachery on the part of the Turks. The route taken, although not often travelled, has been so far described by Lynch, Ross, and others, as not to require repetition; and at Kalah Sharkat our author joined his own workmen. A singular incident, marking the high sense of honour of an Arab Shaikh, occurred during the journey. One night two of Layard's horses were stolen. Sahiman followed the thieves to Anah on the Euphrates, and ultimately recovering them, brought them back to Mosul; nor would he accept any reward.

Further interesting discoveries made by the excavators awaited Mr. Layard on his return to Mosul, which place he finally left on the 28th of April; and he devotes a cursory chapter to discussing how far these various discoveries tend to increase our acquaintance with the history of Assyria, and to illustrate the religion, the arts, and the manners of her inhabitants—a subject beyond our reach at the present moment. We cannot, however, but regret to find a sneer at a gentleman as well known for his amiable and modest character as for his zeal in Oriental archaeology, and who had been led by an error, which was discovered almost as soon as committed, to include the Jibal Makiuh among the ruins of Nineveh. Mr. Layard has adopted the mode of describing the sculptures, advocated in the very work he condemns; and he has appropriated Tartan, chief of tribute, in the house of Sennacherib, and his insignia, without acknowledging that the recognition was first made by the before-mentioned archaeologist, whose labours he affects to disregard. We would not have said thus much, except in due exercise of the law of *Thar*, the prerogative of critics as well as of Arabs: a little harmless ink-feud in the one case—a less harmless blood-feud in the other.

UN POISSON D'AVRIL ; OR, NEVER WAIT FOR A WIDOW.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I

HOW MR. HIPGRAVE WANTED TO BETTER HIMSELF.

"THIS is a hodious life!" exclaimed Mr. Benjamin Hipgrave, butler to the Dean of Dronesford, as he was polishing a gravy-spoon in his pantry one morning—"a hodious life; not at all fit for a man of my figger and wiskers!"

Mr. Hipgrave sighed and set down the spoon.

"It may soot the clergy," he went on, "to berry theirselves in dull cathedrial towns—which they're well paid for doing of it—but it don't at all answer my book. The Very Rev'rent's wages is fairish, and paid reg'lar—I'll say that—and his port—when a feller can get a glass—is ondeniable; but he keeps the key of the inner cellar his-self and can find his way to the bins blindfold—and, what's more, knows to a bottle how much there is in 'em. If I was a dignit'ry of the Church, I should scorn to be of such a prying nater. Then, what a check it is upon a chap's sperrits to have to be so sollem upon all occasions. I feel sometimes as if I was acterly turned into lead, like one of the clock-weights, always a sinking. The clergy, as a body, is dredfie heavy; 'convacation' is the only thing that goes down now—except their dinners and silver lunchings which it's more than two pair of hands can do to clean the fawks and spoons after 'em, and I've only a page to help me. They're all for reviving of old practices, but there's one they forget, and that's giving vails. 'Much obleeged to you, Mr. Ipgrave, for my great coat,' says one; 'I'll thank you to be so good as fasten my goloshes, Mr. Ipgrave,' says another; 'Is it a fine night, Ipgrave?' asks a third, quite kind and familiar, and feeling in his weskit pocket; and when I open the door to see, they all scurry out—the mean fallers—without so much as looking round at me."

Mr. Hipgrave ceased for a moment the recital of his grievances, and resumed the occupation which his soliloquy had interrupted. He held the spoon up before his face and looked hard at it, turned it sideways and did the same.

"It's of no use," he said; "I'm always a seeing of myself as I ain't. Spoons must have been invented o' purpose to distort the feeters! If I didn't reely know what I was like, them spoons would aggravate a feller into suicide. People say the cuss of a man's life is shaving. I can't say I think so. On the contrary, I find shaving pleasant, for then one can have a good look at onself, without being beholden to anybody."

As Mr. Hipgrave seems to set some value on his personal appearance, let us describe it.

He was a man of about four or five-and-forty years of age, standing some five feet nine inches in his pumps, broad shouldered, portly, and otherwise massive in his figure: his head was round and solid, the inciput bald and shining, his nose bumbly, his eyes small, and of so light a grey as to be nearly colourless; his face broad, and that breadth

increased by an ample pair of whiskers, in which there lurked a suspicious tinge of red; a wide mouth, that displayed a set of butter-teeth like a hippopotamus, and a substantial double chin, beneath which his white neckcloth was always collapsing, completed the list of Mr. Hipgrave's attractions.

Pursuing the train of thought which his last observations had awakened, the Narcissus of the pantry continued:

"There's that young wooman, too, Soosan Sweeting; what's to be done about her? If I stay here she'll be expecting me to marry her, as if one's words was to be weighed and sifted, like the dust at the diggings, to see how much gold there is in 'em. But there's two objections in that quarter; first and foremost, the Very Rev'rent ain't partial to married men as butlers; and, in the next place, I'm not much disposed to it myself. Soosan's a pretty gal—there's no denying it, and she's took with me, that's clear enough; but then she's got no money. What's a milliner's bisness in a cathedrial town? Absalootly nothink! Who's she to make for? The ladies here is too proud to wear anything that doesn't come from London; even the miner cannonses' wives gets their dresses down by the rail. No, Soosan, I coodn't afford it. My 'art's yours, but my 'and must be another's. You must bannish my himmidge from your buzzom, and I must better myself elsewheres. I shall give the Very Rev'rent warning before I take away lunching to-day."

Mr. Hipgrave's next consideration was the precise course which was most desirable for him to follow. He had arrived at that period of life when men of his capacity begin to think that the matrimonial market is the one which offers the best return for self-investment. He was tired of what he called "servitude," and yearned for that comfort, combined with authority, which he believed was to be found in a judicious marriage. There was no opening for him in this line at Dronesford, and so he decided upon returning to the metropolis which he had only quitted a couple of years before, when, "in consideration of the respectability of the parties," he consented to take a place in the country. Mr. Hipgrave was of a rather susceptible temperament, but that quality was more than balanced by cautiousness; and thus, though he would fain have remained to flirt with the fair milliner, self-interest beckoned him, more imperatively, another way.

He had for several months been meditating his Exodus to London—that land of promise—and now resolved at once to carry it into execution. He, therefore, gave in his "resignation"—so he termed it—to the Dean, who wondered that "a great, fat fellow like him," couldn't be content to stay where he was; and, not venturing to trust himself to an interview with "Soosan," when the time for his departure arrived, addressed her the following letter, which he posted on his way to the railway station:

"B. Hipgrave is concerned to inform Miss Sweeting, that reasons which i cannot impart have altered the relations i once fondly oped might have scattered flowers upon B. Hipgrave's pathway threw life, and your's Soosan likewise. But there is some things which they cannot be controld, and B. Hipgrave's fewter has its dooties, that calls upon him to say farewell. B. Hipgrave trusts you will not take on at this letter which it is kindly meant Soosan, but find an Other to adore as you have adored me, and subscribes himself your well-wisher,
B. H."

Miss Susan Sweeting was not so far gone in love as the vanity and conceit of Mr. Hipgrave had led him to imagine.

"Take on' about him, indeed," she said, as she jerked the letter into her shred-basket, "there's quite as good fish in the sea as ever was caught. It was rather hasty of me to quarrel with Tom Trundle the first afternoon I walked with Hipgrave in the cloisters. I shouldn't have done it if I hadn't thought old Hip was a marrying man ; but I can get him back again any time, I know, though he did go away in a pet. Scatter *your* pathway with flowers, Mr. Hipgrave ! Brambles is much more likely, and so you'll find if ever we meet again. Adore *you* ! I should like to see myself adoring anything half so fat or half so ugly !"

Miss Sweeting made a few false stitches, and pricked her fingers more than once that evening, but on the following morning her countenance wore its accustomed serenity, and Mr. Hipgrave and his letter had passed into utter oblivion.

II.

HOW MR. HIPGRAVE "HEARD OF SOMETHING TO HIS ADVANTAGE."

IN the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square there is a narrow street, which can scarcely be called a thoroughfare, though vehicles can enter at one end and find an exit at the other. But it is chiefly used by coachmen for their masters' private carriages, and by laundresses for their own carts, and is, indeed, more of a mews than a street, save when the pavement is "up" in Oxford-street, and omnibuses make it a short cut. As a matter of course there is a public-house at one corner, with "an ordinary at one," "a harmony at eight," "a parlour," "purl," and "beds," at all hours, and apparently for all comers. Yet public as the house seems to be, it is only frequented by a particular class, the *habitués* being for the most part servants, either in or out of place. The name of this establishment is "The Cocoa-nut and Gridiron," one of those appropriate combinations which only the genius of a licensed-victualler can imagine. It was well known to Mr. Benjamin Hipgrave in former days, and hither he has found his way within a few hours of his arrival in London.

It is rather a dull afternoon, and the "parlour," which is but a dim kind of place at the best, wears rather an aspect of repose ; suitable, however, to the frame of mind of Mr. Hipgrave, who, having consumed his steak and stout in solitude, and sipped the last of his cold gin-and-water, sits pondering over the advertisements in the *Times* and *Tiser*, of which he has just had, as he says to himself, "a peroose." Mr. Hipgrave feels half-inclined to take a nap, and, therefore, ensconces himself in a corner of the dusky box to enjoy that luxury. He is just about to yield to the soothing influence, when strangers enter the parlour, and plump themselves down in the next compartment to that where he is sitting. Mr. Hipgrave pishes inwardly at the disturbance, but is too idle to make any audible objection, and the strangers remain ignorant of his presence. They call for some favourite beverage, and having obtained it, enter into a colloquy, or, rather, resume an interrupted one.

It may be observed, as a general rule, that there is always something particularly mysterious in the tone in which the gentlemen who officiate

in stable-yards are in the habit of conversing. They always appear to have something "dark" on their minds, as if they were perpetually engaged in some deep-laid conspiracy that would cost no end to human lives if it should happen to be revealed. They rarely allude to a common friend without saying "what'hisname" or "that 'ere tother," and what their friend did upon the special occasion to which they refer, is usually expressed in a hieroglyphic of which they alone possess the key. Something of this air of concealment may have been begotten by the occult knowledge which they are supposed to have acquired on all matters pertaining to the turf, the ring, and sporting in general, subjects congenial with mystery, but it is quite as likely that they would have been equally tongue-tied—as a class—even if a "cross" at a race or fight had never been heard of. It is only when these worthies take the pen in hand to deliver their opinions, that you find how fully they possess the faculty of elaboration. Nothing then comes near them either for diffuseness of style or misplaced force of expression—not even the speeches of Mr. Wordy, the parliamentary agent for the colony of Molasses. This may arise, perhaps, from the accident that epistolary communication is infrequent amongst them, and that they, therefore, make the most of an opportunity when they have one; but, whatever the cause, such continues to be the case.

Mr. Hipgrave does not trouble himself with any metaphysical disquisitions leading him to the conclusion that the new comers are, one of them, a gentleman's coachman, and the other, a groom out of place; he accepts the fact without any mental effort, and tries to compose himself to slumber. Why he does not succeed in this endeavour may be gathered from the following short-hand-dialogue.

"It's kind of you, Mr. Bagsher, to think about that thingumerry; but—you see—my mind ain't half made-up about it."

"You'd better, Tom," returns his friend, whose real name is Bagshaw.

"Do you think I could now?" inquires Tom.

"That I do," says the other.

Here there is a pause in the conversation, and the words "*Towards your good health,*" leave no doubt about a "pull" at some liquid having been taken.

The gruffer and more elderly voice resumes:

"Seventy pound a year, besides savings, ain't to be sneezed at."

"They ain't," replies Tom.

Mr. Hipgrave begins to feel rather less disposed to doze, and, slightly, pricks up his ears.

"What matters a few years more or less," argues Mr. Bagshaw, philosophically; "nobody can't remain young all their lives."

"That's true," rejoins Tom, who seems to be of a conceding nature.

"Then, I say," continues Mr. Bagshaw, with a gentle rap of his fist on the table, "I say, Tom, you ought to go in and win."

"If I was sure of winning!" observes Tom, dubiously.

"Can't tell till you try," remarks Mr. Bagshaw, who adds: "D'y'e think that 'ere bay oss would have carried off the whatd'yecallum, if he hadn't been run?"

"No," says Tom, firmly; "I don't."

"Or Pincher, my tarrier; could he pin rats as he does if I hadn't entered him, you know where?"

"He couldn't," is the reply of the convinced young man.

"Well, then," pursues Mr. Bagshaw, with as much triumph in his manner as comports with the mysterious gravity of his theme—"well, then, you've only to try."

"Where does she live?" asks Tom, after a somewhat lengthened pause.

"Down yonder," answers his friend, indicating space with his right thumb.

Mr. Hipgrave, taking greater interest in the subject, peeps cautiously over the edge of the box to see in which direction "down yonder" lies. He is not enlightened on that point, but he learns something on another. In the person called "Tom," who is sitting with his eyes fixed on the table, he recognises some one whom he has seen before. He "tries back," and recollects the very handsome features of the young man whom Miss Sweeting had quarrelled with after his own demonstration in the cloisters at Dronesford.

"I see how it is," says Mr. Hipgrave to himself; and dropping quietly into his seat, listens more attentively than ever.]

"What like is she?" Tom next inquires.

"She's a dark 'un," returns Mr. Bagshaw, as if unwilling to trust himself with a too-florid description.

"Ah!" says Tom, thinking, very likely, that it may be safest not to put too many questions on this head. "And the money's all her'n?" he continues.

"Every dump"

Tom seems to make up his mind.

"When can you come down and interdooce me?"

"Why, let me see! I can't do it afore Sunday, that's three days off, for I've got to drive our people down into—Essex"—says Mr. Bagshaw, with difficulty, fearful of being too plain-spoken; "and we don't come back till Satterdy evening. But, I'll tell you what, I'll give you a line to the widder, and you can interdooce yourself."

Tom, who is probably bashful, offers some opposition to this arrangement. He says he can wait; but Mr. Bagshaw having wound him up so far, is not willing to let him run down again, and persists in writing the letter. The materials for doing so are obtained from the bar, and Mr. Bagshaw takes pen and ink in hand. He is briefer than might have been expected.

"It don't want much thong," he observes; "it's the small end of the lash as does it."

Mr. Bagshaw's "lash," omitting all the preparatory flourishes, is thus laid on:

"A perticler Frend witch His Name i shall not menshun at this Pressant havvin a tung in His Hedd"—there is a touch of sly humour here—"will deliver of this Hear hoping to Find you well as it leaves yours to command W. Bagshaw."

This missive is folded—after a fashion—and superscribed, Mr. Hipgrave vainly straining the one eye with which he watches the proceedings to discover the name and address of the intended recipient. Now this

affair is finished, Tom looks up from the table, but Mr. Hipgrave, whose movements are very artful, is again lying *perdu*, and remains so, hoping to hear the direction on the letter repeated. Greatly to his disappointment, the conversation takes a different turn and becomes critical of dogs and horses, respecting which animals Mr. Hipgrave takes no interest. After a few acute remarks, which would greatly edify a sporting auditory, Mr. Bagshaw and his friend leave their seats and stroll into the bar to "settle." Mr. Hipgrave waits till he hears their retreating voices, and then rises to follow their example. As he passes the now empty box something on the floor catches his eye. He stoops down to pick it up. It is the letter, which had accidentally fallen to the ground instead of being deposited in Tom's long-waisted waistcoat pocket. One glance satisfies Mr. Hipgrave of the nature of the treasure, which he entrusts to very safe keeping about his own person, proposing to examine the contents at leisure.

As he lingers at the bar to pay his score he "promiscuously" observes to Miss Jane, the landlord's daughter:

"I forgot to ask Bagsher just now where he was living; we hadn't met so long, and there was so many things to talk of, it quite escaped me."

Miss Jane, who rather admires "Mr. H."—as she designates our friend the butler with a strong aspirate—is very communicative, and gives him chapter and verse on the subject, adding her own opinion, the gist of which is that Mr. Bagshaw's master is "a very austerior man," and that "the ladies is uncommon 'aughty!"

Mr. Hipgrave listens smilingly to the fair speaker, and departs, highly satisfied with the information he has obtained. It will be his fault, he thinks, if he can't turn it "to his advantage."

III.

HOW MR. HIPGRAVE PROFITED BY OCCASION.

It will have been noticed that Mr. Thomas Trundle did not manifest any remarkable eagerness to avail himself of the counsel and assistance of his friend, Mr. Bagshaw, but rather hung back, as if he were about to undertake something that went against the grain. His grief, therefore, was not excessive, when he found that he had lost the letter of introduction.

"It's only waiting three days," he soliloquised, "and then Bagsher will be up again. Quite soon enough for what I want. Too soon, p'raps. Ah, Soosan Sweeting! I dessay you've took and gone and married that fat, red-wisker'd butler! I could punch his head, I could! If it warn't along of you, Soosan, I wouldn't have listened to nothing about this here widder. One comfort is I can't go nigh her till Bagsher comes back, for he never said where she lived esactly, only wrote it down. It was somewhere out by Brompton, but that's all I know."

While Mr. Trundle thus reconciled himself to delay, far different were the thoughts of Mr. Hipgrave.

He very wisely conjectured that, if he intended to profit by the accident which had placed the very object of his search directly in his way, it behoved him to take time by the forelock. He had drawn his own

conclusions from the unwilling tone of his young rival, and felt tolerably well assured that a few days must go by before "the other party," as he phrased it, could take the field against him.

"I shall be rather surprised," said Mr. Hipgrave, complacently to himself, as he gave the finishing twirl to his redundant whiskers on the morning after the events at "The Cocoa-nut and Gridiron"—"rather surprised shall I be if I don't make a short cut through this here bisness. There's few as have withstood my appearances without much pains taken, and if I throw in a little extra polish, on the account of being strange to the lady, the dooce is in it if I can't carry the day. Let me see! Mrs. Diaper—that's her name—is a widder—of a certing age, I suppose—p'raps ten or, say, fifteen year older than me. She'll be inclined to the highly respectable line, so I shall wear black; that soots my complexion, brings it out, as I may say. A white neckercher, my dyming pin in my buzzom, my black velvit weskit, my Halbert chain, and my two rooby rings, one on each little finger, which I shall take off my white kids before I knock at the door, and I think that will—about—do—the trick."

These last words were pronounced slowly and emphatically, and accurately conveyed the expression which irradiated the broad expanse of the speaker's countenance. It was impossible that any one could be on better terms with himself than Mr. Hipgrave, or feel more secure of conquest.

Though it took Mr. Hipgrave some time before he was quite satisfied with his toilet, it was yet early in the day when he sallied forth on his slaughterous mission, for the purpose he had in hand had roused him betimes from a sleepless couch.

The streets being dirty, Mr. Hipgrave hailed the nearest cab, into which he picked his way with great care, and desiring the driver to set him down at "No. 1, Thissel Grove, near the Joo's berring-groun', Brumpton," threw himself back in the vehicle, and once more scanned the letter of introduction, which bore the above-named—and so-spelt—superscription.

It couldn't, he mused, have happened better; there was no name mentioned save that of the writer, and the allusion to his powers of speech made the thing perfect. He then thought over all he had gleaned from the daughter of "The Cocoa-nut and Gridiron," and by the time the cabman drew up at Thistle Grove felt satisfied that he was quite up in his part.

Mr. Hipgrave winced a little at having half-a-crown to pay for his drive, particularly when he saw an omnibus go by the end of "The Grove," that would have brought him nearly all the way for threepence; but as he didn't wish to "ruffle his sperrits by a haltercation with a low feller"—so he inwardly termed the driver—he paid the sum demanded, and rang the bell. He had to repeat the summons three times before the door was answered, but just as he was about to raise his hand for another tug at the handle, loose from the violent shocks of "Beer," "Milk," "Door-mats," "Clothes'-props," "Bonnet-boxes," and "All-a-blowin'-a-growin'" horticulturists—the trap flew back, a girl's face—not the cleanest in the world—was flattened against the bars, and a shrill voice asked him who he was?

"Is this Mrs. Diaper's?" replied Mr. Hipgrave, with dignity.

"Yes," said the girl, shortly; but, eyeing the Albert chain and white kids which Mr. Hipgrave was dangling, added in a more respectful manner, as she opened the door, "what did you please to want, sir?"

"Have the kyindness, my dear," said the ex-butler, repeating the form which he had so often heard, with the slight addition of the last two words, to denote his extreme urbanity, "have the kyindness to take up my key-ard!"

The girl stared as if she were quite unaccustomed to this sort of ceremony, but laid hands on the piece of pasteboard, and whisked away with it, disappearing through a side door beneath a trellised porch.

In a few moments she returned, and intimating that "Missis" was at home, requested Mr. Hipgrave to walk in. He promptly obeyed the invitation; but before we present him to Mrs. Diaper, we may take the opportunity of remarking that, although her door-bell was not in general very promptly attended to, there was an additional reason why on this occasion her handmaiden did not hurry herself. The fact was that Mrs. Diaper, who was "dusting" up-stairs when the bell rang the first time, had peeped through the gauze blind of her bedroom window, and, having taken a full survey of the person of Mr. Hipgrave, thought it would be as well if she "set herself a little to rights" before that gentleman was admitted. The interval was not wasted, and scarcely had Mr. Hipgrave seated himself in the front parlour than Mrs. Diaper sailed into the room, as "ornate and gay" as a purple silk gown and a blonde cap with cherry-coloured streamers could make her.

It was a glorious vision for Mr. Hipgrave, who, in the gold watch that was nailed to her left side, and the cameo-brooch, about the size and hue of a muffin, which adorned the front of her person, saw the outward signs of the wealth he so much coveted.

"Not in weeds," was his first thought—"she'll come to the more readier."

"I must ippollagize, mum," he said, as Mrs. Diaper glanced at his soiled card, on which the servant-maid had very distinctly impressed the mark of her dirty thumb—"I must ippollagize for self-interduction, but my friend Bagsher being obligated to go into Hesse—"

"Oh, dear," interrupted Mrs. Diaper, "are you a friend of Mr. Bagshaw? pray set yourself down again, sir."

"Yes, mum," continued Mr. Hipgrave, pleased with his reception, "Bagsher's about one of the oldest friends I have. 'Benjamin,' says he to me only yesterday afternoon, 'I'm sorry you've been so long in the country'—a confidential employ, mum, with the Dean of Dronesford for a many years—'but,' goes on Bagsher, 'I shall feel proud and appy to do you a service, and I don't think I can do you a greater than by inter-doocing of you to Mrs. Diaper.'"

"Really, sir," simpered the lady. "Well, Mr. Bagshaw always *was* the politest of coachmen!"

"Which," continued Mr. Hipgrave, "it's a letter, mum, he have wrote." And he forthwith presented the missive.

While Mrs. Diaper was feeling for and adjusting her spectacles—the half-way house of life had long been left behind—Mr. Hipgrave gazed attentively at the widow.

Like himself she was *embonpoint*, and some twenty years before had,

without doubt, been considered "a fine woman" by her own class—not sex—but she was now more remarkable for size than symmetry, and while a ruddy glow suffused her countenance with one uniform tint, contrast was strikingly produced by a pair of thick black eyebrows, and a fringe on her upper lip, which owed the hue it wore to the reflection from the raven's wing. There was an aspect of good-nature in her features, but it was that of the good-nature which has its own way, and must not be contradicted, or something coarse, if not violent, may be expected.

"What's her weak pint, I wonder?" thought Mr. Hipgrave, as he watched her while she read the letter. "Is it eating and drinking?—that ain't unlikely, to judge by her size; or is it what the Very Rev'rent used to call 'physic'—meaning personal charms? A little too much of the blacking-brush, and might be younger, but not altogether bad;—then, the ribbings. That cap's been put on in a hurry—a sign she don't quite think her day's gone by. Yes, Bewty must be it; I'll work that Orricle."

And shortly afterwards, Mr. Hipgrave did work it, after what he conceived to be the most approved fashion.

Mrs. Diaper, having read her friend's letter, expressed in her turn the "pride and happiness" with which she received Mr. Hipgrave's visit, and, true to her old vocation of housekeeper, insisted upon exercising that hospitality on her own account, which, while in place, had been ready for all comers, at the expense of the "elderly single gentleman," whose legacy, together with her perquisites, she was now enjoying. To this mode of proceeding, Mr. Hipgrave, of course, made no objection, being inclined thereto by various reasons, not the least stimulating being a certain amount of "peckishness," superinduced by an early and somewhat frugal breakfast. He was, moreover, one of those who, without having ever heard of the axiom, "*Sino Baccho et Cerere, friget Amore*," unconsciously adopt it as their rule of conduct, in love affairs, and always attack the heart through the stomach.

Anything ethereal will do for the diet of lovers either in or only just out of their teens, but for such as have arrived at years of discretion, something more substantial is necessary. The nectar and ambrosia of Mrs. Diaper and Mr. Hipgrave consisted of a nice little hand of pork and greens, a batter pudding, some toasted cheese, a pot of half-and-half (the "*mezzo-e-mezzo*" of Madame Pasta), and a bottle of currant-wine, eventually superseded by—more than one tumbler of—hot gin-and-water.

Over the viands and their adjuncts the conversation soon subsided from formality and grew into intimacy. Without dwelling too much on the relations subsisting between Mr. Bagshaw and himself, Mr. Hipgrave made such use of the information he had gleaned at the "*Cocconut and Gridiron*," as left no doubt on the mind of Mrs. Diaper that they were on the most familiar terms with each other. But Mr. Hipgrave was eminently candid.

"If there *was* a fault in his friend Bagsher, which he could hardly bring himself to believe, it was, perhaps, that he was too fond of encouraging very young men: there was one, now, an idle fellow, named Trundle, quite a *movey soojy*—he hoped Bagsher wouldn't get into trouble along of him, but he was afraid of it; however, it wasn't any

affair of his (Hipgrave's), and, therefore, he would say no more about it. In fact, he didn't know how he came to mention the young feller's name at all!"

Innocent Mr. Hipgrave! Of course not. You had not the slightest intention of prejudicing Mrs. Diaper against Mr. Trundle, in case he should turn up too soon! But, up to the present time, all was safe; Mrs. Diaper had never "heard tell" of the young man; she agreed, too, that it *was* a pity Mr. Bagshaw *should* take up with "*movey soojies*"—whatever they might happen to be, no good, she supposed;—"but *after all* she believed *he* was as good as gold, and perhaps the reason was to be found at home, for his wife, she *knew*, had a temper!"

Mr. Hipgrave perfectly coincided with Mrs. Diaper, and, catching at the word "wife," turned the conversation at once to the married state, a topic always agreeable to listeners who are unmarried.

"Temper," said he, "is everything. If I [was ever to marry]—he looked hard at the widow as he adroitly advertised his condition—"if I was ever to marry, it's the very first thing as I should go for. The object of money is no object to me—in comparison. A bad temper is a thing that plays Old Arry with a feller's appiness! Though I say it, I'm a lamb in that respect myself. You, too, I should say, mum, was of the best of tempers."

This last assertion was rather hazardous in the presence of Mrs. Diaper's formidable black eyebrows, but she received the compliment as though it were perfectly her due, and, encouraged by the success of his remark, Mr. Hipgrave made an easy transition from the charms of the lady's mind to those of her person. The plunge was now fairly over, and with an eloquence peculiar to himself, Mr. Hipgrave proceeded at once to lay siege to the buxom housekeeper. What he said upon the occasion need scarcely be repeated. It was the old story from the time of Lamech,

He, in love, the first deceiver,

down to "Captain" Johnson, who has just forfeited not only his faith but his recognisances. Not that Mr. Hipgrave practised any very remarkable deception, save in the way of personation; and he reconciled himself to that by thinking that he was quite as good a catch as the real Simon Pure, whose nose, he was of opinion, he had put completely out of joint.

Whether this was positively the case or not, we shall not at present undertake to say, but it was clear that his advances were not entirely rejected, or he would scarcely have ventured upon so close a proximity to the dark moustache as any one might have noticed who chanced—like Mrs. Diaper's maid—to catch a glimpse of the ex-butler's attempt to salute that lady at the moment of taking his departure, after tea and muffins, and another tumbler of toddy. Neither is it likely that Mr. Hipgrave would have bent his steps homeward in such a state of pleasurable excitement as to have mistaken the way to his lodging, and found himself in the Cider-cellars in Maiden-lane, from whence, when he issued, at two in the morning, he was for an over-hilarious demonstration, playfully exhibited in the punching of a policeman's head, conveyed to the station at Bow-street, to dream, if he could, of the widow he felt so certain he had won.

IV

HOW MR. HIPGRAVE GOT INTO A SITUATION AT LAST, BUT NOT THE ONE HE EXPECTED.

It was late on the following afternoon before the charge of assault preferred by Policeman O 365 against Benjamin Hipgrave, "labourer"—as, greatly to the ex-butler's disgust, he was described in the police-sheet—was brought before the magistrate; and when he was at last discharged, with a fine of 20s. and a severe lecture, he had such a racking headache that there was nothing to be done but go home and get to bed, to sleep off the effects of his intemperance. He slept soundly enough—no unusual occurrence after passing a night at "the station"—and when he awoke at an early hour on the second morning after his interview with Mrs. Diaper, Memory, "the warder of the brain," had resumed its duty and performed its functions so faithfully, that the first thing Mr. Hipgrave thought of was having promised to repeat his visit to Thistle Grove on the day before, and having, moreover, failed to keep his word.

"It don't much matter though," he said, as he removed his nightcap; "after what has took place between me and Mrs. D., I can soon make that all straight. However, I think"—he continued, proceeding to dress himself—"I think I shall give her a look in this morning and fix the day; but—hillo!—what's this? Why, I declare to goodness, somebody's took and gonè and given me a couple of black hies! I thought my head didn't ache for nothing! What on earth's to be done now? I can't go and see Mrs. D. in this condition. That pellerce affair p'raps would come out, and then where should I be? I must write and tell her I'm ill; but then, again, her fondness might bring her up here! What shall I do? But first and foremost I must get rid of these hies. Brown paper and vinegar's good—a bit of raw rump steak's better—no matter, I'll try 'em both. Bless us, to-morrow's Sunday, the very day *that* Bagsher was to be back;—I'll send her a note directly and chance it. After all, Mrs. D.'s a widder, and fine fellers like me don't come in her way every day. I can afford to wait till to-morrow."

Having come to this resolution, Mr. Hipgrave set to work on an epistle which, he flattered himself, would set Mrs. Diaper quite at ease about him. To impress her the more with a sense of his value, he alleged, as his excuse for not calling, that he had "unexpectedly" been, and still was, engaged with "his man of bisness," but that on Sunday morning he should be free from "those trammles," and come to claim—he couldn't for his life avoid using the phrase again—his "adoring" bride.

Having hired a messenger to convey his letter, Mr. Hipgrave's next care was how to remove from his countenance the marks of the fray with Policeman O 365, whose ox-like knuckles had so defeatured him. He had recourse to the remedies which experience, we are sorry to say, had taught him were useful on these occasions, and passed the day in rather a damp sort of state, alternating between beef and brown paper. Towards evening he experienced some relief of mind, for not only was the dis-

coloration considerably removed, but his messenger had returned bringing a verbal answer to his letter, to the effect that Mrs. Diaper would be extremely happy to see him next day to dinner, and hoped he would be punctual to one o'clock.

"Poor cretur," said Mr. Hipgrave, when he was left alone, "I know'd how it would be! I shan't urry myself. Dinner must wait till I come—and so must the widdier!"

But, while Mr. Hipgrave was solacing himself with Alnaschar-like reflections, events had taken place of a very different character from those he was indulging in.

It will not, perhaps, be forgotten that when the Theseus of the pantry left Dronesford, an Ariadne remained, as he supposed, to weep over his perfidy in the person of Miss Susanna Sweeting. But it has also been shown that Miss Sweeting's affections were not so irrevocably the ex-butler's as Mr. Hipgrave imagined. To tell the truth, her heart had long been given to Mr. Thomas Trundle, and the sighs which were the accompaniment to her stitching were heaved for that fascinating but snubbed young man.

On the day succeeding that on which Mr. Hipgrave withdrew the light of his countenance from Dronesford, Miss Sweeting came to a sudden resolution. She had an aunt living near London, who was very fond of her, and had often urged her to give up her uncertain calling and go and live with her. Susanna, however, had preferred independence, and strove hard to secure it by her own efforts, though hitherto with but little success. It was not with the intention of relinquishing her profession, but with the hope of learning, through some mutual friends, what had become of her lover, that she now resolved to pay a long-promised visit to her aunt. The moment was favourable; the spring assizes at Dronesford were over; the Easter holidays were approaching; business was very dull; in short, Miss Sweeting easily persuaded herself that there was every reason in the world why she should indulge in the trip. Her arrangements were soon made, and within a few hours after her determination was taken, Susanna was safely deposited at the suburban residence of her aunt, who welcomed her very affectionately.

It was some time since the relatives had met, and there was, of course, a great deal to talk about. The damsel bestowed her confidence upon the elder lady, but, after the usual custom in such cases, by not declaring all; while her aunt, who was equally communicative, had also her own reservations. It happened, singularly enough, that the reticence on both sides related to the same individual. Thus, Susanna acknowledged her partiality for Mr. Thomas Trundle, but never said a syllable on the subject of Mr. Benjamin Hipgrave; for this reason, chiefly, that the gentleman had made himself contemptible in her eyes, and she had no desire to figure in the character of a Forsaken One.

Mrs. Diaper—yes, the aunt of Miss Sweeting was that stout, black-browed, well-to-do-personage—Mrs. Diaper, we say, refrained in like manner from adverting to Mr. Hipgrave, partly because she had begun, on reflection, to regret that she had given him any encouragement, and partly because she was ashamed to mention to Susanna that she thought of changing her condition, at her time of life, had ever crossed her mind.

But while Mrs. Diaper withheld the avowal of her own weakness, she tried to atone for it by showing full indulgence for that of Susanna, and sent her niece happy to bed, with the assurance that, if money was any consideration in the affair with Mr. Trundle, she would take care it should be forthcoming. Mrs. Diaper also took counsel with her pillow that night, and finally concluded, before she slept, that the next morning she would honestly and fairly make a clean breast of it.

When that day came—it happened to be the 31st of March—the aunt and niece met each other with cheerful faces, each prepared for the further discussion of their respective plans. Breakfast was still on the table, and Mrs. Diaper was stirring her ninth and penultimate cup of tea, preparatory to “unbosoming,” when the not very “neat-handed Phillis” made her appearance with a letter in her hand for her mistress.

“The postman is earlier than usual to-day,” observed Mrs. Diaper.

“Please ‘m,” replied Phillis, “it ain’t the post, it’s one of the red-shirts; he said it was giv’ to him by the gent as was here the day afore yesterday, Mr. Ip——”

Mrs. Diaper burst into a violent fit of coughing, which drowned the conclusion of the sentence, and the exercise, or something else, made her cheeks glow like scarlet.

“You may go,” said Mrs. Diaper, as soon as she had recovered her breath; and the aunt and niece were again alone, looking at each other with a singular expression on the countenances of both.

“I meant to have told you all about it, my dear,” said Mrs. Diaper, who was the first to speak; “and before I read this letter, I will. You must know, Susanna, that Mr. Hipgrave——”

“Mr. Hipgrave!” screamed Miss Sweeting; “gracious goodness, aunt, what do *you* know about him? You don’t mean Mr. Hipgrave of Dronesford, surely?”

“The very same,” replied Mrs. Diaper.

The difficulty, now, was which should be the first to unburden herself of her secret, but the elder lady led the way, and entered into all the particulars of Mr. Hipgrave’s recent visit, while Susanna listened in speechless—no, not quite speechless—astonishment, for her ejaculations of “Well, I never!” and “Did you ever?” were frequent.

“And now, Susan,” said Mrs. Diaper, when she had finished, “tell me your story.”

“Well, aunt,” she replied, “I’ll give you letter for letter; but you must read mine first. It’s a mercy I didn’t tear it when I picked it out of my shred-basket as I left home. I thought I wouldn’t leave it lying about, and so put it into my pocket. Here it is.”

The tale was now told, and Mr. Hipgrave’s letter to Susanna read with scornful emphasis; but whatever the niece felt was mildness itself to the sensations of the aunt.

“A paltry rascal!” the latter exclaimed, “to think of writing to you in that manner. A man of his years, too! Only let me catch him here again!”

“Stay, aunt,” said Susanna; “he has treated you differently, no doubt; you, perhaps, may change your mind when you have heard what he has to say!”

Mrs. Diaper made no answer, but pushed Mr. Hipgrave's still unopened missive across the table.

"Read that, too, my dear," she said.

It was read, and re-read, and on each occasion Mrs. Diaper's anger increased full fifty per cent.

"So he thinks everybody is in love with him, does he?" she exclaimed; "he'll find himself in the wrong box before he's much older! What can he mean about his man of business, Susan? Has the fellow got any property?"

"If he has, aunt," replied Susanna, "it will be good news to some of the people of Dronesford, for though I only stayed there little better than four-and-twenty hours after he was gone, I heard quite enough about unpaid bills of the Dean's that he is said to have had the money for, and supposed to have kept in his own pocket."

"How came my old friend, Mr. Bagshaw, to send him here, I wonder!" said Mrs. Diaper. "There's something in this that wants clearing up."

A discussion thereupon ensued between Mrs. Diaper and Susanna, and it was at last resolved that before the "red-shirt" took back an answer to Mr. Hipgrave he should be despatched to the "Cocoa-nut and Grid-iron," to learn if Mr. Bagshaw had returned, as was expected, to town, and, in that case, to beg he would step out to Thistle Grove as soon as convenient. While the messenger—nothing loth to earn a good day's wages—was gone, the ladies resumed the theme that was uppermost in their minds, and found, by accident, an additional incentive for doing so.

Mrs. Diaper was a reader of the *Times*, "at — per hour," and as she was in the habit of taking her "Accidents" and "Police," as it were, medicinally, at the period prescribed by the newsvender, she began to read the broad-sheet as soon as it was placed in her hands. She had not been engaged in this occupation more than two minutes, when she uttered a loud exclamation, and the paper fell from her hands. Susanna started in a fright, thinking her aunt was suddenly taken ill, but she was soon undeceived.

"There's more about him," cried Mrs. Diaper, pointing to the journal. "Who *would* have thought it! Why, he's been a murdering of a policeman."

Mr. Hipgrave's enormity, as the reader knows, was not quite so bad as that, though enough to damage him for ever at Thistle Grove, even if there had been nothing else against him.

Drunk and fighting, battered, bruised, and "had up," while he pretended to be engaged on affairs with his "man of business!"

There, in the *Times*, were the whole particulars; nothing spared, nothing wanting to establish his identity.

While this new topic was being hotly discussed—some hours after the *Times* was gone and dinner over—news arrived of the return of the "red-shirt," and with him Mr. Bagshaw, who, fortunately for all parties, except, perhaps, Mr. Hipgrave, had returned from Essex a day sooner than he had anticipated, and, his horses having had a good deal of exercise, was at liberty to obey the summons of Mrs. Diaper.

Into the particulars of the *éclaircissement* which followed his arrival we need not enter. Mr. Bagshaw soon found out how matters stood;

he had heard of the loss of the letter he wrote, and could explain that; his young friend, Trundle, moreover, had told him the night before that, his affections being engaged elsewhere, he had made up his mind not to have anything to do with the "widder;" and Mr. B. was too much a man of the world, when he saw Susanna and found out who she was, to hint at any ulterior purpose in the introduction he had proposed to Mr. Trundle. Nevertheless, he could not avoid mentioning that the young man who had "a tung in his hedd" *was* the individual who sighed for and was sighed after by Miss Sweeting, and—if agreeable to the ladies—he would bring him out to Thistle Grove next day.

Not only were the ladies "agreeable," but Mrs. Diaper insisted that Mr. Bagshaw and Mr. Trundle should come over early and take dinner; and this point settled, the trio began to consider in what way they should punish Mr. Hipgrave.

"I'll tell you what, aunt," said Susanna, after various propositions had been made and rejected. "Ask him to come here and dine too, just as if nothing had happened. We can then expose him nicely before witnesses."

This course was adopted, and hence the message which the red-shirt delivered, so greatly to Mr. Hipgrave's satisfaction.

Sunday morning came,—and the bells had not left off tolling for church before Mr. Bagshaw and his young friend were safely housed at Thistle Grove. The lovers' quarrel was reconciled the moment they saw each other; indeed, it had been a settled matter the night before, even to the amount which Mrs. Diaper meant to give to set up her niece and her future husband in a business in her own neighbourhood, with the promise of all she had in reversion. Sunday came, also, to Mr. Hipgrave. He could have wished that the sun had not shone so brightly, for the tokens of a row were still too evident on his features in spite of the remedies he had so diligently applied. However, he determined to put the best face he could on the matter, and if anything were said about his bruises, attribute them to a convenient lamp-post.

It was about twenty minutes *past* one when Mr. Hipgrave, with the air of a lord and master who felt, as Sir Giles Overreach says, "cock-sure," sauntered up to the garden-gate of Mrs. Diaper. He had almost been given up, and dinner had been put on the table, when a ring at the bell told the assembled guests that their victim was at hand. All except Mrs. Diaper hurried into the back parlour, the door of which was left slightly a-jar, and Mr. Hipgrave entered the apartment.

"I'm afraid I've kept you waiting, Mrs. D.," he said, as he glanced round him and saw her ample preparations for dinner; though his mind was too much confused, in spite of his swagger, to take in the additional knives and forks, which indicated anything but a *tête-à-tête*.

"Oh, dear no," said the lady, bridling at his evident assurance; "I should have waited all day till you came."

"Should you, though?" said Mr. Hipgrave. "But in course you would, after what's took place between us. I'm rather seedy this morning, Mrs. D.; overdone with bisness, my love; if it's all the same to you, I'll take a glass of wine before I set down to dinner."

"Oh, pray do, Mr. Hipgrave," returned Mrs. Diaper, in a voice of suppressed passion, which the ex-butler mistook for the trepidation of love—"pray do, pray help yourself."

Mr. Hipgrave did as he was bid; poured out a glass of sherry and swallowed it, without even drinking the lady's health; he then took another, and becoming somewhat warmer and more animated by the process, proposed to himself to take something else—to—in fact, to repeat the salute with which he had taken leave on the previous Thursday evening. He advanced towards Mrs. Diaper with that cordial and amiable purpose, but by this time the lady's rage at his insolence had reached its culminating point.

We have said that Mrs. Diaper was a person of some bulk; we might have added that nature had endowed her with considerable strength; and when we observe that she lent the whole weight and force of which she was capable to the box on the ears which she bestowed on Mr. Hipgrave as he approached his face to hers, it will not be considered surprising that the ex-butler staggered half-way across the room under its infliction. Indeed, he only saved himself from tumbling by catching at the handle of the inner room door; but he did this in an evil moment, for the door itself flew open, and who should he see before him but Mr. Bagshaw, Mr. Trundle, and Miss Sweeting!

He was overwhelmed with astonishment and consternation, and which way to turn was beyond the power of his faculties. He was, however, spared much consideration, for Mr. Thomas Trundle, who had an old grudge to pay off besides the new one, seized him by the collar, and shook him so violently for some minutes that scarcely a breath was left in his body. Then the lady of the house broke out upon him,—then Susanna threw in a gibe, then Mr. Bagshaw hoped his eyes were better, and then, making a football of him down to the very garden gate, Mr. Thomas Trundle kicked him into the road, and deposited him at full length on a couch of roadside mud.

As he was picking himself up, there was a pause in the laughter from the party at No. 1, and the front window being thrown open, he heard the voice of Mrs. Diaper utter these words:

"The next time you're invited to dinner, especially if you're going to be married, ask the first person you meet if it happens to be **THE FIRST OF APRIL.**"

EASTER MORNING.

A DREAM.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

'Twas night, or early morn, the busy street
 Was for a time deserted, and no sound,
 Save the quick pattering of the rain that beat
 Against the casement, and the wind around,
 Sighing its dismal strains, broke the profound,
 The solemn, gloomy stillness that seemed meet
 To lead the wakeful spirit from this earth—
 Where Death has marked all creatures from their birth—
 Up to the contemplation of yon spheres
 Unknown, unseen, and yet for ever near ;
 Where "the dark valley" passed—years—endless years,
 Nay, ages but like moments, shall appear.

Oh! that "eternal shore,"

When Death shall be no more !
 How widely differing from this mortal state,
 Where we but draw our earliest breath,
 To yield it up again in death,
 Obedient to the unchanging laws of Fate !

'Twas night, and sleep had closed the weary eye,
 And the dream-world its visionary gate
 Had opened to my soul, and soaring high,
 As if on angel-pinions borne aloft,
 Methought I saw, above the azure sky,
 As through a veil of silver light—so soft,
 And so subdued, yet clear, transparent, bland—
 Oh, view sublime !—it was the spirits' land !
 Vainly would mortal thought try to portray
 That heavenly scene—magnificent and grand.
 No words of mortal language could convey
 The slightest glimpse of that celestial home,
 Where disembodied souls and angels roam
 In bliss eternal ; and the Godhead reigns
 In majesty unspeakable, and might !
 Methought around was shed a rosy light,—
 And wafted to my ear, ecstatic strains
 Came sweeping by,—while forms, radiant in love,
 In dignity, and beauty, glorious—bright—
 Seemed floating there (that angel-hymn remains
 But faintly on my waking mind). Above,
 Methought, I gazed in wonderment and awe,
 And as I gazed, a cherub form I saw
 Approach ; his features were not strange to me.
 Again—again I looked. Ah, yes !—'twas he
 The cherub who was lent me for a space,
 A short—short space on earth—yes ! I could trace
 The well-remembered features ! To my side
 He came. "This is the blessed morn," he said,

"When for the sons of earth the Saviour paid
That mighty ransom, which has purchased grace,
And rose triumphant from the tomb! The wide,
The boundless universe this day rejoices.
Hark! songs of praise swell every angel voice!
And to commemorate this glorious day,
The dead, *who died in Him*, are called to rise
From yonder earth, where sleep their forms of clay,
And shape their course to meet Him in the skies.
Behold! the graves are bursting—shadowy hosts

This Easter morn will throng the air:

Alas! for them who have no share
In the redeeming mercy this day boasts!"

I looked—and lo! the shrouded dead
From their dark vaults seemed to have fled;
The mould of many a grave was heaving,
Pale forms their silent tombs were leaving,
And, hovering o'er the ocean's dark blue waves,
The drowned were rising from their sandy graves!
"Spirit!" I cried, "oh, take me to the spot
Where thy beloved brother lies!" A smile
Was his reply. And quick as subtle thought
We passed far o'er the sea, to *yonder isle*,
And paused above the hallowed ground we sought.
'Twas dawn's cool hour: the brilliant sun awhile
Had yet to linger, ere his beams could play
With all the burning power of Tropic day!
I gazed upon the sixteen mounds that pressed
Upon so many noble hearts—at rest.
Ah! side by side the much-mourned sleepers lay!*
Sleepers no longer! On that morning blest,
They too arose—the new-made graves were rent,
And, slow ascending, all those gallant forms,
That oft had braved the ocean's wildest storms,
In their fresh shrouds their heavenward journey went.
But soon on *one* dear shade, as by a spell,
My gaze was fixed. *His* eye upon me fell,
And, for a moment, stopping in his flight
To the eternal realms of joy and light,
He said, "Mother, farewell! Grieve not for me!
My spirit from yon sinful world is free.
Oh! laud His holy name who called me thence,
That wise, that merciful Omnipotence!

But 'watch and pray,'

That in the day

When death shall snatch thee to the grave,
Through Him who hath the power to save,
Thy parted soul may be accepted *there*!"
He pointed upwards—then was lost in air!

* Sixteen officers of her Majesty's ship *Dawnless*, who died in November and December, 1852, of yellow fever, at Barbadoes; and were buried in the churchyard of the chapel of St. Matthias, where their graves are placed side by side. They were all fine, promising young men.

CATTARO AND MONTENEGRO.*

MR. KOHL, a gentleman who acquired something more than a mediocre celebrity among us by his travels through Great Britain, has lately added considerably to his reputation by a description of Istria, Dalmatia, and Montenegro. Very fortunately, too, for the general reader, he has not, in the present instance, overburdened his pages with statistical accounts, which, though very interesting to the Few, are rather tedious to the Many.

Although we have not sufficient space to go through Mr. Kohl's new work in its entirety, but, through the interest at present attaching to the subject, confine our attention almost exclusively to Montenegro, still our readers must not imagine that the remainder of the work is not equally interesting. We can assure them that a perusal of the two volumes would impart not only amusement but instruction. Mr. Kohl has evidently wished to draw popular attention to a subject hitherto somewhat neglected; and those of his readers who wish to go deeper into the matter, will be enabled to make a selection from a list of works bearing on the same subject, which he quotes in his preface.

Mr. Kohl commenced his interesting travels in Dalmatia, where he visited the most important places: for instance, Zara, where the chief establishments for the manufacture of maraschino may be found; and Spalato, still more celebrated for the ruins of Diocletian's palace and mausoleum and the Temple of Jupiter,—and afterwards proceeded to Cattaro.

The first signs of the existence of the warlike race of Montenegrins will be found on the Illyrian coast, by travellers who pass through Ragusa, for in the vicinity of that city numerous ruined villas may be seen. These were plundered and destroyed by the Montenegrins in the year 1806, when, through the influence of Russia, wild bands poured down from the mountains, in order to drive the French out of Ragusa.

Similar objects will be found on the shores of the Bocca di Cattaro, where the prosperous towns of Perastro, Dobrota, &c., lie close to the foot of the Montenegrin mountains. If the traveller inquire the cause of this destruction, everybody begins complaining of the Montenegrins, and quoting such or such a year in which they burst like a hailstorm upon their richer but detested neighbours on the Bocca. Montenegro, in fact, bears a close resemblance to a volcano, breaking out at intervals, and causing that desolation which may be seen more fully on the Turkish frontier, near the Herzegovina and Scutari, than round the Bocca and Ragusa.

When the steamer on which Mr. Kohl had taken passage reached Cattaro, there was a general curiosity among the uninitiated passengers to have the first peep at a live Montenegrin, with much the same feeling and result as when the guide on the Alps promises the traveller the first sight of a chamois. However, there were plenty of them to be seen near Cattaro, for it was market-day. As the Montenegrins are compelled to

* Reise nach Istrien, Dalmatien, und Montenegro. By J. G. Kohl. Williams and Norgate.

give up their arms on entering the town—a necessary precaution, for they are very ready to use them—it is rather a rarity to find them walking about the streets, and, consequently, the bazaar is held without the walls. The Montenegrins consider it a dishonour for a man to appear anywhere without his arms; and they make many excuses when they visit friends in Cattaro, and are compelled to present themselves without their beloved weapons. A few Montenegrins, however, of high rank—for instance, the Vladika's successor and nephew—are permitted to enter the town armed; but there are many who do not dare show themselves at all in the neighbourhood of the town. Many Austrian deserters reside in Montenegro, and, consequently, are obliged to keep out of the way till they obtain permission to appear at the bazaar; others are apprehensive that they may be carried off to the fortress of Gradisca, in Friuli, for committing crimes on Austrian territory.

The bazaar at the Porta di Fiumera is in the shape of a parallelogram, surrounded by trees. Towards the Montenegrin mountains there is a sort of stone edifice, employed for weighing, &c., and provided with a stout gate, which is closed at seasons when the plague is raging in Turkey and Montenegro, and the same precautions employed as is usual along the whole of the Austrian frontier. It was astonishing to see the trifling matters brought to market by the Montenegrins. Many of them had had a march of three or four days from the heart of the mountains with a few smoked fish, or a bundle of maize, and seemed perfectly contented if they could sell them for a couple of *zwanziger*.

It is extraordinary what a quantity of powder the Montenegrins expend. Not a single troop left the bazaar without firing their pistols and guns, as a token of delight and welcome to their native mountains. In fact, they have a repugnance even to come to the bazaar, and are only too glad to get away from it again.

The Montenegrins are a Slavonic race, and belong to the great Servian family, like the Morlachs and Ragusans. Their manners and customs differ only in trifling respects from those of the Bosnians and Herzegovinians. Formerly they formed a portion of the great Illyrian kingdom, which in the time of its splendour comprehended ancient Illyrium, and nearly half the northern Græco-Slavonic peninsula. They consequently possess the same historic reminiscences as the Slaves, which they weave into their popular songs. They have a common literature, in which they praise the same heroes, battles, and events. The poems of Marco Kraljewitsch, of Stephan Duschan, the legends of St. Sava, the heroic ballads of the battle of Amselfeld, are as well known in the mountains of Montenegro as in the Dinaric Alps, and on the banks of the Morava, the Drinna, the Save, and the Drave. Although that great kingdom was overrun, first by the Magyars, and then by the Turks, and incorporated with their kingdom and empire, in which Venice obtained as its share Dalmatia and Morlachia, still the remembrance of the ancient splendour of the Servian kingdom still lives in the hearts of all Servian patriots, and many among them, very naturally, hope for the restoration of a great and powerful empire.

Mr. Kohl, during his residence in Cattaro, had an opportunity of forming the acquaintance of several Montenegrins of high rank, whose visits were intended for two of his fellow-travellers, gentlemen well

known for their services to Slavonic literature. He was rather surprised at finding that they followed the fashion of shaving the head, which is generally so repugnant to the other Slaves, who see in it only a sign of their subjugation to Turkey. However, they do not shave the whole of the head, but only to a certain line which crosses the forehead from one ear to the other. The hair is tied into a long queue behind. Some of the visitors, however, were not shaved, and this is probably a sign that they are gradually doing away with those customs they acquired from the Turks.

On one occasion they brought with them a quantity of beautiful weapons for inspection. With every "handjar," or gun, they told the history, whence it came, what Turkish pasha or beg it had originally belonged to, how it came into the possession of the Montenegrins, and then into theirs, for among them every sabre has its genealogy, and the greater portion they had obtained in war, as there are so few cutlers among them. Just as in Spanish songs we find that swords obtained a name and were praised, as if they had been animated beings, the sabres of the Montenegrins bear for a long time the name of the original proprietor. One Montenegrin said, "This sabre of mine is Parwan Oglu Pasha's." Another remarked, "The sabre of Ali Pasha of Tanina is in the possession of such a family." Their "handjars" and pistols are as much valued by them as their mistresses are, and they generally pay more for them than they do for their wives, whom they must also buy in some measure. Even the youngest boys stick an old pistol in their belts as soon as they can procure one, and are continually firing it.

It is naturally a very interesting question whether the territory of Montenegro has increased during later years. Some see in Montenegro the foundation-stone for a larger state, which will extend itself at a later date. The Vladikas, too, at least as ecclesiastical rulers, bear a title which would justify them in claiming jurisdiction over a much larger diocese. They call themselves, namely, Metropolitans of Albania (Scanderiya) and the Albanian Coast-range (Pomoriya); and, although the present Vladika is a very peaceable man, who does not seem to be ambitious of dominion, still there may be one eventually who may feel a desire to take possession of his whole metropolitan diocese, the greater part of which, however, still lies in *partibus infidelium*. Although Mr. Kohl, therefore, made various inquiries on this subject, he unfortunately could not obtain any satisfactory information from the Montenegrins; still what he did learn seems to lead to the belief that there has lately been a tendency to progressive aggrandisement.

At the commencement of the last century one of the four "nahias," or cantons, which now form Montenegro, shook off the yoke of Turkey, and this was the wildest and most barbarous of them, the Katunska. They were afterwards joined by the three other "nahias," and their intimate connexion was maintained by repeated victories over the Turks. In the course of the present century the inhabitants of the "Berdas" joined the Montenegrins. These Berdas are mountainous districts lying in the centre of Montenegro and towards the east, and some of them, even in the year 1830, were still dependent on the Turks. In 1831 the Kutscha united with Montenegro. Since 1840 the people of another neighbouring territory, the valleys of Grachowo, have thrown off their

allegiance to Turkey. The number of *Uscoks*, too (or deserters from Turkey to Montenegro), has greatly increased in the last century, and Mr. Kohl was also told by his Montenegrin friends of several other valleys whose inhabitants had joined the Montenegrins, though he could not learn their names. However, it seems from the above that, although the present *Vladika* has given up to the Turks the small islands on the Lake of *Scutari*, and restored the fortress of *Zabliak*, which his people had captured in an unexpected attack, the Montenegrin territory may be presumed to be in a state of gradual augmentation.

Although we stated before that the Montenegrins possessed a common literature with the Servians, still they have songs, as well as they have battles, peculiar to themselves. They possess not only very ancient, but very recent ballads, for with them a battle does not require to be almost forgotten in order to appear imbued with a poetic halo and arouse the enthusiasm of their bards. On the contrary, the present is full of poesy. An occurrence of yesterday, if displaying any heroic feature, immediately becomes the subject of a poem. As we chronicle events in our newspapers, they do it in their ballads, and any one who could form a perfect collection of them would have a full and continuous history of the people. As Mr. Kohl expressed his curiosity to hear some of these ballads, one of his Montenegrin acquaintances kindly offered to bring his "*gusla*" and sing some to him.

The *gusla* is the chief musical instrument among all the Servian tribes, and, though differing slightly in various neighbourhoods, generally consists of a case with a handle, and a horse-hair chord stretched over it, and is always played with a bow made of the same hair. Though some people prefer giving it the swelling Greek appellation of "*monochord*," it does not at all respond to this high-sounding title. The melody produced from the one Mr. Kohl had the misfortune of hearing, was anything but agreeable, and was merely a succession of shrieking sounds. The song itself consisted of a number of short verses, and was not much more pleasing than the music. There was a perfect innocence of rhyme in it, and it appeared a very monotonous and dull affair altogether.

Before we devote any more attention to the Montenegrins, we may as well make a few remarks about *Cattaro* itself, which contains much that is interesting for the visitor. Its position is very peculiar, for it has on either side two powerful mountain torrents, the *Fiumera* and the *Gordicio*, and is built on a huge precipice between the two. This rock is very strongly fortified, and held by an Austrian garrison. In the archives of the town may be found many interesting documents, which will throw a light on the history of Venice, the Montenegrins, and their neighbours. The churches are worth a visit, especially the Catholic one, dedicated to St. *Triphonius*, which is a handsome building, and contains a few paintings and a marble altar, which appears to be a copy of the one in *San Marco* at Venice. The population of the town reveals also much which reminds the traveller of Venice. The citizens have no national costume, but are all dressed in the common European fashion, and they all speak Italian. It is very different in all the other towns on the *Bocca*, whose inhabitants universally retain their national dress, and use the Slavonic dialect.

The chief of these towns are Dobrota, Perzagno, Perastro, Risano, and Castelnuovo. These names, however, designate, in fact, so many Sclavonic tribes, and the Risanotes, Dobrotans, &c., are more spoken of than the towns that bear their names.

The inhabitants of all these rocky nests on the Bocca are fishermen, sailors, and dealers, and their field of adventure is generally the same, namely, the Adriatic, the Levant, Constantinople, and the Black Sea. But each tribe appears to affect one place of commerce. Thus the Dobrotans are in connexion with Trieste, and have become rich and powerful at the same time as that port, while the Perzagnotes, who live opposite to them, are on most friendly terms with Venice. The Risanotes, again, for a long time had the notoriety of not only being the best sailors, but also the most daring pirates. They are nearly all Sclavonians, but as the tribes only marry within their own limits, they have, consequently, retained all their peculiarities, especially in manner and costume. Thus, the Risanotes have the reputation of being the handsomest and most powerful men on the Bocca, and wear, at the same time, the richest and handsomest costume. They are all Christians, but it might be imagined they were heathens from the hostility subsisting among them about religion. In Dobrota, for instance, all are Roman Catholics, while in Risano they are to a man Greek Catholics, and here, where the two sects are so embittered, it would be as easy to mingle fire and water as to reconcile them. In a Roman Catholic village, according to an old law, a maid-servant of the other religion is not allowed to remain longer than three years. In another entirely Greek village, not a single Roman Catholic family was suffered to live. About two-thirds of the coast population belongs to the Greek confession, and the rest are Catholics.

There appears to be the same partiality for warlike weapons along the Bocca as in Montenegro itself. In one of the houses Mr. Kohl visited in Dobrota, the whole internal arrangements more resembled those of a fortress than a domestic building. There were holes cut in the walls to repel any attack on the main entrance, and the same were to be found at all the windows, to cover any weak point. Among the arms there was even a large cannon, for which the proprietor had made an embrasure through one of the walls in the direction of Montenegro. The other weapons consisted of some two dozen handschars, pistols, and guns, which hung on the walls of the saloon, ready to hand at a moment. One of the most peculiar weapons Mr. Kohl noticed was a "spada lupo," a long, straight, and broad sword, with a black iron basket hilt; he also saw several others in houses at Perastro and Castelnuovo, and heard a very great value was set upon them. They were probably used in those happy days when piracy flourished.

The Bocchese always have one armed man in their house, even in quiet times; and when the Montenegrins are at all troublesome, one-half of the inhabitants watch while the others sleep. Such is the penalty of being at all well off in this country.

The host received the visitors in his national costume, to which they adhere very closely; and even those captains who, through their intercourse with foreign parts, are inclined to follow other fashions, always assume the old dress as soon as they draw in sight of the Bocca di Cattaro. Although Mr. Kohl received a very hospitable greeting, the Bocchese he

visited was not sufficiently polite to present his wife to him. In fact, their wives are kept as closely, and treated as contemptuously, as in the East. Mr. Kohl relates an anecdote of what he saw in this respect. A tall Bocchese, Montenegrin, or Morlach (for they are all alike in this matter), was riding on a donkey, and lolling on it quite at his ease. Behind him walked a woman, however, the rider's worse-half. She had a stick in her hand, and drove the donkey on whenever her lord commanded it. Besides this, she was loaded with a great portion of the baggage, for which there was no room on the animal.

We must not omit accompanying Mr. Kohl to the "Zuppa," or "Shuppa," before we follow him into the mountain passes of Montenegro. This piece of land is the most important in all Austrian Albania, through its size, fertility, and cultivation. The inhabitants are also esteemed especially privileged, through their boldness in defying any real or fancied attack upon their institutions. This compels the Austrians always to keep a strong military force on the Bocca, and in the forts erected along the frontier. In the immediate neighbourhood of the Shuppa, and on the mountain pass between Cattaro and that district, lies the little fortress of Trinitá, originally built by the Venetians. The Montenegrins have made repeated attacks on it, but have been always repelled with some loss. In the disturbances of 1848, three to four thousand invested it, but were driven back by a garrison of only forty men. At the time when Mr. Kohl passed it there were only eighteen soldiers and an officer lying there. On the platform he also noticed two cannons with the English "G. R." upon them, though it would be difficult to decide how they reached this height.

On the road down from this fortress into the Shuppa called the "Scala Santa," a frequent name through the Italianised East for rocky passes, Mr. Kohl met several Shuppanns, in their beautiful national costume. Besides their pistols and knives, all were armed with guns, for they may have a necessity to use them at any moment. Over all, the "strucca," or mantle, was thrown, and besides this, each man had an immense pipe-stem fastened to some part of his person. At Dub, the first village in the Shuppa, Mr. Kohl halted at a peasant's house, where he met a very friendly reception. The master and his wife came out from the stable, where they were busied in cleaning the horses down, and saluted the visitors politely and even affectionately. It seems, too, that among the Shuppanns there is not the same jealousy as regards the women, for Mr. Kohl had a full opportunity of inspecting this lady's toilette. She wore a pearl necklace, glittering pins in her hair, and a richly ornamented "pojas," or girdle, round her waist. The latter she even took off, and handed round for inspection, when she saw it attracted the attention of the visitors. It was made of metal and jewels, was about half a foot long and an inch thick, and as heavy as an iron cuirass. The innumerable stones were very elegantly set in silver gilt. They were all reddish-brown agates, and covered the whole girdle; the woman stated that it had cost forty kronthaler. And in this costly ornament she went to her daily avocations, and had even been helping her husband to clean the horses. It would be about as inconvenient as if our queen had to drink her tea or write her letters with the crown on her head and sceptre in her hand. However, these "pojas" are common all through the Bocca and

Montenegro, though of course all of them are not so expensively made, or so elegant.

Mr. Kohl, however, was still more astonished at the husband's armoury than at his wife's jewellery. He had at least a dozen guns hanging on the wall. One of them was a splendid affair, for which he said he had paid 170 florins. All the guns among these tribes have the elegant form peculiar to those in the East. They admire no others, and consider ours, if not unsuitable, clumsy. And, in truth, his favourite gun was very handsome. The whole of the stock was inlaid with mother-of-pearl set in silver, and small red stones sprinkled among it, either garnets, or other stones cut in imitation of them.

The peasant's house was very large and commodious, and at the time our author visited him he had given room to a detachment of Austrian soldiers, who seemed very well satisfied with the treatment they received.

On the party's return to Cattaro, they had to get down from their horses before the gate, and have them shod with leather shoes. The streets of the town are paved with small round pebbles, and are so hilly that it is dangerous to ride through them without this precaution. In fact, on starting on a journey, the horses are always held in readiness without the town; and as for carriages, there are no such things in Albania.

As Mr. Kohl and his companions had brought influential letters with them, they soon received an invitation from the Vladika to pay him a visit in the wilds of Montenegro, and they soon assembled on the bazaar before the Porta di Fiumera, ready to start, where their horses and Montenegrin acquaintances were waiting for them. Besides these there were a quantity of idlers, who looked on or assisted them in their preparations. A little baggage-horse and a pretty Montenegrin girl of the name of Johanna were loaded with their carpet-bags. As soon as they reached the first rocks, the firing began, as usual.

Although Mr. Kohl certainly felt some satisfaction in travelling with such a numerous company, still he was told that his safety would be ensured in Montenegro through the mere presence of the young girl. He was even told of a German artist who travelled through the whole of Montenegro under the protection of an old woman. In fact, the presence of a female is frequently better than the Vladika's *pass-partout*: for even he cannot protect the wayfarer from every unpleasantness that may occur. The women, however, can go anywhere in the mountains without being stopped or insulted. The latter case would entail the vengeance of all her kin on the offender, and besides that, expose him to universal contempt. Killing a woman is the foulest crime of which a man can be guilty. It would only be forgiven in the case of his own wife, if she were convicted of infidelity; but then very easily and without further consequences. The Montenegrin women even go among the Turks at Scutari without danger, and the Turkish women can do the same in Montenegro. In their skirmishes they never cut off women's heads, or deliver them at Tzatinie. When the Montenegrins, some few years ago, were preparing to attack an Austrian corps, they happened on the idea of sending a band of women as their advance guard, because they thought the Austrians would surely not fire on them. When this, however, occurred, and a woman was killed, they were terribly scandalised at it. It is generally said that this inviolability of the women among the

Black Mountaineers is merely founded on the supreme contempt they entertain for the weaker sex; but Mr. Kohl would prefer regarding it as originating from honourable feelings, and respect to the modesty of women. We hope it may be so.

The road from Cattaro to Niegush wound along by the side of the fortified precipice of Cattaro, called "Giovanni," which may vie with the Königstein, Gibraltar, or Ehrenbreitstein in security. In the deep valley behind it the little tribe of the village inhabitants of Spigliari has lodged itself. Although they are Austrian subjects, and the nearest neighbours of the Montenegrins, they do not entertain the least fear for them. Indeed, they often have an interchange of good jokes with them—on the Bocca, half a dozen rounds of ball practice are considered an excellent joke—and do not yield in any way to them. The people of Spigliari are the butchers of Cattaro; and as the chief trade of the Montenegrins consists in bringing down meat, it may be easily imagined that some very piquant industrial jealousy takes place between these constantly armed rivals.

That portion of the Black Mountain range first entered on leaving Cattaro is called Monte Sella, and may be some five thousand feet high. The road through it traverses the whole of Montenegro, down to Scutari, and passes through the valleys of Niegush and Tzetinie, and then by the Montenegrin stream Tschernowitz. The chief commerce of the people takes place on it, and consequently the principal skirmishes.

Almost at the summit of the pass, from which Mr. Kohl says a glorious view may be enjoyed, the present Vladika has made a very substantial fountain—a great convenience for travellers. There is also a stone in the vicinity bearing an inscription in honour of the King of Saxony's visit to Montenegro.

After surmounting the pass, the road ran for nearly six miles through a tolerably level plain, between rocks. The whole of this plateau is inhabited by the Niegushi, whose chief city of the same name lies at the other end of the plain.

Niegush is the half-way station between Cattaro and Tzetinie, the residence of the Vladika, and travellers are accustomed to stop there and refresh their horses. Mr. Kohl and his party were very hospitably received in the stone hut of an old man, who was said to be an uncle of the Vladika. At least he belonged to the family of the Petrovich Niegushi. The hut was entirely formed of unhewn stones, and was low and dark, as there had not been much attention paid to the position of windows. The old host received them with a glass of brandy and some rather stale bread, and then they were invited into the hut, where a sheep had been killed and roasted for them. A low round table, or board, had been covered, and very substantial pieces of mutton, bone and all, placed on it, one for each guest. This repast tasted excellently, for the appetite of the visitors had been heightened by the ride, and, besides, the meat had retained its full flavour through its mode of preparation. As soon as one had ended his regale, another piece was immediately presented to him by his attentive host. Mr. Kohl saw no females during the meal, but they were, probably, engaged in the hinder part of the hut. It is a curious circumstance that the Montenegrins, even of higher rank, usually live in houses not much better than this one, and on the same food as the poorer classes. There appears to be more equality among them, in this

and various other respects, than is usually met with in the world. There are always several chiefs, sirdars, or relations of the Vladika residing in Cattaro, either to see what is going on in the world, or to amuse themselves in the city; but yet they live there with very little more luxury than they do at home.

Niegush is the most interesting place in all Montenegro, for it is, in fact, the cradle in which this little state first saw light. It is also interesting to the geographer, from the fact that it is the highest and most inaccessible nest in the whole country. The land gradually slopes downwards toward the Lake of Scutari on one side, and the Adriatic on the other, in various levels. It lies even higher, and in a wilder neighbourhood, than the present capital, Tzétinie. Niegush, with its rocky passes around it, represents the true acropolis of Montenegro. The foundation of the state was laid here, like that of Rome, on the seven hills, through fugitives, or Uscocs, as the Illyrians themselves say, who sought refuge in the free mountains. The first inhabitants of Niegush are said to have been Servians, who came here from the mountain Niegush, in the Herzegovina.

In the highest valley of the Black Mountains, in Niegushi, lived the Plème, or tribe, which the Montenegrins selected from the earliest ages as the highest clan; here the Polemarch, or governor (Woiwode) resided, who was the leader of the Montenegrins in war; here the family of the present reigning bishops was founded, who appear to have added the name of their birthplace to that of their family—"Danilo Petrovich Niegushi."

There are several valleys, or plateaus, which are almost at the same altitude as Niegushi, and which form a species of connected highlands. These geographically and orographically sharply-delineated highlands must have, in an historical view, formed from the earliest ages an ethnographical and political whole. They were called—probably from the commencement—*Katunska Nahia*; that is, the Canton of the Alps, or *Châlets*. It was in this district that the first attempts to shake off the Turkish yoke occurred. The inhabitants prepared, in the year 1703, a species of Sicilian Vespers for the Turks residing there, and the *Katunska* was the first to gain its independence, as far as the passes into the lowlands. Afterwards, the valleys extending to the Lake of Scutari joined them, and several other neighbouring mountain districts. In the present day there are several smaller valleys or villages, whose inhabitants willingly join the Montenegrins in their skirmishes; and the power of that country has been also greatly augmented by the number of deserters; among them many Venetians, French, and Austrians.

The position of Niegush is, besides, very pleasing. It lies on the slope of a hill, and contains more houses than any other town. Mr. Kohl had the opportunity of seeing during his excursion in the Black Mountains. Several trees could also be seen, and two roads could be plainly traced, one leading over the mountains to the south, and the other to the west in the direction of Tzétinie. Although the roads here are far from being scientifically constructed, still the line on which people walk and ride assumes with time a different colour from that of the weather-beaten surface of the light grey rock.

The pass, or cutting, through which Mr. Kohl had to continue his progress to the vale of Tzétinie, was called the *Krivashko Sdrielo*. The

road itself was as difficult as those found in the Backwoods of America, in which the giant roots of countless trees ensnare the traveller, although the roots, in this instance, were large rocks.

The country from Niegush to Tzetinie is hardly anything but an uninterrupted rocky desert; only here and there small tracts of cultivated land can be seen. As in Dalmatia and the Triestine Mountains, this soil has been collected in the chasms and holes in the rock, and formed into a mass by the action of water. The little spots were hardly ever more than two roods in extent, and looked like oases in the inhospitable rocky desert. There were hardly any of these spots uncultivated; but either cabbage or potatoes were growing on them. Mr. Kohl made some inquiries as to the value of such little fields or gardens, and was told almost incredible prices. Some of them were worth 3000 florins. This, however, should be taken "*cum grano salis*;" and again, as there is very little ready money among the Montenegrins, they are obliged to take arms and other objects in exchange, on which, in such cases, an exorbitant value is placed. Still the Montenegrins persisted in their assertion that such was the case, and Mr. Kohl was at last inclined to believe it, for he had heard equally high prices asked for land in Morlachia.

The introduction of the potato has had a very beneficial effect on the Black Mountaineers, which they owe to their Vladika, Peter Petrovich I. It is now universally cultivated all through Montenegro, and is a staple article of commerce on the bazaar of Cattaro. The men take them down on their backs in such quantities, that whole shiploads are exported, and the Bocca amply supplied. These potatoes are well known and esteemed in Trieste. Strange to say, the Montenegrins have given them the name of "*krumbiri*" (*grundbirn*) derived from the German.

At length the monotonous road left this constant succession of rock, and the travellers entered a gentler country, and the green valley of Tzetina. It is about seven English miles long, composed of narrow and level strips of land, which stretch down from the rocks in a semicircular form. It is the largest and most pastoral plain in the whole of Montenegro.

The travellers were quite delighted at the first aspect of Tzetinie, and many things soon excited their attention. In the first place, they saw, under a large linden-tree, a number of men, or, to use the Montenegrin phrase, a "*woiska*" (a band of warriors) assembled. Among them they noticed several gentlemen on horseback, gaily dressed in brilliant turbans, who had been sent out to welcome them.

When they arrived at the tree, the shooting on both sides was intense; and after that all-necessary process, they were received in a very kind manner with hand-shaking, &c., and a procession was formed to take them to the monastery.

The monastery itself lies on the side of a hill, and in the centre is a square tower, on which the Montenegrins used to expose the heads of the enemies they had killed. Next to it stands the church, and near it a stone building, in which the monks' cells formerly were, but it is now inhabited by the attendants of the Vladika. A little further below, in the valley, stands the Vladika's palace, a long, tall house, surrounded by walls. Before the monastery is a large open space, surrounded by about a

dozen houses, at some distance from the monastery itself, and two streets, something like those in other European towns, lead from the Place, on which a few houses or huts stand, and this constitutes Tzetinie. The space before the monastery, which is partly overgrown with grass, and has a fountain in the centre, is the forum or market-place, on which the population was assembled at the present moment to greet the visitors. At one end of this square were two cannon, mounted on blocks of stone, which the Vladika, Mr. Kohl was told, had purchased in Trieste. Of course these cannon were fired to welcome them, as repeatedly as the Montenegrin gunners could load them.

There is a very clean and respectable locanda in Tzetinie, kept by a former Austrian under-officer. In this house Mr. Kohl and his party took up their quarters, and found themselves better treated than was usually the case on the western coasts of the Adriatic.

As soon as they had removed the dust and dirt they had gathered along the road, the visitors were presented by a former Austrian officer to the Vladika, who received them in his billiard-room, which is, at the same time, his audience, state, and sitting apartment. Although he is an European sovereign, and his income rather considerable, he does not think fit to display too great a contrast to the habits of his subjects. The Vladika only occupies three rooms in the monastery, which lie close together; one being the billiard-room, whose walls were ornamented with arms, portraits of Napoleon, Lord Byron, the present King of Saxony, and Peter the Great of Russia; next, a small room in which his library stands (though there was a small bookcase in the billiard-room), in which arms were also hung on the walls, and, besides, some bunches of grapes and fruit; and, lastly, his sleeping apartment, in which there was a very handsome Italian bed, and a portrait of the Emperor Nicholas on horseback. In the billiard-room there was also a long bench near the entrance, on which the senators and some perianitzi were seated, and on the other side a little sofa, on which the Vladika reposed, with a carpet under his feet. Such is the modest abode of a sovereign prince who rules over a nation of 100,000 souls.

Of course the Vladika's chief attention was devoted to the Servian gentleman we have already mentioned, but still he received the Germans very kindly too, and all found themselves very soon at their ease, for they saw they had to do with a sensible, acute, and educated man.

The very first expression the Vladika uttered to Mr. Kohl was a very remarkable one. "There you see," he said very kindly to him in Russian, "you have found your way to us at last, and I trust you will meet with much to interest you. I fancy, too, you will often think on Homer, and the customs he describes, while among us."

In fact, there was much in Montenegro which exactly resembled all that Homer sang, though we have not space to quote Mr. Kohl's analogy, except in one instance. The perianitzi, who, by the way, bear a close affinity with the Noble Guard in Vienna—for every man is a noble—who also are near the Vladika's person, and selected by him from the sons of noble families, and, besides these, the twelve senators, who, with the Vladika, form a political body, and live under the same roof with him, irresistibly reminded Mr. Kohl of Odysseus and his companions, Achilles and his myrmidons, Menelaus and his comrades, who were both friends and subjects. It was the same with the Vladika. He, of course, presided as

sovereign lord in his audience-chamber on a divan, while the senators and perianitzis sat opposite to him on a bench. A few others stood round the doors and windows. All at first were silent, as long as the reception and presentation of the guests lasted, which was entirely confined to the Vladika. They grouped around him, like the friends and courtiers of Alcinous, when Odysseus came to him. At times, the Vladika asked one or the other of them some question, which was answered immediately, and without any constraint. But in the evening, when billiards, Macao, and other games, were going on, all was very different. The gentlemen left their seats, walked about, and acted as they pleased. They went in and out just as if they were at home, others played at Macao with the Vladika and his guests. Some even showed Mr. Kohl the rarities and valuables belonging to their lord, and even dragged in some portions of his wardrobe, which they spread out on the billiard-table, in his presence, to display the gold embroidery upon them.

And when, on the next morning, all were seated on the terrace of the monastery together, and the Vladika shot, if not with bow and arrow, with powder and lead, at some improvised object, and a bard appeared with his gusla, and sang a long heroic ballad, during which all remained silent and attentive, centuries seemed to disappear, and the visitors might as easily have imagined they were contemporaries of the Trojan heroes, as that the eighteenth century of Christian chronology was rolling on.

The fact, too, that the ruler and leader of the Montenegrins is a Christian bishop, is not at all at variance with the age with which we compare it. Agamemnon is not only a king, but the supreme priest of his nation, and Odysseus always sacrifices and pours libations to the gods himself before leading his comrades to battle.

The Vladika was kind enough to send the visitors sweet wine, and a variety of fruits, for their dinner. Nothing of the sort, of course, grows near Tzetinie and Niegush; but in the valleys toward the Lake of Scutari, vines, olives, and melons are cultivated, and grow to an extraordinary size. They also devote much attention to bees, and several peasants possess as many as a hundred hives.

Mr. Kohl had an opportunity of conversing with the Vladika as to the number of inhabitants in Montenegro, and he estimated it at 105,000 souls, the same number as is given in the "Grlitza," a species of state almanack, that appears in Tzetinie.

Mr. Kohl, however, received some very different and exaggerated accounts from other persons as to the number of men capable of bearing arms. This was, however, not astonishing, for the Montenegrins themselves have a predilection for making it larger than it really is, while their neighbours make it less. And then the question arises, as to whether we speak of an offensive or a defensive war. When the Turks enter the country, everybody takes up arms; even the old and the sick prepare, and the boys are not behindhand. Mr. Kohl was told of a lad of ten years of age who had killed a Turkish beg, and taken his sabre, and of a girl who had performed an heroic action, and had the right of always bearing arms. If we take all these into calculation, we should have a very large amount. The smallest number Mr. Kohl heard was 15,000 "Puschki," or men armed with guns, the greatest 35,000. The Vladika stated, that 20,000 to 25,000 men, well armed after their fashion, could be collected in defence of the country, and 5000 to 7000

could be brought into the field for an external war. In the expedition of the Montenegrins and Russians against Ragusa in 1806, 6000 warriors poured down from the mountains.

In the event of an outbreak the men march in under the command of their woiwode (burgomaster), or sirdar (captain of the district), and the Vladika either puts himself at their head, or else his nephew, Georgey, who has been in the service of Russia. The Vladika himself only assumes the command on extraordinary emergencies. Although as brave as the other Montenegrins, he is not so fond of war as his predecessor, who fought like a bishop of the middle ages. He tries as far as possible to leave matters to arbitration, while he seeks to improve the internal condition of the country. His most remarkable innovations are the senate and the perianitzi. The senate (sowjet) is composed of twelve members, and, like the Russian, is the highest court. It also discusses important matters with the functions of a cabinet council; still Mr. Kohl was told that the Vladika's powerful voice generally decides in such matters.

Mr. Kohl had an opportunity of seeing the pastor of the town of Tzétinie itself. He was dressed in a red fez and a fur dolman, and wore pistols and a "handjar," like the other heroes, and certainly looked more like a lieutenant-colonel on half-pay than a peaceful clergyman. The Montenegrin priests only put on their clerical robes when they officiate in church, and on all other occasions wear the usual dress, especially as many of them are sirdars, perianitzi, or even senators. This is, however, very natural, for the Turks, in cutting off the heads of the Tschernogoroi, make no distinction between clerical and secular, and the former must be equally able to defend themselves and their flocks. The visitors also obtained permission to inspect the upper portion of the monastery and the church. They found no monks in the town of Tzétinie, except the Vladika himself, and, in fact, monastic life does not appear to flourish among the Montenegrins. The Vladika informed Mr. Kohl that there were eight monasteries in Montenegro, but the number of monks in all of them only amounted to twenty. The cells were inhabited by persons attached to the Vladika's person.

As for antiquities, unless we reckon the tottering walls, stairs, and corridors of the monastery itself, Mr. Kohl only saw two metal bells worth mentioning. They were made in Venice, 140 years before, for the Vladika Daniel Petrovich Niegush, the founder of the present ruling family, under whom the Montenegrins rose against the Turks for the first time. These bells had a peculiar interest for Mr. Kohl, as he was able to read from an inscription on one of them the actual title of the Vladika, as "Daniel Metropolità di Scanderia ed oltra Marina." We may see from this that the pretensions of the Vladikas, like those of many kings, far exceed their actual possessions, for Scanderia is nothing more or less than Albania, or the pashalik of Scutari, and "Oltra Marina" is the Italian name for the Coast-range, which the Slaves call "Pomorja," and of which the present Austrian Albania forms a portion. Mr. Kohl was told that Scanderia received its name from the great Prince Scanderbeg (Prince Alexander). If this be true, Scanderia might well be translated Alexandria. Still it is an historical fact, that the Vladikas formerly were the ecclesiastical lords of those regions, and only retired into the mountains under the pressure of circumstances, and there

founded a temporal dominion. There are also numerous Christians in Turkish and Austrian Albania, who still recognise the Vladika as their ecclesiastical ruler, and many objects are sent him to be consecrated and receive his blessing.

It may be interesting to give a short notice of the titles the Vladika receives from foreign powers. The Austrians call him "Eccellenza," and all his friends in Dalmatia address him by that title. Friends beyond the Austrian dominions, and travellers, call him "Altesa" (the Illyrian "Swätlost"), and Mr. Kohl fancies the Servians do the same. Our author had no opportunity of seeing any Russian letters addressed to him, but presumes he would have the highest title given to the Russian archbishops. Nor was he able to find out how the Turks address him, though the lower classes always speak of him as the "Black Monk." In Bosnia and the Herzegovina, he receives the title of "Kraal Zrnigorski," or King of the Black Mountains. As to the appellation of Vladika, it is difficult to say how he acquired it. It is a title meaning "Holy Lord," and constantly employed through the whole Greek Slavonic Church, and is used to every priest "in pontificalibus," by the other priests when they address him; as for instance, "Vladika, bless this bread." Vladika has, it seems, the same value amongst ecclesiastics as Gospodar among secular persons in Servia. It is also asserted that the Montenegrins, though probably only the higher class, prefer the title of Gospodar for their ruler, instead of Vladika.

In the monastery Mr. Kohl also had an opportunity of seeing a representation of the national ensign the Montenegrins have chosen. It is an eagle, or vulture, and surely they have a better claim to it than Prussia or Austria. It does not appear, however, that this emblem is publicly exposed in Montenegro. Still, among themselves, the Black Mountaineers make constant reference to it in their ballads, and even call one another "Vultures," as a mark of distinction. Another very curious thing was a model, built of stones, of the great bell in the Kremlin of Moscow. The previous Vladika, who paid a visit to that city, brought the measure of the bell back with him, and gave his countrymen a tangible idea of its size. It seemed to Mr. Kohl that there was something strangely symbolic in this huge figure of the Russian bell, just beneath the little Montenegrin one, as if ready to swallow it at some future day, with its Scanderia and Oltra Marina.

The last visit was paid to the little church, which is rendered remarkably interesting through its Iconostas, and the monument of the preceding Vladika. The "Iconostas," or decorated rood-loft before the altar, is the chief ornament in this, as in all other Greek churches. It is carved in wood, and composed of a variety of very curious objects. It has three gates, one, "the royal," in the middle, with folding doors, directly in front of the altar, decorated with oil paintings of Christ and the "Bogoroditza," or Mother of God. The gates themselves, and the architrave, are composed of the most peculiar figures, cut in wood. On the top are three crosses, on which three wooden doves flutter. On the pavement before the altar are two brass candelabra, covered with candles, in the centre a tall gilt and painted waxlight, and many other smaller ones round it. In the nave of the church is the stone sarcophagus of the last Vladika, Peter Petrovich I., with a black covering and a cross upon it. This monument is arranged in a manner precisely similar to that of the

graves of the Russian Tsars in Moscow and Petersburg, and probably of other Greek Slavonic princes. Mr. Kohl did not learn where the preceding Vladikas lay buried, but it was evident this Peter I. was the only one who had acquired the honour of being interred in the capital. He did an immensity for his country, among other things introduced vaccination, and beat the Turks in repeated battles. It is not surprising, then, that his countrymen canonised him after death. He effects miracles even, and many Christians and Turks come hither to be cured by him of all manner of diseases.

The present Vladika, who follows zealously on the path of reform his predecessor laid down for him, and has established a system of police and taxation, and through it increased his own power, has of course not the least objection to Peter I. being esteemed a saint, and does his best to maintain a feeling of reverence towards him among the Montenegrins. Very recently he has built a chapel on the summit of the Lowtschi, the highest mountain in the Katunska Nahia, in honour of his sainted predecessor, the first which has been dedicated to this St. Peter, the rock of Montenegro. It must stand at an altitude of at least 6000 feet above the level of the sea, and would, consequently, be one of the highest places of worship in Europe.

Mr. Kohl was often told, that though the Montenegrins were poor physicians, they were very skilful surgeons. There were many among them who could not merely cure flesh wounds, but also set broken arms and legs very cleverly. They even had been acquainted with the process of trepanning for a very long time, and our author saw two persons on whom the operation had been most successfully performed.

The only part of the monastery Mr. Kohl did not visit was the square tower on which the heads cut off in war were exposed. This custom is now abolished, and this is a striking proof of the present Vladika's power of persuasion. They are now thrown into a deep hole, at the foot of the hill on which the monastery stands, though this is, probably, only the case with the heads of persons not remarkably distinguished. In fact, the custom of decapitation will never cease till the Turks take the initiative in giving it up. Only a few days before Mr. Kohl's visit, the Vladika had sent back the head of a beg which had been brought in to him, probably with the intention of inducing the Turks to behave with greater humanity. In another instance, when some Montenegrins carried off a lad, the son of a Turkish beg, the Vladika purchased him of the captors, and sent him back without injury to his father. He also treats Turkish captives in a very humane manner.

The time Mr. Kohl had been able to devote to Montenegro had now expired, and he was compelled to take leave of a country in which he felt very deeply interested. The Vladika and his court remained with them to the last moment, and many pistols and guns were fired on their departure. Mr. Kohl states, on the authority of some work he read, that a Montenegrin is perfectly satisfied if his guest only fires a pistol as a testimony of his contentment with the treatment he received, and he, therefore, advises all travellers to take pistols and plenty of cartridges with them, if not for their own security, still as a way of recompensing their hospitality.

Mr. Kohl is also obliged to confess that he could not part from the Vladika without a certain feeling of sympathy and compassion when he

thought that he was the only civilised and educated man among this rough nation, and the only man who thinks and feels like Europeans. What sufferings and sorrows must a mind like his endure among such a prejudiced and superstitious nation as that which he strives to govern and cultivate! If regarded in the right light, his position offers the most singular contrasts. He is a literary man, far superior in acquirements and judgment to many of his contemporaries, and, at the same time, a statesman, legislator, and prince; he is a Christian bishop, and also the leader of 20,000 men armed to the teeth; he is susceptible to all that is beautiful, and yet a monk and hermit; he is young and handsome, and longs for the domestic joys of a father and husband, and has no one near him save his wild perianitzi; he has travelled much, and is acquainted with the luxury of our civilised world; a great capital, with its abundance of artist treasures and rich libraries, would be the most suitable place for him, and his destiny has bound him, like Prometheus, to an inhospitable rock, where he lives in a comfortless monastery, and finds great difficulty in procuring mental food.

The Vladika once added the remark under a copy of verses he had written in a lady's album, that it was the production of a man who lived as an "homme civilisé parmi les demi-barbares," but who seemed to himself a "demi-barbare parmi les civilisés," and "contrebande" among the princes of Europe, and this he seems to feel very deeply, for he has made the same complaint elsewhere, and even to Mr. Kohl and his party. The fact that he is "contrebande" among European regents, naturally renders his position very difficult. His dominions lie on the borders of the extreme influence of the three greatest empires in Europe, neither of which has officially recognised him as a constitutional power, sharing in all the principles of European national and state justice. Turkey, on the other hand, regards him and his subjects as rebels, who must be repeatedly chastised, and eventually brought under the yoke again. Austria, like Venice formerly, should always regard the Montenegrins as welcome allies against Turkey. In fact, these bold mountaineers, like all the other brave Servian tribes who have partly, and after wearisome opposition, fallen a prey to the Turks and Mahomedanism, for instance Dalmatians, Morlachians, Croats, &c., have aided considerably, under the colours of Austria and Venice, in preventing the Turks from extending their dominion over all Illyria, and even across the Adriatic to Italy. History tells us that the Pope was on the closest terms of friendship with Scanderbeg when he rose in the fifteenth century against the Turks, in order to save Italy, through the formation of an independent Albania or Illyria, from the dreaded invasion of the Crescent. Of this independent Albania only the little corner Montenegro has remained, and it forms in the present day a bastion against the Turks. The Austrian Kaiser, the heir of Venice and protector of Catholic Christianity, has, therefore, an interest in maintaining this bulwark. He could, with advantage, appear as friend, protector, and ally of the Vladika. But several other unfortunate circumstances cloud this friendship, and cause Austria to be cautious in her alliance with the Vladika. In the first place, Austria must be on her guard against the Montenegrins, as a robber horde, who at times care very little whether they gain flocks, money, and precious stores, on Austrian or Turkish ground. In the second place, although these Montenegrins are Chris-

tians, they belong to the Greek confession, and sympathise with those Austrian subjects who adhere to the same faith. They assert that their Vladika is legitimately the ecclesiastical head over the Greek and Austrian Albanians, and, if too much power were granted them, they might try to gain this supremacy by force of arms. Besides this, the Montenegrins feel, as it were, shut up in a cage within their mountains. They long to get an opening toward the sea, and regard the bays, harbours, and towns of Lastua, Cattaro, and Budua, as natural appendages to their country. The population of these districts partly agrees with them in this matter, and, were Austria weak, these two countries might unite, and the Vladika take up his residence, as they did in former times, on the Bocca di Cattaro. It is, of course, Austria's policy to check this feeling and, while treating the Montenegrins amicably, display firmness and energy. We cannot agree, however, with Mr. Kohl in his assertion, that Austria ought to plant her flag on the walls of Niegush; and, besides, the Montenegrins will prevent her from doing it, we trust, for ever.

The remotest power, Russia, has lately become on a very friendly footing with the Montenegrins. During the present century the Vladikas have received their ordination in Russia instead of Serbia, and lately the Russian Emperor made him a metropolitan, with a yearly pension of 40,000 florins. The Vladika, who by this money has gained a great influence over the chief Montenegrin families, whose members he has made sirdars, perianitzi, and senators, with yearly salaries, could with great difficulty give it up, and, therefore, he is in a state of dependence on Russia, and must display his gratitude. His subjects, too, look on Russia as their salvation. Numerous pictures of Russian Emperors may be seen in Montenegro; but none of Austrian. Russia is, consequently, a useful, and yet very dangerous, ally to the Montenegrins.

Such are the various interests the Vladika has to guard against, and the different rocks and shoals through which he must safely steer the ship of state. It may be easily seen that such a position requires a clever prince; still the former Vladika maintained his dignity and independence all his life. The present one* has borne with his troubles for twenty long years. He has received money and orders from Russia without compromising himself with Austria; and, spite of all the torments of government and politics among which he lives, he has found time for poetry and literary employment. In fact, he may be called a great man. The Montenegrins feel and know this, and they revere and love him, though he has not flattered their national vanity by performing heroic deeds, and they fancy they have better warlike leaders among them. Still there is no other man in all Montenegro who can be compared to him for talent and energy, and it will be an evil day for the country when the government passes from him, for many alterations may take place in Montenegro, and a bitter season of dissension fall on the Tschernogoroi. His neighbours, too, will have much to hope or fear in that case.

We regret we cannot find space to follow Mr. Kohl through two very interesting chapters he devotes to the "Vendetta," which appears to be as fully incorporated with the nationality of the Montenegrins as it is with that of the Corsicans.

* This was written in 1851.

MY VISIT TO THE "MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS," AND WHAT THEY BROUGHT ME.

OF course I had heard of them. Considering they had followed the lady who had it revealed to her she was a "Medium" from America to England, and had actually undertaken their philanthropic mission of knocking for the public benefit in London at the very moderate charge of five guineas the *séance*: considering they evinced a very laudable ambition of seeing their powers advertised in the *Times*, and also entertained so strong a prejudice for the overheated atmosphere of rooms, and for making themselves heard from under tables, as to induce some members of the school of Mr. Dickens to assert the solution of the mystery as consisting in the "Medium" rapping with her toe-joints from beneath the table, when she had first properly prepared them for this operation by the relaxing qualities of heat: considering, I say, that these spirit rappers bore such useful and amiable characters (particularly to their Mediums), and with all their mission-messages from the other world, still held to just a sense of the needs and proprieties of this—it is not to be wondered at that I should have heard of them, still less that I should take the first opportunity of visiting them. Behold me, then, started with a friend, deeply bitten with the mesmeric mania, and avowedly open to the belief of intercourse with spirits by thought-reading, clairvoyance, volition, and other such mystic elements of the mind.

We arrive at the door. A cold, grey, leaden London sky, murky and comfortless. Our blood runs shivering through our veins as we stand at this portal of the "weird mansion," till a very heavy matter-of-fact looking girl relieves our anxiety, and ushers us in through a small dingy floor-clothed hall, up a faded staircase, into the very chamber of mysteries itself. We are astonished to find it so like the common run of furnished lodgings in London. The fire looks comfortable for the day, and there is a mahogany claw table in front of us, covered by a scanty cloth, on which is placed a small printed card of the alphabet, and a common black lead pencil. We are told that the "Medium" will soon put in appearance. Meanwhile my friend is already full to overflowing of these spirit mysteries. He tells me the case of one unbeliever, who, sitting quietly listening to these sounds, was so audacious as to assert that his senses must have something more tangible whereby to credit the supernatural, when suddenly he felt himself seized upon by some invisible power, and shaken mercilessly from head to foot, belief being in this case instilled into him after the fashion of a black draught, "well shaken before taken." Another man was held up to me who, having seated himself near the table when the spirits were asked to move it, was actually almost run over by the velocity with which they obeyed the request. As for my friend himself, he favoured me with a vague theory that these wonderful guesses proceed from the Medium, who is in this case an unconscious thought-reader; but as this would seem to imply some trickery, by which the raps are made to agree with her thought-reading, we dare not (with the example of the unbelieving gentleman before our eyes) embrace, to say the least of it, so very doubtful an opinion.

By this time we are comfortably worked up into a state of expectancy, and look with somewhat of awe on the Medium as she enters—a fair looking young woman, with a colourless complexion, and very quiet manners, impressing you with at least *her* thorough belief in these spirit visits. She sits down and discourses on the weather, and other usually interesting topics of English conversation, throwing in now and then a remark about the spirits, as though the whole thing was to her the most natural and every day occurrence.

We have not been seated long, before we hear them knocking, rap-rap—rap-rap-rap, from under the table close to our feet. We speak, we question them accordingly, as we are desired. They answer, still by raps; they spell out their names, rapping as we come to the right letters, not always correctly, but then the good "Medium" is their interpreter to us, and so they are sure at last to rectify what blunders may have been made. Blessed spirits they must be! for they are all happy, all with us, all watching over us. We get excited at last by this intercourse with the spirit world, and the beauty and poetry of sentiment that dwells amongst them—in the way, at least, that the "Medium" interprets their rapping language. But she does not rest here; she tells us how we may some day be a "Medium" ourselves, and this is the most delightful and wonderful thing of all. She describes how the spirits best like to choose out their Mediums, and advises us, for this purpose, to sit a circle of four or five friends and relations together round a common deal table, for five nights consecutively, for the space of about an hour, our hands resting on the table, our minds calm and unemployed; at the end of that time one or other of us is likely to become a "Medium," to hear the mystic rappings, to see the table spin round obedient to our uttered wishes for the spirits to move it. Decidedly we are every moment becoming more believers; this disclosing of the secrets of the prison-house, this putting the power to be Mediums into our own hands, thereby giving us also the chance of five guinea *séances*, and all the other little perquisites the spirits are so condescending as to lend themselves to, come to us with such force of disinterested generosity, that we at once feel ourselves inclined to embrace the spirit creed, and declare to the whole earth that there is no other intercourse held with the unseen world save by an alphabet, a black lead pencil, and rapping under tables; and that this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Well, but we have not done yet with the spirits. The remembrance of a friend who died in his passage out to America by the explosion of the steam-packet comes into my head, and I ask "if the spirit I am thinking of is present?" Rap, tap, rap (three raps going to a yes, and two to a no). Will he spell out his name? He will—nay more, he does it correctly. Will he spell out to me how he passed into the spirit world? (The spirits do not recognise death in our acceptation of the word), and the raps sounding at each character informs me it was "by hot water."

This idea of his being parboiled, however true, is certainly unpleasant, still, nothing daunted, I ask if he will ever visit me again? Yes. When? I spell out "soon," but can get no further answer. Shall I ever be a Medium myself? This seems uncertain. I think the spirits

L I T E R A R Y L E A F L E T S .

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. VII.—“CAUSERIES DU LUNDI.”

READERS now approaching M. Sainte-Beuve for the first time, would hardly surmise that he was, in times past, a devout adherent to the Romantic school. Once he espoused its cause, expounded its beauties, and defended its teachers. But with years that bring the philosophic mind, and that also, be it added, chill the fires and tame the hey-day blood of youth, he has been changed into a veteran of another creed, bound by other canons of taste, and sound in quite other articles of faith. Without venturing to discuss the limitless controversy suggested by such change, involving as it does so manifold an appeal to criticism in its principles, and to the illustrations of French literature at large, we shall content ourselves, at this present, with a cordial expression of interest in M. Sainte-Beuve as one of the most accomplished, graceful, refined, and withal instructive of French critics. And hereby we invite attention to his “*Causeries du Lundi*,”* of which six volumes have now appeared,—reprinted from the pages of the *Constitutionnel*, where this Monday chit-chat, as he modestly phrases it, has long attracted, and still continues to attract, an extended and well-merited notice. The “*Causeries*” are, indeed, tolerably known in England; and, where known, are highly relished. We may hope, however, to introduce them to some at least who, with the certainty of relishing, happen as yet *not* to know them. For their author's privilege it is to

Charm with graceful negligence,
And without method talk us into sense;
And, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.

Literary portrait-painting has long been a favourite and flourishing art in France. A host of names renowned in the art might be adduced: suffice it to allude to Mlle. de Scudéry, in her “precious” romances; to Bussy Rabutin (the Sévigné's “most devoted”), pronounced inimitable in the easy grace and originality of his pencil; to Mlle. de Sévigné herself; to *La Grande Mademoiselle* (Henrietta of Orleans); to the Abbé de Choisy, and Mlle. de Caylus, and Saint Simon, and La Bruyère, and Vauvenargues, and Fontenelle, and successors innumerable, small and great. The France of our own day teems with artists similar in kind, and sometimes vastly dissimilar in degree. Of these, many may surpass M. Sainte-Beuve in boldness, vivid effect, and intensity of colouring. Beside the studies of not a few contemporaries, his own have a pale, sober, almost chilly tint: and admirers of the exaggerated and the pretentious will complain of a comparative absence, in his designs, of glare and glitter, and of those dashing appliances by which adventurous sketchers pander to a popular greed for something *ultra*. His style, on the contrary, is quiet, mellow, strict, and carefully toned down. Common taste will probably vote it common-place. It eschews meretricious arts; it is true to a self-imposed law of self-restraint. *Causeur* though he be by profession, M. Sainte-Beuve's *causeries* have a method, a system, a principle of limitation: the chat

* *Causeries du Lundi*, par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie Française. Deuxième édition. Paris: Garnier Frères. 1853.

may not transgress certain rules, or lose itself in chaotic miscellanies and wandering mazes and passages that lead to nothing; it must not reveal a mere voluble chatterbox; it must not evaporate in the thin air of purposeless gossip, or become a disorganised mass of "bald disjointed chat." The critic reverences and magnifies his office. He is a veteran in his labour, and it is a labour of love. His reviews prove him

Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind.

To him we may apply the words of Madame du Deffand, forgetting the original object: "Il a beaucoup d'esprit, très-cultivé, le gout très-juste, beaucoup de discernement sur les hommes et sur les ouvrages, raisonne très-consequemment, le style excellent, sans tortillage, sans prétention.

Tous ses *Portraits* sont très-ressemblants et bien frappés." His criticisms are excellent in moderation, clear-sightedness, and good sense. Not very profound or subtle, perhaps; yet searching and thoughtful, and with a singular and thrice-blessed freedom from the cant vices of the craft. He is not one of your hyper-panegyrist, nor of your savage Ishmaelites; he neither sides with those who decry a microcosm of meaning in a prosy *quoi qu'on dit*,* nor with those whom genius turns against and rends as "cut-throat bandits" who "mangle to expose,"† and do their best to snuff out fiery souls by an extinguishing *article*. He is not one of the ready-made critics, after Byron's recipe,‡

Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote,
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning—call it Attic salt, &c.

M. Sainte-Beuve brings to his work a lofty sense of its moral as well as of its intellectual requirements; he has scanned its responsibilities, and evidently seeks to employ the conscience of a careful, as well as the pen of a ready, writer. He strives to do justice to his author, his reader, and himself. As for his author, he labours to realise, in *his* behalf, what he calls "cette faculté de demi-métamorphose," or quasi-identification with that author, with his point of view, which is (and Coleridge would nod assent) "le triomphe de la critique," consisting as it does in the critic's putting himself "à la place de l'auteur, et au point de vue du sujet qu'on examine, à lire tout écrit selon l'esprit que l'a dicté." How far the *Causeur* would succeed in reducing his principle to practice, if engaged on English literature—in criticising Wordsworth, for instance, or Charles Lamb, or our Elizabethan worthies—is a question we will

* "Ce *quoi qu'on dit* en dit beaucoup plus qu'il ne semble.
Je ne sais pas, pour moi, si chacun me ressemble;
Mais j'entends, là-dessous, un million de mots."

Les Femmes Savantes, iii., 2.

† According to Burns' wrathful invective, in his *Lines* to Robert Graham:

"Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Munroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose."

‡ His lordship's tenet, at one time, being, that

"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made."

shirk with a *n'importe*: but, so far as we are capable of judging, or "guessing," he succeeds right deftly in applying it to the messieurs and mesdames of his "ain countrie." French philosophers and French poets, French politicians and French peers, French matrons and French maidens, French pietists and French infidels, French nobles and French *sansculottes*,—all in their turn he discusses under duly diversified aspects, and really goes a good way towards becoming all things to all [French] men. It is allowed that few rival him in an intimate acquaintance with the history and literature of his country during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—in the shifting phases of its many-coloured life—whether the *couleur de rose* of tranquil days, or the blood-stained *tricolor* of revolutionary frenzy, or any other shade and hue of social experience, before or since.

In style he is clear, classical, simple. Great and constantly repeated is his aversion to turgid, grandiose diction; great and warmly-expressed his admiration of the simplicity* and purity of the school of Pascal and Bourdaloue. He has a keen eye, and a severe one, for neologisms and solecisms; he loves to expose them in their monstrosity, and conjure up the ghost of a Nicole or a Fontenelle, and ask what *he* would think, what *he* would say, of such a piece of wickedness. Sir Thomas Browne would trouble him; Elia would fidget him; Coleridge would give him no peace; Carlyle would drive him mad.

In politics and ethics, those delicate points for English readers of French authors, he is cautiously conservative—not using that phrase technically, or as a party word, but as significant of his opposition to assailants of what is established and time-honoured in morals and social science. The immoral in fiction, the lawless in fact, he cannot away with. Romancers who weave network of false sentiment, and political theorists who never tire of playing "Much Ado about Nothing," at the state's expense and society's risk—find in him an adversary "of credit and renown." Condorcet's conduct in 1792, is enough, he protests, merely in a moral point of view, to make one curse revolutions, and shudder *non pas pour sa vie, mais pour son propre caractère*. André

* Thus, in his essay on Readings in public, he insists on the importance of losing no opportunity of instilling into one's audience a love *du simple, du sensé, de l'élevé, de ce qui est grand sans phrase*; advising the Reader, for instance, to follow up a chapter of some modern romance with an extract from Xavier de Maistre—"Causeries," i., 224. Again, speaking of Balzac, he contrasts his giddy-making, capricious, indefinite style, with that of the old French classics, "simple, grave, sincere," *qui va loin*, as La Bruyère says; and quotes admiringly that Maxim-maker's remark, that for every thought there is one single expression available, which, and no other, should be used, and if necessary hunted up without stint of time and pains (ii., 357). He delights in Bonald's rule, *Le beau en tout est toujours sévère*: he ratifies as essential to literature the axiom of Vauvenargues, *La netteté est le vernis des maîtres*: he reiterates the sarcasm of Pascal on those who cannot call a king *roi*, but forsooth *auguste monarque*—who are afraid to call *Paris, Paris*, but must drag in the periphrasis *capitale du royaume*. And on one occasion M. Sainte-Beuve thus enthusiastically apostrophises his literary models—after having wearied and sickened himself over the *bigarrées* and *convulsives* pages of Camille Desmoulins' "Vieux Cordelier"—"On se prend à s'écrier en se rejetant en arrière: O le style des honnêtes gens, de ceux qui ont . . . placé dans les sentiments mêmes de l'âme le principe et la mesure du goût! O les écrivains polis, modérés et purs! O le Nicole des *Essais*! O Daguesseau écrivant la Vie de son père! O Vauvenargues! O Pellisson!"—"Causeries," iii., 97. Alas and woe the day for SIR NATHANIEL, were his vagabondage of diction and nondescript style—anarchical, anomalous, antinomian, and a good many other bad adjectives—to come under the ken and pen of M. Sainte-Beuve! That *Lundi* were a Black Monday for Sir Nat.

Chenier's denunciation of demagogues who hate the *ancien régime*, not because it is bad, but because it is a *régime* at all, evokes his fervent plaudits. To countrymen of his he commends Turgot's exclamation: "Liberty!—sighing I say it, men, are unworthy of thee!—Equality! thee they may desire, but thee they cannot attain!" With zest he quotes Béranger's reply to Chateaubriand, when the old Legitimist said to the old Republican, "Well, and so you've got your Republic at last;" and Béranger answered, "Yes, so I have; but I'd rather dream about it than have it." He is severe on what he calls the mysticised sensualism of the *René* school of novelists, as well as the unmasked sensualism of the Sues and Paul de Kocks. In short, he enjoys and deserves the repute of a "healthy" writer.

One of the chief attractions of his *Causeries* is the series of portraits of eminent French women, to whom he assigns a foremost place. The labours of Miss Pardoe and Miss Julia Kavanagh, among others that might be named, have lately popularised this compartment of his Gallery in our own reading-world. The popularity of the subject in France itself is inexhaustible; and great credit is due to M. Sainte-Beuve for the tact and discrimination with which he has approached it—without affected prudery on one side, or, on the other, anything like prurient license. He is at once the sagacious man of the world, and, as aforesaid, the "healthy" writer.

Out of this long line of Lady portraits, a select few may here be mentioned, in honour of the artist. Mademoiselle de Scudéry, for instance—whom he depicts as a sort of Madame de Genlis, *plus* the momentous addendum of *la vertu*. A Genlis, in fact, of the Louis Treize era; full of strength and honesty, and a decorous, steadfast old maid "of fourscore and upwards." Like the Genlis, this illustrious Sappho (as she was called, from her autograph, or auto-portraiture, in the *Grand Cyrus*) was intent on panyclopædic attainments—from a knowledge of the properties of simples and the confectionery art, to the anatomy of the human soul; every incident in social life must be apprehended, and turned to account as material for the concoction of romance, essay, moral dissertation; it must serve for a lecture or a compliment. Both the ladies were distinguished by a combined habit of pedantry, and extreme delicacy of observation, and familiarity with the ways of the world. There is something highly instructive in the completeness of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's survival of her brilliant renown in literature—the last twenty-four years of her life being a gradual decadence, thanks to the satire of Boileau, and the new style in romance of Madame de la Fayette, whose *Zaïde* and *Princesse de Cleves* had a freshness and nature quite alien from the old-fashioned *roman*. The "correct taste" of the Place-Royale and the Hôtel Rambouillet had, happily, no lease of perpetuity; and the *Précieuses* so respected in the palmy days of *Clélie*, must submit to become, under Molière's dynasty, the *Précieuses Ridicules*.

Madame de Sévigné is neatly portrayed;—that rich and vigorous nature, healthful and ever fresh; impassioned in one direction only, in her tender enthusiasm towards her daughter; distinguished by a pervading grace all her own, a grace not indeed serene and sweet, but lively, exuberant, full of sense and even smartness, and with no one pale hue in its harmony of colours. "There is a dash of Molière about her. She reminds one of his Dorine—she is herself a Dorine of fashion and high

life." She belongs to the race of lightsome, vivacious spirits—occasionally *brusque* in manner, and unrestrained in speech—such as Ninon and La Fontaine; a generation elder in period and younger in heart than that of Racine and Boileau. As Madame de la Fayette told her, she seemed 'born for pleasure, and pleasure created for her; her presence lent new charms to the amusements of life, and *they* to the inspiration of her beauty—which beauty, real, though a little irregular, radiated light and sparkles all around when itself lit up by joyous animation. Rightly is it affirmed that this queen of letter-writers is, like Montaigne, like La Fontaine, one of those subjects which are always the order of the day in France—not only a classic, but an acquaintance; and, better still, a neighbour and a friend.

Such another subject, in respect of national interest, is Madame de la Vallière; of whom, if M. Sainte-Beuve says nothing new, he repeats the traditional eulogies in his own approved and well-ordered manner. She is one of the historical names which, tarnished though they be, yet in a cemetery of French soil, and to a people constitutionally disposed to be a little blind to faults and very kind to virtues such as hers,

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

To France she is the ideal of the lover in disinterestedness, faithfulness, and devoted tenderness—the ideal, moreover, of touching and sincere penitence. Comparing her with Madame de Fontanges, a languishing and somewhat vain-glorious beauty, Madame de Sévigné applies to her a description almost identical with Wordsworth's figure of Lucy, as "a violet by a mossy stone half-hidden from the eye." Her cloister life, as Louise, Sister of Mercy, is here pleasingly sketched—a seclusion which certainly testifies as strongly to her depth of heart, as it does to the heartlessness of the Grand Monarque. Then again we have a careful study of the most renowned of her successors in his majesty's graces, the serious and sagacious widow of Scarron, and ultimately* the widow of "Lewis Baboon" himself. Madame de Maintenon is no special favourite with our intelligent *Causeur*. What service, he asks, did she ever render France? and makes haste to answer, None—excepting the day when she bade Racine write a sacred drama for St. Cyr. Active, obliging—thus he defines her—insinuating without meanness, interesting herself adroitly in the pleasures and pains of others, yet perfectly devoid of real sympathy; an intellectual coquette; tolerably winning at a distance, by a certain imposing air of noble simplicity and dignified discretion; her dominant passion a love of personal consideration; her safeguard through life a punctilious and cold-blooded respect for religion. That for no one moment throughout her protracted life she surrendered herself to an impulse of the heart,—this, he affirms, is the secret of the coldness she inspires us withal, much as might

A stoic of the court—a dame without a tear.

* Long has the controversy lasted, whether Madame de Maintenon altogether, or almost, persuaded Louis to be her husband. Here a miss is as good as a mile. Yet people have been somehow accustomed to regard her as a sort of matrimonial *tertium quid*, a kind of "betwixt and between." She has been discussed as a historical enigma. But St. Simon, her contemporary, calls the enigma transparent. However, formal proofs of what Win Jenkins would call the "matter-o-money-al surrymony," have not been produced—from the days of St. Simon, who fixes the date of the private espousals at 1683 (the year of the queen's death), to the Duc de Noailles, who (in his "Histoire de Madame Maintenon," 1848) places it two years later—though without new documents to back his plausible scheme.

The Duchess of Burgundy (mother of Louis XV.) appears in this gallery under a less amiable aspect, on the whole, than that with which we have been wont to accredit her. Our guide freely bears witness to the charm of her natural graces, to that winsome, fairy-like manner which enchanted the court of Louis XIV. He thinks it a subject of regret that she was not spared to reign by the side of Fénélon's virtuous pupil, and thus happily defer the reign of their son, destined to the stigma of *le plus méprisable des rois*. But he does not cloak her weaknesses for wine, and gaming, and such-like *modes*, at that day so indulgently regarded, nor omit to record the charge against her, that she abused the king's confidence by betraying French state secrets to an enemy of France, and instructing her father, the Duke of Savoy, in all the military designs of Louis and his marshals.

The busy, piquante little Duchess of Maine is capitally portrayed—one of the most anomalous and whimsical productions of the reign of the Great Louis. Almost a dwarf in person; in ambition unbounded, in spirit indomitable, in intrigue exhaustless. Her husband, timid and undemonstrative; herself, hardy, inquisitive, restless, imperious, fantastic. Everything by turns, from severe blue-stockings to private theatricals and park bucolics. Now deep, for a dabbler, in the philosophy of Descartes, the Latin of Virgil and Terence, and the astronomy of Fontenelle; now making the welkin ring with the laughter of a well-dressed, neat-handed Phillis; now outwatching the night-watches in schemes of conspiracy—covering sheet after sheet of paper with polemics and strictures, designed to inspire a new *Fronde* against the regent of the new century. In her we are invited to behold a perfect model of the spoilt-child egoism, the fanciful despotism and coquettishness, of a princess of the blood in days of yore; gifted (or cursed, if you will) with a naïve incapacity for conceiving any other existence in the world than her own, and whose philosophy has actually attained the sublime conviction that the universe is but a dependence and extension of her dainty self: *L'Univers, c'est moi!*

Then again we have Horace Walpole's “dear old blind woman,” Madame du Deffand—forgetting, as far as might be, her affliction, and trying to make all others forget it too, by dint of tact and agreeable manners; capricious and unromantic, a very *débauchée d'esprit*, frank and fastidious, fiery and fussy, quizzical and shrewd; in whose fanatical “fancy” for the lord of Strawberry Hill we are here taught to recognise a kind of motherly tenderness which had hitherto been objectless, and which all at once burst into life without knowing its real name. Her companion and rival follows, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse—for ten years her household confidante and bedside intimate, and ever afterwards divorced by mortal feud—a lady without name, without fortune, without beauty, who, by the sole charm of mental attraction, “created” a saloon surpassed by none in influence and brilliancy—whose life from early days was a romance, and something more—at whose bidding gathered together with unstinted homage such admirers as Turgot and Brienne, D'Alembert and Condorcet, and other renowned seceders from the established rites of the Convent of St. Joseph. We have a full-length portrait of Madame d'Epainay, whose memoirs are pronounced, in idiomatic French, not a work, but an epoch—herself the social type of her day and generation—and therefore of a peculiar merit in appre-

ciable by us stolid sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. We have Madame du Chatelet, deep in her books and scientific pursuits, and as much of the stoic as a Frenchwoman of the Louis Quinze era can be supposed, with Voltaire under her roof. We have her curious visitor, Madame de Grafigny, the Peruvian letter-writer extraordinary,—and assist at that poor lady's prompt and curious expulsion from the *otium cum dignitate* at Cirey. We are introduced to Madame Geoffrin, in her exquisitely neat and modestly simple attire; silver-haired, and not a whit ashamed to be and to seem old; with that upright figure of hers, that mien so dignified and becoming, that mingled air of benignity and thought: heiress to Madame Tencin's tact in *salon* arrangements, but herself the first to conceive of the *salon* in all its possibilities of extension and interest—to include among its *habitués* artists as well as *littérateurs*, politicians as well as scribes, men of the world as well as poetasters—to make its attraction such, that no "illustrious stranger" could leave Paris without trying to gain admission, and that princes were proud to be accepted there, and broad Christendom glad to send its representatives thither, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south. There we admire the noiseless activity and tranquil moderation of the hostess, and smile at the respectable husband who "assists" in silence, and who realises Coleridge's apple-dumpling-loving guest, and in whose stead Burigny officiates as major-domo—Burigny, one of madame's oldest friends, and therefore one of the best scolded (for it is a rather questionable distinction that *celui qu'elle aime le mieux est aussi le mieux grondé*). In her we see the Fontenelle of her sex—more benevolent, indeed, than Fontenelle, but his counterpart almost in prudence, art of enjoying and managing life, manner of speaking (by turns familiar, epigrammatic, and ironic without acerbity), and above all, in avoidance of excitement, in dread of all disquieting influences, all disturbing forces, and whatsoever is called ardent and impassioned, whatsoever accelerates the even tenor of the pulse, or flushes the cheek with emotion.

Besides all these, we have presented to us Madame de Caylus, youngest and sprightliest of the *Grand Monarque* epoch, the pride and torment of her aunt Maintenon, and the first-born of St. Cyr; and Adrienne Lecouvreur, the first French actress who reconciled the hitherto incompatible privileges of success on the boards and "consideration" in society; Ninon and Sophie (de Monnaie); the Rousseau-bitten Madame de la Tour, and the circumspect Madame de Lambert; the staid Madame Necker and her impulsive daughter; Marie Antoinette, Mesdames Récamiér, Girardin, Dudevant, &c., &c.—a long list, but which we hope to see longer still, by a periodical arrival of new and old candidates for the Monday *séances* of the gallant critic.

Creation's worse half—the messieurs—he depicts in still greater number and variety; from Philip de Commines and Rabelais, and Montaigne and Amyot, down to Lamartine, and Villemain, and Jules Janin. Montaigne he describes in his best manner—which is not that of Emerson, whose Michael, the Representative Man, seems quite another person. The philosophic Gascon of the "Causeries" is a Lucian-Aristophanes—blessed with a happy temperament—simple, natural, a man of the people—originally endowed with a deep fund of enthusiasm, vivacity, and tender feeling, which he had corrected by cherished habits

of reflection and inquiry, though without at any time abjuring his more genial self. The grand peculiarity of Montaigne, that which made him a phenomenon, is defined to be his moderation, his sound discretion, his self-possessed discipline, in an age of extremes in things small and great: extreme credulity and extreme scepticism—ultraism in the court, the camp, the field; an age of ferment and chaos, of storm and tempest, of many-voiced strife and tumult; an age pronounced by one who lived through the Reign of Terror, the most tragical age in the annals of history. Fénélon (to name a sufficient contrast to the author of the *Essays*) is carefully delineated—with that lightsome spirit of innocent gaiety, as pure from dissipation as from hypocrisy, the natural impulse of a chaste, placid, equable temperament—with that disposition sweeter than sweetness itself, more patient than patience, which on this account impels M. Sainte-Beuve to murmur against it as faulty and *irritating*. Saint-Simon, again; almost unrivalled in penetration, and intuitive analysis (so to speak) of human character—in the power of reading minds and hearts *à travers* face and expression, and of plucking forth the mystery of motive and intention—in perfecting into an art, a science, a system, his piercing detection of what lay beneath the masks of the actors around him—in the burning curiosity, sometimes insatiable and unrelentingly cruel, with which he would anatomise a courtier's soul, and make visible the invisible, on the point of his scalpel. Le Sage, laughing for laughing's sake, without special contempt towards his own age, or hobby of an idea to be set trotting at the expense of his fellow-men; herein distinguishing himself from the satirists of his century, and allying himself to the more genial and jovial race of bygone days. Huet, commemorated by Voltaire as

—cet évêque d'Avranché,

Qui pour la Bible toujours penche—

and, alas for the vanity of literature! better known now-a-days by that poor couplet than by his once proverbial and prodigious scholarship, and the reputation of the greatest *helluo librorum*, and digester of them when swallowed in his omnivorous maw, that ever committed ravages in library stores; perfect exemplar of the man of polish, the man of the world, and of *l'honnête homme* under Louis XIV. Poor bishop! well might he proceed to demonstrate by a process in geometry the fatuity of those who reckon on an income of posthumous renown, or a bill on posterity for twelve months after date of decease.—Fontenelle; in whose case, brain was all in all, and heart totally omitted; who passed through his long existence without one burst of laughter, or one gush of tears, or one fit of passion.—Vauvenargues, a softened, not enfeebled Pascal; the little Abbé Galiani, uttering alternately thoughts "worthy of Vico, if not of Plato," and balderdash unworthy of an ordinary buffoon; the Abbé de Choisy, who was never himself save in woman's clothes, and whose ideal *summum bonum* consisted in dressing and undressing himself all day long, and dreaming about it all night; the Abbé de Chaulieu, debauched and apoplectic, shrewd and serviceable;—together with such notables as Voltaire and Rousseau, Boileau and Molière, La Fontaine and Daguesseau, Diderot, Condorcet, Beaumarchais, Bernardin St. Pierre, Florian, Mallesherbes, Barnave, Mirabeau, &c., &c., come before the *Causeur* for judgment.

Of contemporary genius, M. Sainte-Beuve has evidently a special

grudge against Lamartine and Chateaubriand. The former he pounces upon, not indeed with the vulturous swoop, or rather perhaps the worrying tenacity, of Cuvillier Fleury (of the *Débats*), but with a resolute desire to turn him and his sentiment inside out, and show, by shaking it to the winds, what inflated falsity there is in the poet-politician's personal composition and literary compositions. This is not the time, or place, to enter at length into the justice of the strictures on the author of *Raphael*; we can only refer to the fact, that he is severely handled—his egotism roundly ridiculed—and his questionable morality more than questioned. Chateaubriand, again, is sadly "cut up," notwithstanding the liberal eulogies which besprinkle the detracting page; he is twitted with a whimsical imagination, an enormous and puerile vanity, an undue tendency to voluptuous themes, and especially—in spite of his great name as a pillar of orthodoxy—a deep-seated and desolating scepticism. He is represented as incessantly victimised by a twofold fatuity—that of the man of fashion who would be always young, and that of the *littérateur* who cannot but be ostentatious. Passion, as a poet, is freely conceded him; but what kind of passion? that which involves the idea of death and destruction, a satanic fury, mingled all the while with a subdued emotion of the pleasurable, altogether composing a strange hybrid epicureanism, peculiar to Chateaubriand, and very unwholesome for society. The unfortunate Memoirs are sarcastically and searchingly interpreted, in a way infinitely displeasing to those enraptured admirers of the noble viscount, to whom their voice *d'outre tombe* came with so sepulchral a spell of fascination, and who found in their changeful records a recurring series of delights; and indeed the Memoirs *have* the merit of diversity in matter, if not in manner—as another noble poet has it,

Love, war, a tempest—surely here's variety;
 Also a seasoning slight of lubrication;
 A bird's-eye view too of that wild, Society;
 A slight glance thrown on men of every station.
 If you have nought else, here's at least satiety.

Among the other literary men of this century who come under review in the *Causeries*, are Villemain, commended as uniting patient meditation with prompt facility of expression, and presenting a fine example of moral and literary growth; Victor Cousin, equally adroit at deciphering a musty manuscript, and at idealising its significance by the enthusiasm of artist and orator; Guizot, grave and emphatic; Thiers, sprightly and energetic; St. Marc Girardin, clear-sighted opponent of the Werter or René "green and yellow melancholy;" Montalembert, the impassioned apologist of Rome; Lacordaire, the trumpet-tongued militant churchman; Alfred de Musset and Théodore Leclercq, both famous for their *Proverbes Dramatiques*; Béranger, Balzac, Jasmin (the barber-poet of the South), Basin (historian and historical romancer), Armand Carrel, Mignet, Hégésippe Moreau and Pierre Dupont (two recent French poets—the former a kind of Chatterton in life and death, the latter a democratically disposed minstrel of too mobile temperament); such are specimens of the company to be found at the Monday réunions *chez M. Sainte-Beuve*.

Long may he preside there in the same pleasant spirit—making no more enemies than need be, and as many friends as he deserves.

UP THE HUDSON,

ALBANY, TROY, BUFFALO, ERIE AND ONTARIO, TORONTO—DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE, MONTREAL, QUEBEC—BACK BY LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND BELLOWS FALLS, TOWARDS BOSTON.

By J. W. HENGISTON, Esq.

RETURNING to New York as a starting-point for the north, I took the upper line of railway from Baltimore to Philadelphia, which only requires the help of steam-boat to cross the Susquehanna at Havre-de-Grace—a good large town on the banks of this fine, wide, but shallow river: even here near its mouth the banks look very inviting, contrasting pleasantly with the more level and more sandy parts of Maryland, and partaking more of Pennsylvania in its looks, its crops, its everything—for they are here close on their northern border. The steamer, a large and fast one, shot us across in a twinkling, though the stream is at least a mile wide. We passed the Schuylkill about four miles below Philadelphia; putting to four horses to sundry divisions of a long train in the suburbs, and trotting into Broad-street, and to the corner of High-street. Here the fire-engine brigades of the city, drawn up, awaited our arrival in all the pomp and circumstance of banners, uniforms, bands, &c. This muster was to welcome the Baltimorean brigades, or some of their own return companies—for now is the great season (the fall) of their visits reciprocal from city to city; and our cars were crammed with these annihilators of fire, in full dress: their black-glazed and iron and brass-bound hats and helmets encircled by wreaths of flowers—some had nosegays—all presented by their fair friends. The bearing of these young fellows was excessively hilarious and jolly, being well charged at starting at the various “bars” and “changes,” and rushing out at every station as we came along to keep up the rum and whisky ardour. However, I observed not one of them beyond a very pardonable elevation, and they trundled themselves out, and formed on one side of the rails in Broad-street in perfect marching order—the whole moving off through the principal streets of the city, to the great delight of all the world. Their bands, too, were in handsome uniforms, and played, I thought, very well.

I think it was on this occasion I saw a company from Jersey City on a visit here, dressed in the exact uniform (blue and buff) of Washington, and the patriot armies who conquered their independence—long-skirted coats, knee-breeches, white-topped boots, and enormous cocked-hats, with an immense upright feather! They caused quite a sensation, and some little tittering in Chesnut-street. Such changelings we lords of the earth are! all hinges on time, circumstance, and place! But after all, it requires no great abstraction to consider our dresses, whether in the last or the present century, as highly absurd and grotesque. Our own present triangle cocked-hats, shell-jackets, paltry gold lace, enormous epaulettes, &c., are carried about with all the jauntiness of high fashion. Why need a very handsome young fellow, an officer, too, with his old strap-epaulettes (these were volunteers) look so terribly out of conceit of himself, and shuffle along as if ashamed of his old war-gear? Still, it was considered as little inferior to real Bloomer in comicality.

I took the lower railway (a single line of rail, as most of them are) across the Jersey, from Camden City, along the left bank of the Delaware, by Bordentown, Brunswick, and to South Amboy, at the mouth of the Rariton, a muddy little tide-river; but Perth Amboy opposite, at its mouth, is a pretty town; and Staten Island, across this arm of the sea inlet, quite charming. This is the south end of this pretty island. All along this channel, up to New York, its shore is lined by farms, villages, country seats, and villas, till, as it nears the bay of New York, there is a perfect chain of them, with their gardens or grounds, coming down to the water, where they keep boats for pleasure, or to dredge for oysters—these waters being alive with the oyster fishermen. The Jersey water-side, a little way above Amboy, is one flat of grazing meadows or swamp, with Elizabeth Town in sight, on a gentle elevation, five or six miles off.

The New York steamer from Amboy is exactly like the Delaware ones I have described—very complete and very fast—though not equal to the north and east river ones in size and speed: one of which, the *Isaac Newton*, laying at the slips a few hundred yards higher up, I immediately went on board of, as she was going to start for Albany in an hour after we got to the wharf at the west side of the Battery. I had no time to look at this wooden “castle” close by, nor its “garden,” which consists perhaps of a few flower-pots, for no ground is there more than what it stands on at the edge of the Battery-walk. This *castle*, however, is the place chosen for *fêtes* and receptions of illustrious strangers on their landing: it contains a hall or large assembly room; here lately Jenny Lind was so obstreperously and expensively welcomed, and here, since I landed, Kossuth tried to speak, to thank the American world for his enthusiastic reception; but the crowd made such an uproar in their great joy that he was fain to sit down, merely (after many vain efforts to be heard) observing, that as they would not hear him, he would hold his tongue. Alas! what is enthusiasm and the talk of liberty, which not even America can understand! After all the fuss among ourselves first, and next here about this Hungarian hero, in one short year he grows out of fashion! now, “none so low to do him reverence”—*Punch* and all are mum! Poor man—worn out talking, he quits, nothing loth, the noisy halls of Columbia, *ibi omnis effusus labor*, and sits down quietly at Bayswater.

Several of these immense and most magnificent steamers leave New York for Albany every evening: one, the *Troy* (though not so large or fine), started at the same instant as the *Isaac Newton*; we were very full of passengers, deck and cabin. I have spoken of the internal economy of these great river steamers, but I must say a word of the extravagant fitting out of this very famous one, only eclipsed in size by the *New World*. The great cabin or saloon of this immense fabric is one mass of gilding on a white ground, in the Gothic style, springing up in groined arches, about twelve feet, more profusely gilt than Horace Walpole’s gallery at Strawberry Hill; the skylights above of stained glass, the range of *state-room* doors richly panelled, carpets, mirrors, ottomans, arm-chairs, lounges, &c., tapestry and velvet; in short, nothing afloat was ever finer, and all perfect, except perhaps in taste and delicacy as to colours and patterns, but that hardly to be found fault with. The building and fitting of these boats must be something quite enormous;

they seem never to consider expense ; everything is handsome, and on the most ample scale, always excepting of late years their tables. Still I must say, in this too the steamers are much better than the hotels after all.

Their appointments, too, are on a grand scale—clerks, stewards, engineers, stokers, the crew, servants very numerous and well dressed ; those of the great cabin, the waiters (mulattoes) in velvet caps and jackets alike, with a smart *esprit du corps*, which tells well. Ten to one you do not find out who the captain is, unless you pitch on the greatest swell on board, or mark who sits at the head of the ladies' end of these half-mile tables, for you never hear an order or a word above their breath. All these steamers steer forward before the funnels, in a centre, elevated, glazed wheel-house, on the upper deck, where the pilots, mates, and occasionally the captain, congregate. Why do *we* still persist in leaving our helmsmen unsheltered, and our *engineers* on our railway engines ? In the States they are always protected by a glass screen or frame—the Americans dare all man dares do, but they know the severity and risk of facing wind, rain, and cold, totally exposed as our helmsmen and engineers are.

As there was the *Troy* opposition steamer, as fast a boat as ourselves (neck and neck the whole way), the fare was very low—a dollar and a quarter ; but the sleeping cabin charged separate, half a dollar, with a great rush to the office to secure berths and tickets for *tea* (that is, hot water). We soon passed the Palisades, a remarkable range of high rocks on the Jersey shore—in sight above from New York—and while an immense mob besieged the lower dining saloon (in gold and white columns, as splendid as that above), the door kept closed by a woolly-headed Janus some minutes after the gong had clamoured round. This manoeuvre is understood to allow the ladies (husbands, brothers, cousins, particular friends, or chance acquaintance) to get seated at the best ends ; then comes the rush of "outer barbarians," or bachelors, who have not by hook or crook the smallest nodding acquaintance among the fair.

We all know, however, what a supper crush is of white cravated gentlemen—very gentle—whether in days of old at Rothschild's or Lafitte's, Demidoff's or Borghese's, or nearer home in our own polite circles, and at Guildhall or the Mansion-house. The thing is not new, only here it is periodical, and quite in an undress *sans cérémonie*.

Night and a dense fog closed round us as we advanced, but the Hudson and its fine hills have been often described. In the morning we found ourselves at anchor six or seven miles short of Albany ; the river most unusually low (curious rolling waves followed our track in shallow water), added to the fog, had compelled our stop ; we had left our opposition steamer, the *Troy*, a little once or twice, but she was now fairly alongside. Indeed, during the night, I had heard the ringing of ours and her bell at intervals. We soon proceeded as the sun rose, but with barely water enough to carry us up. The only inconvenience to those going further was, that we lost the morning train to the west ; and Albany, though a good large town, and the seat of government of the state, is a stupid, dull place, where one would not willingly throw away an hour ; so, having deposited my carpet-bag in State-street at an hotel, I crossed the river to Green Bush, a straggling village opposite, not much grown of

late years, except in its railway station, to Troy. I rambled up the hills beyond the last frame-houses to have a good look at Albany, which of course has spread over her steep hill considerably, and stretched up the river in wharves and timber-yards in the course of twenty years, but is not much altered in its general features. Its trade is chiefly active as an entrepôt to the lakes by its canal and rail. Here one sees hundreds of canal-boats in the locks and basins, just down or just starting, having been previously towed up in dozens by the tug steamers I have mentioned. Several hens and chickens of this kind, carrying goods and emigrants, we passed coming up. Indeed, this grand river is constantly crowded up as high as Troy for its whole navigable length, 160 miles, with schooners, sloops, and steamers of every possible description, and loaded with all sorts of possible notions; the stream of traffic and emigration going on from the great dépôt (New York) along up Lake Erie, round Michigan, to Chicago, on the further side, then splitting off towards the Ohio south, or the other great lakes and wilds north.

While I was dwelling on these stirring facts, and making my way upwards towards a church amidst some latter-day firs, two fierce dogs, not caring a pin for my cogitations, or trade either, came after my heels; two dogs are awkward, but the good lady of the frame-house, their mistress, left her clothes on the line, and very kindly called them off, for which I felt much obliged, and acknowledged it with becoming urbanity.

I have called Albany stupid and dull—what nonsense; it is all life and bustle, in the dry goods and emigrant line. Far as the eye can reach upwards one sees crowds of boats, steamers, builders' and timber-yards, manufacturing chimneys—all speaking of great and increasing activity; to say nothing of the vast numbers of large canal-boats, many full of emigrants, chiefly Irish and German, all bound in good earnest to the west, sifted from the dregs who stick in New York, or the cities on the sea-board.

Seeing the cars about to start for Troy, I ran down and got in; only twelve miles—almost in sight—quite, from the Albany side hills. Arrived there, we were trotted along the chief water-side "River-street" by horses, as usual, and deposited about the centre of the town, which I was surprised to find so large, and with as much stir and trade going on as at Albany—at least, in the streets, if not on the river, where, however, a good sprinkling of steamers and small craft stay at the wharves below the bridge and viaduct (of the rail to Ogdensburg, by Lake Champlain), which crosses the stream above the town. The Cohoes Falls is just above; hereabouts, too, the Mohawk joins the Hudson.

Nothing is so dreary as walking about a strange town alone. The day was very fine—one of the balmy Indian summer ones. I like hills, and made my way up one of the steep streets to the range immediately over the place, from whence the view up and down the river is very fine, the many-coloured shades of the woods and foliage in all directions, bright scarlet and yellow, making it very rich. There is something grand in the distant blue line in the horizon of virgin forests, which meets the eye in most American scenes. Here it stretches along the track of the Mohawk, to the westward.

Having gained the fields clear of lots and sites for rich citizens' villas (some charmingly inviting spots), I sat down under the shade of a

friendly tree, when a little fellow came along, "whistling for want of thought," barefooted, with plenty of brogue. It was Patrick O'Gorman, himself to the fore, in a transition state, waiting he was for his brother. Pat sat down, as I invited him, on the sod beside me, and was quite friendly in an instant; showed me his dad's house just behind us, over the next field, a good large frame-house, half sub-let, well to do. Pat was eleven years old; "didn't go to school since last winter; didn't want to much—liked marbles." Pat's exchequer being low, I made him happy with two cents; but Pat was 'cute as a 'possum, and will soon be one of the go-ahead citizens, not a doubt of it, and so I bid the little fellow kindly a long good-by, in this sunny, work-a-day world. What it is to speak to, and to know, and not to speak to, not to know! and so we pass through life's pilgrimage. But it was now time to get back to Albany. By way of varying my route, I crossed the river in one of the clever horseferry boats, really four-horse power. They work on the disc of the great centre cog-wheel, which, turning horizontally under the deck, turns the paddles. The contrivance is admirable; at once economical and prompt. I crossed in the stage 'bus, which, too, had four horses, not yet put down by the railroad. For why? They are at a trifle less fare—twelve cents and a half (the rail, I think, eighteen cents), and run into the centre of State-street handily, to a certain tavern, but, like our 'buses, if you don't get down there they nail you for six cents more for a few hundred yards further, to where the steam-boats lie. This proved an exceedingly pleasant drive of twelve miles, on an excellent turnpike-road; the only good one I ever saw in the States.

Albany has been often written about. There are no lions, except the "Great Canal," which comes with its locks and basins to the wharves. I once went by it to Lake Erie, 350 or 360 miles, the scenery through forests, and beautifully wild and romantic spots, particularly near the little falls, or the Mohawk, and at Lockport. It is said that this same canal, of which they were so justly proud, broke Governor Clinton's heart—something of the fate of our own Middleton of the New River benefit! The gratitude of mankind is proverbial! but patriots fare worse in republics, I fear, than in kingdoms.

Hurrying to the depôt, or railway-station, in Maiden-lane, I was vexed to find we started so late; just sunset. While seated in the cars, waiting to be off, we all poked our heads out to witness a row, the first I have seen any approach to; but the belligerents only struck each other with hard words after all, to our great disappointment.

Flying along in the dark all night, we arrive at Buffalo next day by eleven o'clock, passing through, on the way, most of those enormous villages so much talked of, as springing up by magic—Senectady, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Salina; but particularly Rochester, on the Genessee River, now a large city, where we crossed it, close to the Romantic Falls.

On this route three or four beautiful small lakes are passed; at Geneva, Skanistales, Canandaqua; all surrounded by their primitive woods or fields, still filled with stumps of trees, as yet unrotted, all wild, but all beautiful in their very wildness; nor do I hear that the country on this track is unhealthy. Hereabouts is Cooperstown, where Cooper, the American novelist, died in his own village, after abusing us English all his life, living with us and abroad—he returned home in

his old age only to find—all sorts of nuisances and vexations! and so he died.

At the Buffalo station there was quite an army of omnibuses, carriages, and cabs. This "Depôt" very large and handsome, with the air of an immense traffic. A word of American railway travelling: I begin to change my mind as to its excellence. Their cars may be more safe in a regular smash, but all else is decidedly bad and uncomfortable. I will say nothing of the centre-alley abominations, where everybody squirts his tobacco juice; but the seats are uncomfortable, and hardly have room for two, in such close propinquity with an utter stranger; the hard wooden back of the seat in front of you is close against your knees (dangerous in a shock), and those in them throw their arms over, or their legs, or their great coats right on you, or depriving you of the little room left; your feet have no resting-place, not even a bar, as in some, to keep them out of the filth. All this is very annoying in a journey of seventeen hours. The conductor never condescends to explain anything, or say a word, except to see or change your ticket; and often one is afraid to stir, as nobody knows whether any stop will be long or short; if you are forced to risk it, when you return you find your seat taken! you walk on the whole length of the car, perhaps, in vain; and must try the next one before or behind. If you have your carpet-bag with you (if very small) you must return for it (hung on a peg where you were) and lug it out with you. You may, indeed, see a seat or two with only one single lady occupant. In this predicament a Quakeress once said to me, "Thee may sit down;" but killing delicacy and custom forbids!—it is a ticklish point to put yourself beside the fair: it is considered, I believe, a liberty; she may not assent to a distressed wanderer!—but I have seen a most ludicrous awkwardness in a pilgrim in search of a seat, like myself, afraid to try it on, and yet forced to; and so edging himself in "slantingdicular," with extreme caution, as if a rattlesnake had the other half. Now, there is no doubt about the *right*, of course; but Americans have a great awe of a lone lady! Whether the women plume themselves on this most inconvenient privilege, I know not.

One more car grievance is the stove in cold weather; you burn near it, and you freeze a yard or two off; so altogether, on second thoughts, I prefer our own carriages: in comfort, indeed, there is no comparison; but the Americans never care about comfort. At most of the stations girls and boys come through all the cars, offering apples and peaches, the daily papers and pamphlets, tracts, and small books stuffed with wonderful conversions, escapes, or murders.

The fare to Buffalo, six dollars sixty cents—about twenty-seven shillings! Our railways might take a lesson of them in moderation, at any rate; and there is hardly anywhere a second-class car; this very moderate fare makes it unnecessary. I have seen negroes frequently admitted; they generally sit together at one end; and this kind of modest reserve would be, I dare say, enforced if infringed on: they are always *deck* passengers in the steamers; though most of the cabin servants are coloured people.

Putting myself in one of the dozen omnibuses drawn up at the station, I went to the American Hotel, in Main-street, then rambled about the

town. The black mud, knee-deep, of twenty years ago, in the streets, is now replaced by good pavements, brick at the sides, macadamised, for the road.

What can one say of Buffalo not already said by somebody! It lays nearly flat, by the side of this eastern end of the lake, where it narrows into a river, and runs (thirty-five miles), plunging over Niagara, on to the Ontario. Like all these very new large American towns, its streets are wide, regular, in right angles, full of good brick houses, with the extremities in board or frame, painted white; churches, shops, changes, hotels, private houses, invariably after one plan; here and there shaded by the willows or poplars—for the rage for cutting down the old forest trees has left all their cities and towns bare—and those planted are slow of growth, or grow poor slender things. In the same way they have left nowhere either common, green, park, or garden; nobody wants any walk but the streets, no recreation beyond dealing with passing emigrants, and selling dry goods! But mark what eager enterprise does—its imports reach twenty-three, its exports twenty-eight millions of dollars per annum! This arises from its situation as a central point and *dépôt* from New York by the canal; which, striking the river three or four miles below the town, at the Tonawonda creek, near Black Rock, continues along the river shore to the foot of High (Main) street, where it ends in vast basins, and the harbour, full of steamers and lake shipping to and from the far west! Thus, aided by the railway for passengers and the finer goods, though already herculean, it may be said—and who can doubt it—to be only in its infancy. The place is at least three times the size it was twenty years ago, and then it was cited as one of the marvels of these woods and wilds.

Buffalo is full of churches, chapels, halls, assembly-rooms, societies, a theatre—in short, all things common to large cities; but there is a lake and far west coarseness, a certain careless rawness in everything. New York is refined compared with this, not because it is so much larger, but modes of thought vary at this distance; and we approach the Indian wilds!—once Indian! poor things, they are nowhere now. How much of the early contact may be now traced in the race of our cousins?—a good deal; formal, taciturn, sudden—humour and joviality seldom lights up the face in smiles, all is practical utility; the one great aim and end—and were we all poor, felling trees, building houses, and hoeing corn, a good end and aim—but already it sits behind barrels, cases, cotton, and iron, affects finery, has left the fields, and the woods and fields' simplicity and truth; the wits are sharpened, and it is now one universal struggle in sharpness; the features not a jot relaxed.

Were I young and had my fortune to seek, with my rifle and axe, this is the country; but here there is no luxury in reciprocity of thought or feeling; few of the amenities of life, no matter what the riches or creature comforts. So, Buffalo, adieu! I would rather live in any little poor Scotch or Irish village, or Welsh, or Italian, in the chesnut Apennines. I know not what makes me say this, for what do I know of Buffalo? Perhaps, that all the lower part of the town near the wharves has just been burned down—the bridge over the canal, and a chapel near it, said to be not at all accident; and here I saw a savage fight among some navvies clearing away the rubbish and ruins, one fellow

struck another with a spade when down (always rough and tumble), like a true good-for-nothing ruffian.

I passed on to the basin of the steamers about to start up the lake; one had a hand hard at work to entice emigrants to "walk up," as at our fair booths; while flaming placards held out all sorts of advantages in opposition. It is not uncommon, even now, to see the shore lined by emigrants of all countries, Germans particularly, sitting on their bedding and boxes (their only home), ready for the last stage perhaps; up this two hundred mile lake, and on and on, to St. Clair, and the Huron, Green Bay, Wisconsin, and Iowa.

Chicago has of late years been the land of promise as a thriving town; and wonders spoken of Green Bay, on that western side, as the most charming spot yet explored, and getting settled. These great steamers run up and down the whole chain regularly, heavily loaded with goods and passengers—not a few Yankees, restless spirits from the New England States; they quit their stores and scanty pastures for the fatter west, but fever and ague (at least in Michigan) destroys their health, making life itself not worth supporting.

We are all running after some good we never attain, but here no man seems to possess anything but as a stepping-stone to something else; no one lives or enjoys anything—but they mean to. I speak of the rich moving world.

The weather so far is delightful; a few frosts have killed the main body of the mosquito army, and they barely skirmish with balmy sleep, to which the beds invite, being generally very good wool mattresses, better at all times than feather-beds, at least in warm weather.

A new railroad has just been finished from New York to Dunkirk, near Cleveland, on Lake Erie; it crosses the Hudson lower down, at Catskill or Hudson-town, cutting through the state diagonally; it is in connexion with other railroads south, through the Ohio State, coming in on the river at Cincinnati; to be prolonged through Kentucky and Mississippi, and to St. Louis through Indiana, on the west side; it has a branch to Pittsburg. Thus, there are now three or four rival routes to the lakes—the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri; it already draws off some of the passengers and traffic which was before forced through Buffalo. It gains the Ohio or Chicago quicker, there being a railroad straight across the state of Michigan from Cleveland and Detroit, cutting short the long round of the lakes; but these rails are much more expensive than the steamers and canal, so that poor emigrants never take it, time with them being of little moment.

Two small steamers ply down the Niagara river as far as the rapids. I chose the English one (the *Emerald*) to Chippawa. A good, bluff, John Bull of a captain put me in mind of our own skippers; but, indeed, there is a close likeness in manner of all merchant sea-captains; it comes of the rough-and-ready, the habit of command, the constant risks, hardships, and essential activity. The fare to Chippawa was, I think, a dollar, the short three horse rail of nine or ten miles beyond the Falls to Queenstown included. Passing Grand Island, which the Americans take by hocus-pocus, as if more on their side of the river, and the famous Navy Island lower down, on their left side, one would think it a favourable spot to settle on; but I observed only a log-house,

or shanty or two, in the woods near the water, for the woodcutters. Except a cleared patch or two, farming, or anything like a settlement, does not seem attempted; indeed, our own Canadian side along this track looks equally wild and neglected; nor is this savage forest scenery much altered even to the Weland river, where we landed, at a kind of tumble-down wooden wharf, where a large party of what I at first took to be Indians were huddled together amidst their goods and chattels; but they turned out Norwegian emigrants! The women extremely resembled Indian squaws at a little distance. These good people were waiting for a passage further on. I should remark, that from this point the river rushes on to the rapids with accelerated force; indeed, it gradually increases even from Buffalo; but not so much, I think, as the captain said—seven miles an hour, more like three or four.

Chippawa is a wretched village, with all the marks of idle indifference in the board and log-houses, the fences, and the attempts at bits of cabbage and potato gardens. One is, indeed, disagreeably struck by the great difference between the two sides of the river and lakes—very sadly to our disadvantage—and so it continued all the way down the St. Lawrence; not so much in the towns, for ours are the oldest settled and much the largest, but in the industry and activity of the people in them. Here we at once had a pretty specimen under a shed—the station—where, after a long delay, a slouching, ill-dressed clodhopper brought out, and put to, his three lean horses, with such wretched harness that, on the ears starting, one of his make-shift traces broke before we had got clear of the town, and we were fain to wait for sundry patchings and knottings. When at last we did proceed, it was at the most sleepy of trots;—all this spoke at once for the fashion of things at Chippawa, and yet our people affect very much the American independent manner—even the same twang and emphasis—the same quiet indifference, which, too, they carry beyond their wiser neighbours in things essential—all is sluggish and slovenly. Nothing on one's path seems at all getting on; nothing but what our government does; always at a very disproportioned outlay for any good afterwards derived from it. The Weland Canal to wit. All down the Niagara river it is particularly obtruded on the traveller. Handsome large villages keep fast increasing—Manchester, at the Falls, Lewistown, Fort Niagara, &c., on the opposite side; while, on ours, there is little or no stir or increase of population in the towns or of farms, corresponding to those so near them. Thus our side of the great Falls, though they have built a great hotel just below them (the Clifton), is still a mere scattered hamlet; while the Falls village, on the American side, has grown quite a large town. They have affectedly changed its name from Manchester, and old Goat Island is now finer Iris Island. What's in a name! but no doubt it is to suit the excessive raptures of our English tourists, who flock here every summer to torture themselves (and readers) to find expressions intense enough for their bewildered sensations—all about the plunge of this great river! To be sure it is very fine, but so is the rapids, before it leaps over. Nobody ever says a word of them, or of the whole scene, which, after all, is the really sublime. I strained my eyes as we trotted along to catch the whole expanse—the sun and clouds threw flitting shadows at that moment, the rushing river, on our side a dark blue, where the whole line

marks its plunging descent. The island in its rich autumnal colours, and the American half bright in the sun; the fragrant aroma of the pines in the balmy air; the rushing rapids from far above; dancing, sparkling, bounding, as if eager to get over; beyond, along the whole horizon, one interminable forest, shaded in various hues, till lost in deepening blue tints along the edges of Ontario, or the Genessee, about Rochester. (This rocky ridge of the Falls extending in that direction, giving a slight elevation, through which the Great Canal is cut at Lockport; where, by the way, a succession of stupendous rocks mark the magnificence of the enterprise.)

Near the Falls we came to the old Ferry-house Hotel (eclipsed by the new grand one below), now empty and going to ruin, its windows broken, its small garden all weeds.

It stands in a commanding situation above, from whence the view must be superb. I observed an artist on the green bank below us had set up his easel in form, and was painting away. I, too, took a sketch in my mind's eye, and a scratch or two in my pocket-book; but Niagara has been done *ad nauseam* from below; 'tis time to give some faint idea of the rapids, not that I could do it; but I did regret more and more afterwards, when too late, that I did not get down and join Jenny Lind, and the busy convivial inmates of the great Clifton Hotel, which stands near the old Museum and steep ladder-steps, which leads to the close drenching view of this mighty cataract. A small steamer now runs backwards and forwards as a ferry among the splashing foam and whirlpools close below it, so that parties cross and recross, in the course of any day, to and from the American side; indeed the greater number of sight-seers stay at the American hotels, at the Falls village, where they cross over the frail bridges, from rock to rock, to Iris Island, in the centre of the rapids, saunter about in its cool shades, and take mint juleps, sherry coblers, and buy moccasins at the sort of shop there. But of late years the Americans, ever daring in their wooden contrivances, have run this sort of scantling bridge, perched on the rocks (not quite submerged in the foam of the rapids), on to the verge of the Fall itself, so that amateurs may look over and watch these millions of tons a minute of water following the laws of gravity. Is it not Sir Charles Lyall who says these same Falls have been travelling back from Lewistown (seven miles below) for these last thirty-seven thousand years? but they started from still lower levels—Inshallah, Allah Ackbar, who knows? who can tell? If I got into a brown study on this bewildering point, I was recalled to smaller matters at the cross roads, to the lower falls ferry, near a secluded tavern, the Pavilion; here, by the railway side, was an immense pile of luggage in charge of a gentleman's groom, unmistakable cockade and all, the first I have seen in all America.

This additional load was piled on, and we were, besides, joined by two well-dressed ladies' maids. They were, indeed, ladies themselves here, only they all belonged, it turned out, to the Governor-General of all the Canadas, who, with his lady and two children and aide-de-camp, were returning to Toronto, and were themselves somewhere near us on the road in his lordship's phaeton and on horseback; and a very delightful ride they must have enjoyed, as the day was charming—one of those few and far between, not too hot nor too cold—the horses not tormented

by the voracious wood-flies, first cousins of the mosquitoes—all nature dressed most attractively in a thousand sunny bright colours; and, as to art, one is glad to get rid of it, beyond the saddle and the wheels; nor was I sorry for once at the pleasant slowness of our queer set out in the cars, which brought us, I thought, all too soon to the terminus on the hill side, at Queenstown, near the Brock monument, and recent grand suspension-bridge over the Niagara.

I think they say the span is the greatest in the world; shouldn't wonder. But I had no chance of going to it, or stopping at all, for the steamer, lying on the opposite side of the river, at the Lewistown Wharf, was expected across to pick us up, so that as soon as we halted under the railway sheds we were hurried off down the hill to embark.

Like all the other places, Queenstown disappointed me. It seems to have grown very little these last twenty years; it is still a mere village, while Lewistown, opposite, has increased tenfold, and is now a large town. It lays comparatively low, while the bank on our side is higher, the American side sloping away more to the river from the rocks above the town, perhaps a mile, where the bridge is thrown so boldly across. Both towns have but scanty clearings, or farms behind them, but are framed in by the unbroken forest, the river rushing down between high abrupt banks. The idle apathy of Canada I do not hear accounted for. They have few or no taxes—the land, and wood, and water, as good—with every chance in life equal to the Americans. Why are they so far behind? I had a great mind to have asked the governor, who is said to be clever; speaks well, 'tis certain, and seems to have no sort of nonsense about him. But we shift them too often; and at home we are sad ignoramuses. Commend me to our colonics in Downing-street—there lies the root of such evils, however they may be denied by party writers.

As I could see the steamer over the way had not started, I was in no hurry to descend the ladders to the wharf below, so rested under the trees of one of the villas on the green bank, and presently Lady Elgin, and her little boy and girl—both fine children—drove up, to wait under the shade, not far from me. Lord Elgin, Lord Marc Kerr, his aide-de-camp, and little Lady — Bruce on horseback (his daughter rode a pretty pony); now, without parade, in all the States one would look in vain for anything so stylish, or so comfortable, or so complete, as this whole group. How sorry I was I could not approach them, or say a word; and so, I doubt not, missed much pleasant chat they bestowed on some Canada clergymen on board. But I observed his lordship, like a man of the world, went about the deck of the steamer and spoke to many people, some perhaps as much a stranger as myself.

Together with the horses and carriage, there was some cargo taken on the deck—mostly flour in barrels I think; but already all the bustle of trade and enterprise in bales and boxes has comparatively ceased. The steamer was smaller, less complete, less ornamented, less commodious, less comfortable—a paucity of everything comparatively—and they were immensely tedious getting the things on board; at last we were off, but very late in the day, and the captain fearing a fog at night. These fogs are rather prevalent on the lakes and river. The distance is forty miles across to Toronto. The fare six shillings or seven shillings currency of Canada. What confusion of currencies here and through the States!

One word on this nuisance. The best way, perhaps, is to load yourself with sovereigns, for which they give you, by Act of Congress, four dollars eighty-four cents, that is sixteen cents, or eightpence short of five dollars. It is worth more, for the dollar should only be four shillings and threehalfpence; but there is no silver in the States, never any change; and, besides, you are everywhere puzzled and cheated by a parcel of dirty bank-notes, from one dollar upwards, and from a thousand banks—some, far off, may be already broke; some breaking, some at a heavy discount; indeed, the whole of the best notes are at a discount out of their *own* State—often, if beyond the town or county! The consequence is, that these dirty notes (“shin plaisters”) are constantly refused—often in ticklish moments when you are in a great hurry—or you are told (having had it in your pocket a day or two) that it ain’t worth a cent—bank smashed! This thimble-rig has created another; in all the cities’ exchange offices, where everybody is *shaved*; that is, they take your notes at a discount, giving you better ones; *ergo*, of the place; or gold, which you must pay extra for; or silver, which you must pay still more for!

Gold is very plentiful since California has opened its shop; but silver is still more precious; people cannot by any means get or keep small change; one sees the most ludicrous distress very often—delays, and trottings in search of a quarter-dollar (a shilling)—while gold eagles, half-eagles, and quarters abound, at a premium! In this the Americans are sadly too ‘cute; why is there not a United States’ Bank, guaranteed by the whole Union, such as our Bank of England? Perhaps the whole army of shavers prevent it, now their trade is so thriving.

Their precious ragged notes and the confusion of their value cross the frontier, and help the needless confusion of our own Canada currency; so that what with dollars, pounds sterling, and pounds and shillings currency, one is never sure of what is to pay, or how to pay it; it is always “about so and so.” I always insisted on gold, or silver for gold when it was possible, and never took a shin plaister or applied it, without trembling. The sovereign in Canada is twenty-five shillings (with absolutely the same coin as at home!).

While in the bows of the boat looking at Lord Elgin’s handsome horses among the crowd of deck passengers who generally collect beneath the wheel-house, a quarrel arose between two gamblers; one, an Irishman, threatened the other, an American, with his knife—on which the American, who had been much the most silent and cool, suddenly drew out a knife too, and rushed at his antagonist; for an instant they stood face to face; I thought bloodshed inevitable; but the first, finding how resolute a fellow he had to deal with, lowered his tone, and so it ended.

As we proceeded we had a good deal of fog, but luckily it cleared away, and we ran into the wharf, where we found other steamers and lake coasters; about four hours crossing.

Toronto is a larger town than I expected to find it; some good streets (Yonge, York, and King streets the best), with many really fine brick houses. The shops are but so-so, and the suburbs in frame, the foot-paths everywhere of planks—making the walking very pleasant—the streets better macadamised than in the smaller American towns.

The houses much on the United States plan; verandahs and green open blinds to the windows. I went to a quiet small hotel on the

English plan (a treat) at Ellabs, where I found every thing comfortable. I think it is the Army House; at any rate, Lord Marc Kerr breakfasted there next morning. I found him very pleasant and sociable. This was my first comfortable breakfast since I left Southampton. I had leisure not to choke myself, look at the paper, and lounge pleasantly. I see the same miserable cabals going on about the *ins* and *outs* here as at home; only here we are in small. And the honourable Mr. This and That has had his day; and now, shuffle the cards. But, my dear fellow-countrymen in the woods, suppose you were all to get up a little earlier!

What a morning sloth I find here, compared with the American wide-awake stir! There is nobody awake here till eight or nine o'clock. In short, they ignore old Franklin and poor Richard; thence the out of tidy repair things appear in; and yet the thrifty Scotch are the first people here; but we fail to lure our surplus population this way for want of wiser heads, as usual, in Downing-street, or indeed any heads at all, or any common-sense direction.

"What is it to me?" as the breaksman said; "let it go on till July or eternity, all one a hundred years hence."

I just looked in, kindly permitted, at the Officers' Club, where all was quiet and gentlemanly; but your gentlemanly quiet (before or after breakfast) it is that kills here in the woods.

I set off by the *Highlander* (she starts from Hamilton and calls here) for Montreal—fare (I like to mention exact sums) 32s. sterling. The fellow diddled me at the office on the wharf I am sure; for out of two sovereigns I only got 7s. 1d. The clerk muttered something about 7s. 9d.; but if two sovereigns is 50s. currency, whence this unaccountable change? It was all right, perforce; I repeated a Turkish "Who knows, Inshallah!" and got on board.

We skirt the Canada shore, calling at many towns—Port Hope, Prescott, and other villages I forget; the next morning we got to Kingston, the largest town after Toronto. This was our great naval place; still there is a dockyard and fort, and many steamers are seen in the harbour, which takes a deep sweep here into the country at the mouth of the canal. Here the great Ottawa Canal begins, and the St. Lawrence, leaving the lake, speeds on. By sunrise we were threading the exquisitely beautiful *thousand isles*, sparkling in their pellucid waters like gems; what would we give for a few of these sweet miniature islands and their rocks at home! How the crystal stream reflects them as vividly as the very upper substance, all smooth as a mirror, the waves following our paddles, and sending streaked flashes through their firs and pine-trees and bright foliage, now clothed in countless hues of crimson and gold. The effect altogether was delightful; one longed to linger in this watery arcadia.

Who has ever counted these countless islands? no matter if there are not five hundred, or not a dozen—it is still the same thing to our very finite purposes or feelings. Nothing in all the way down at all equals this part of the St. Lawrence for its startling novelty, though its beauties are infinitely varied.

Taking a range of the whole country hereabouts, and for hundreds of miles before and behind, it is one great forest flat, with the banks more or less elevated above the lakes and rivers. Hills begin as we approach

Montreal, in the distance, and swell to mountains as we approach Quebec, growing more lofty beyond it—more grand and picturesque.

As we passed these enchanting islands, and along the various rapids of this river, I thought of Moore's Canadian boat song, and fain would hide the sad reality of the man who charmed so many, sunk in the decrepitude of age—dying, or dead, in his little cottage at Devizes. And so ends the poetry and prose of life! but as yesterday he was the flushed gay young fellow "in life's young dream," dancing down these very waters—*O quam cito transit*—on the American side we called at Ogdensburg, a growing town, near the dividing line; one of the new rail *entrepôts*.

These boats are very well managed, the meals tolerable, and included in the fare. The next feature which roused us, after a day and night's monotonous steaming, was the first rapid of moment—the "*Longue Sault*." The rush down, and the tumultuous waves gave us a taste of what the early boatmen on the St. Lawrence had to dread.

The steering in these reaches was ticklish; our boat reeled again, lashed on all sides—the steam taken off to ease her down, only just keeping way enough to steer by. Our boat drew seven and a half feet, but we had only one shock of grounding on the fiercest of these rapids (the Cedars); instantly, however, dashed off by the following waves. Nobody cared about it except the captain, who, I dare say, was anxious; for even a detention is to them a serious matter. At this spot are several islands.

On our side opposite the rapids, canals (the Ottawa, St. Lawrence, Beauharnois) and locks have been constructed to pass them, for the upward voyage.

It appears we were afraid of the last great rapid of "*Lachine*," within nine miles of Montreal. The water being too low—and besides it was night—so we were landed at the railway station at Lachine, and got into the carriages; but it was already dark, so that I saw nothing of this approach to the city.

Long and even good descriptions of towns and countries is quite in vain to give one any idea of them. I find Montreal a totally different town from what I imagined, by the help of fifty descriptions.

It lies on the left flat bank of the river, and seems to have nothing French about it! It may be really on an island in fact, but of this, like New York and other river and creek formed islands, nothing appears. A ridge of hills runs at the back of the town a mile off, "*Mont Royal*," covered by woods; up which I scrambled (taking the bull by the horns) just where one M'Tavish has his curious tomb, or mausoleum, on the ascent, buried doubly, in the woods a field beyond the M'Gill College, where M'Tavish's large (*haunted*) house stands, shut up and going to ruin, near the college. From this mount the view over the town, across the river, to the distant mountain on the American frontier is magnificent. The town itself is full of good houses, the cathedral, large churches, and hotels; but not one good street; the shops, too, very inferior to what one might expect.

Neither the French brilliance, thrift, and industry, nor the American go-ahead breadth and bustle, but quite as much careless slovenliness; except at the water-side, all seems sleepy indolence, want of spirit, care, and enterprise in everything which meets the eye! The hotels, however,

are quite American. I went to the *Ottawa*. The footways in some of the streets and all the suburbs are of plank, and encourage walking about.

Like all Canadian cities, Montreal has immense capabilities for spreading, for improving. I cannot judge of what they have been about these last twenty or thirty years—doubtless much improved; but all this is a matter of comparison, and I must suppose things very poor and very indifferent then.

Without troubling one's head about statistics or reports, to judge of any town or city, as to its wealth and prosperity, its present go-ahead enterprise, one has but to walk about the streets and wharves, look at the shops and advertisements, study the theatres, concert-rooms, societies, meetings, lectures, &c. Things which lie on the very surface. All this here and everywhere in Canada, I am sorry to say, shows very little signs of that vigorous life one sees in the United States.

The Miss Herrons and a Sir William Den are playing at the small theatre to thin houses, and some Nigger warblers scrape a scanty return. The shops are very inferior, and are evidently doing very little business. There is—there must be some trade at the river-side, if only in upward emigrants, and stores for the settled and settling country west; but neither the steamers nor the river craft show the build, the size, nor the activity one could wish. The wharves are good, however, and there is a fair show along the river face of some trade; but, as I say, these things are matter of comparison, and in all America they are ever against us; in vigour, activity, and that broad careless plenty; which covers, it may be, a thousand faults of mind, manner, and taste, in the States.

They are building a row of large houses on the site of the Senate-house, burned in the last rising against government; and they must for their pains do without its patronage, as its seat is now shifted back to Quebec; where I must betake myself per steamer, ignorant of a thousand interesting things here and about this fine country; but the weather threatens, rain sets in, doubtful, from the sharpness of the air, whether it won't turn to snow. I go on board the *Crescent* in the evening, another (the mail steamer) starting at the same time for Quebec, fare 7s. 6d.

It had rained all day, but now the dense clouds rose in golden-fringed curtains, cheering us by a most glorious sunset, just as we cleared the pretty island which lies opposite the city.

How exquisitely grand are these arched liftings of the clouds, showing the azure heavens beneath their own golden, crimson, purple folds!—a brisk breeze from the west helped us along bravely.

The river opposite the city is very broad, has sand-banks and rapids; but with depth enough for the boats at the quays all along its face, even when the river is rather low, as it is this autumn.

A dark night shut out both banks. We called at Sorel, at the mouth of the Richelieu, St. Anne's, St. Croix, and the Three Rivers, where we meet the flood tide; but the stream is no longer so swift after leaving Montreal, and of course no more rapids.

In the morning we saw something of the increasing boldness and beauty of the landscape on both sides of the river as we approached

Quebec—its shipping, timber-rafts, and timber-yards. We were at the very dirty, muddy wharves beside the lower town by breakfast time. The mail boat got in a little before us—but why do these boats persist in only running at night! With the citadel towering above us on the end of the heights, where they descend to the mouth of the St. Charles river; but I must not, cannot describe, it has been done too often, and conveys nothing. I packed myself in one of those truly French *calèches*, a sort of cab (like our own original ones), and we scrambled up the steep streets to the Swords Hotel—on the American plan.

They were excavating the rock beside them, and building a wing which is to swallow up the original house.

At Quebec one thinks of nothing but Wolfe, Montcalm, and the plains of Abraham—heroes and events out of sight, and almost out of mind now-a-days. I saw nothing but a most egregiously dirty, crooked, up-and-down hill, muddy, half-wood, paved town. I heard French spoken indeed, but nothing was French, except, methinks, the cabs and drivers. The weather, which helps or spoils all, had grown terrific, now and then an hour's sunshine, and then I ran down to the platform—a boarded space on the site of the old *château*—which is the parade of the gentry, overlooking the lower part of the town.

Among the half dozen there I saw Colonel Bruce and his lady. They had just come and awaited the arrival of his brother. The rival hotel to the Swords, Russell's, was engaged for him; for I believe there is no government-house that will do now.

They were hard at work at a new Senate-house, which already shone brightly with its tin roof. This is a town of tin roofs—there is a good deal of this shining too at Montreal: how beautifully bright it keeps!

I shall ask no questions. There is no theatre open, no concert, no anything in the amusing way, and only two so-so hotels—the one empty. The shops very so-so; the streets ditto, even the best. In the working world all seems Irish, with a French cross. There is some stir in the St. Roche suburb on the St. Charles's side, and generally all round by the water-side, and for a mile up the river among the timber-yards, but it is of the salt cod and bacon sort; and in grog shops and low taverns, which, indeed, have far too much activity. The whole town is full of these taverns, but only one hotel and a half—for the owner of the one let to his lordship, I hear, intends to set up another to accommodate his customers.

I one day walked out to the plains of Abraham, on the road through the fortifications at the St. Louis gate; they are about a mile beyond the citadel, on the banks of the river. Villas and small houses here and there, and inclosures, now occupy these plains. To the left of the road near the turnpike-gate stands the small column erected on the spot where Wolfe fell; a poor affair, unworthy of the man and the occasion. Even this neglected, the railing rusted and broken, and all its whereabouts made vulgar by the wayside taverns and slovenly board-houses and fences. The romance and glory of the spot effectually spoiled. A little beyond it, in the only open space, is the race-course.

Walking about the town I find the streets full of holes, the wharves out of repair in the same way, all dirt and neglect; some coal unloading,

some timber loading, a sprinkling of ships at anchor, or at the timber-yards; but the general impression given is far from activity or enterprise, care or economy of any sort. The very shops are rough, mean, and slovenly, and yet here the leading people are Scotch—but grumbling at free-trade! A few starved, triumphal green arches were put up to honour the entry of the governor-general. The streets are full of those one-horse calèches driving about empty, as if for amusement. I got into one to snatch a look at the falls of Montmorency (for nothing save the mountains, the water, and the woods is worth looking at). We drove through the mud of St. Roche over a rickety wooden bridge across the St. Charles, where we paid 6d. to cross! then for eight miles along a kind of continued rows of small houses, by the banks of the St. Lawrence to where the Orleans Island divides the river. Here the Montmorency joins it, rushing over its rocky, romantic bed, falling nearly 300 feet. Leaving the cab, I got down the bank among the firs, and down a ladder to where the timbers of a mill-race help one to get fairly down to this grand rushing of the waters. The basin and glen below is, indeed, sublime. Heavy rains had made the river yellowish, but it added force to the fall.

I next day crossed the river in one of the steam-ferry boats to Point Lévé, a straggling sort of village, with some few wharves, where ships are loaded occasionally. But here, too, all was idle neglect, few or no signs of anything doing, the road in mud-holes, and not even a foot pavement attempted; but I turned my eyes to the city, the citadel, the river, and the distant mountains, the picture thus is superb; indeed, this is, of the St. Lawrence, altogether the most beautiful spot; the greater tameness of the country upwards is here amply made up for. Time presses, and if not, space does. I must cut all this short, and retrace my steps in one of the passage steamers, the *Jenny Lind*, a compact, neat boat. They all carry deck loads. Coming down we had cattle, tobacco, and other bales and barrels; but I cannot reconcile myself to this constant steaming at night!

We started at sunset, and with the rival mail boat, the *Quebec*, which headed us very little before it grew dark, we went to tea, and all interest in the river and country was shut out. The fare up and down from Montreal is from two to three dollars, including tea, distance 170 miles. Arrived next morning at Montreal, I went on board a temporary boat to La Prairie village, the *Prince Albert*, regular boat, having struck and sunk on one of the sand-banks in sight. By this line the fare through to Boston is eight dollars. We ran alongside the wrecked boat, and helped them a little in trying to raise her—doubtful—and so left them.

At La Prairie, some miles up the river, we were transferred to the railway to Rouse's Point at the head of Lake Champlain, to the frontier custom-house; where, undisturbed by officials, we went straight on board a fine steamer, the *Whitehall*, which plies on the lake to Burlington, in Vermont; where we arrived about midnight. The country is flat to the head of the lake and its shores half its length, but mountains are seen in the horizon, and the green mountain range in the east (Vermont side) already capped by snow; indeed, we had a sharp frost in the night (late in October). Here, too, I had occasion to observe how much better our fare was on board the boat where we dined, than at the hotel; one of many

large ones, in this go-ahead thriving town, where the railroad has two branches; to Boston by Bellows Falls, where the Connecticut river is crossed, and to the east, to the White mountains, near the diggings of our Wenham Lake-ice.

What a charm there is in the bright morning sun—I walked about the town speculating on its lots and endless capabilities—its outtings, its buildings going on with activity, while the milkmen, in their light one-horse waggons were ringing their bells and serving their customers. This will be a large rich city before long; its site, too, on the lake is very happily chosen. Our boat having landed us, went on down the lake to Whitehall, from whence other railways run to Suratsuga and New York, and places in New England, forming links to all the larger towns on to Newhaven.

We start again through a pretty hilly romantic grazing country. The New England farms are generally worn out, but the meadows and streams in the small valleys have a pleasing look. We pass many factories near the towns. Oxen, I see, are much used; all bears the stamp of a closer thrift and economy (as with ourselves) than in the south-west of the Union.

At every station lots of well-dressed young men and women got into the cars, all talking very loud, for everybody's benefit, of their small domestic affairs and arrangements. One bevy of these smart rustic damsels at Middleburg jumped in, sat themselves down in the chairs, and held flirtations at the windows with their beaux, who handed them in love and lollypops, which they sucked with great gusto; but this pleasing intimacy was not to be encroached on by strangers nohow, I guess not. One unhappy wight was repulsed who addressed one of them in the car thus:

Gent.—Well, how do you do, miss?

Miss.—Oh, my! how do you do. Well, but you ain't Mr. —.

Gent.—I guess I know you; you mind I put you down—at—you are Miss—Mrs. Smith, do tell?

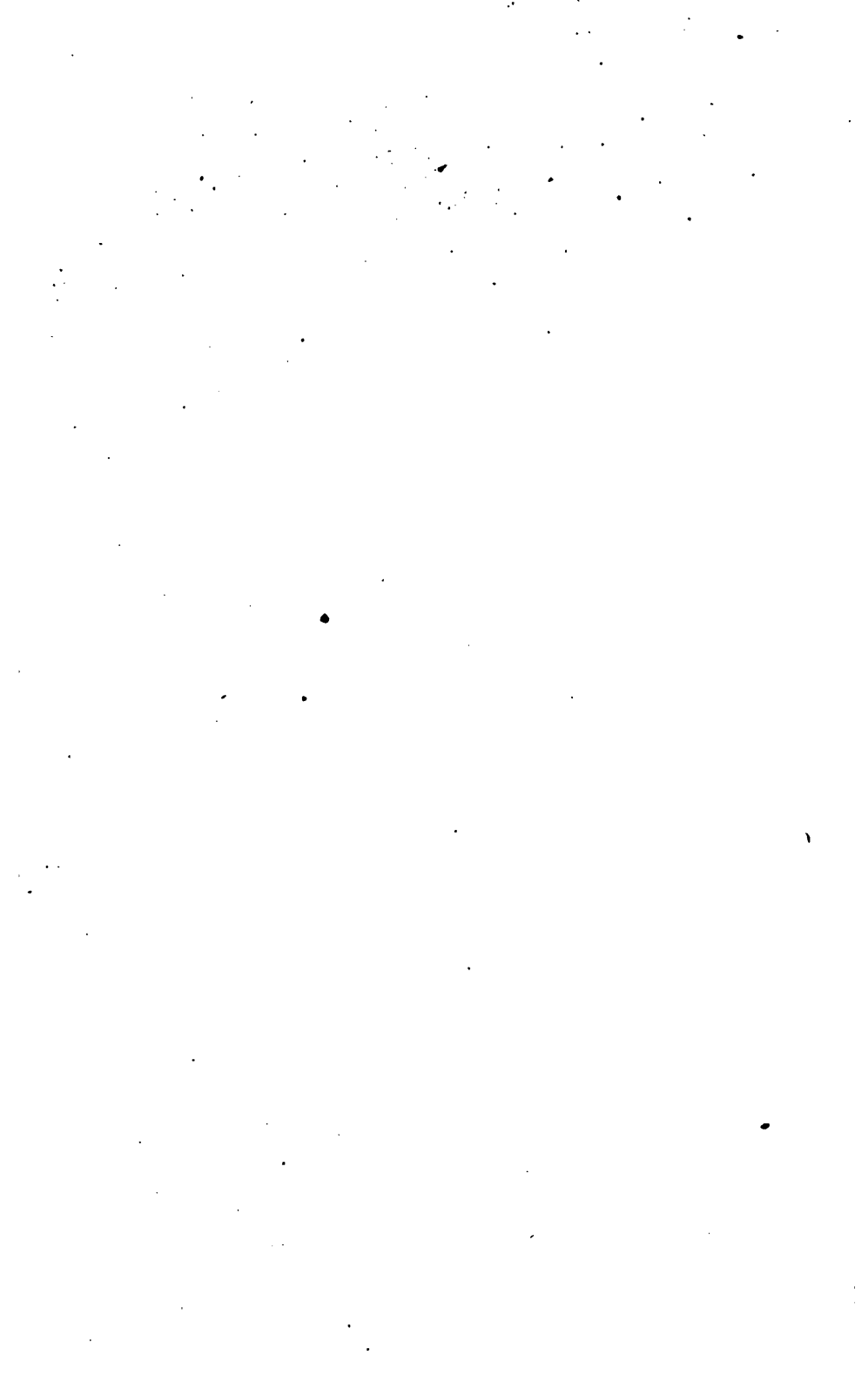
Miss.—Nohow; now I see, I don't know you; no, no, sir—I don't think I know you; no, sir, I don't nohow—no, sir. (*She looks at her young friends, and all burst out in a general laugh.*)

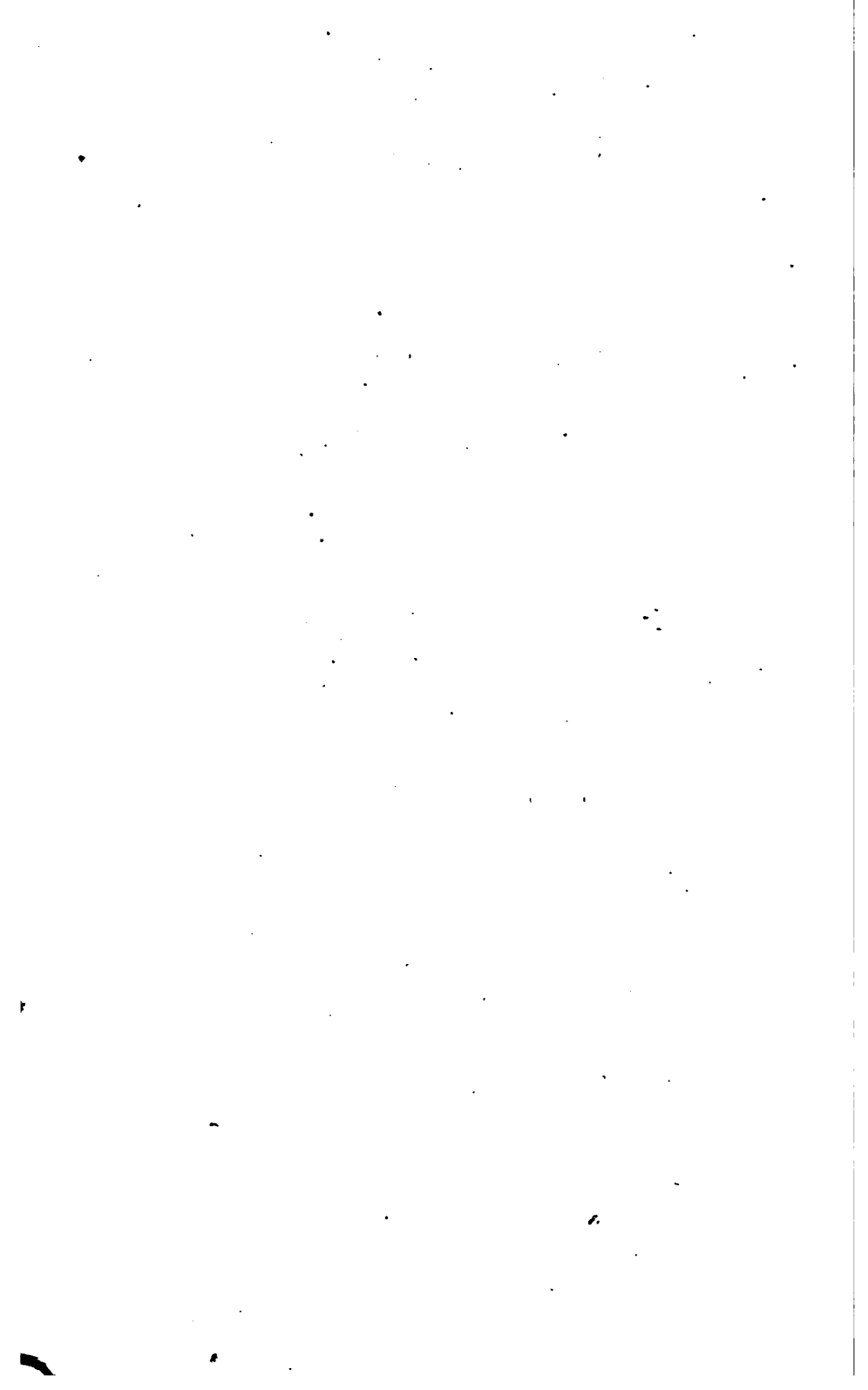
Gent (not much put out).—Well, miss, excuse me.

Miss.—No, sir; you may go. I don't know you now. (*Another general titter.*)

Cut short by the whistle to start, when most of these young giddy things jumped up and left the car, only come in to keep their friends company.

Bellows Falls is a pretty spot, where we dined. At Fitchburg, a large town approaching Boston, the conductors tried on a little knavery I think. One sets out only with a strip of paper in divisions, bits of which are plucked off as one advances, and lately exchanged for small cards. My last was taken, marked Boston, and a wrong one given me; I couldn't at all judge right or wrong; a new conductor now insisted on another, the Boston one, and tried hard to make me pay extra, but as I knew I had paid on to Boston, I was equally obstinate; a reference to the office and my word of honour settled it, but such mistakes might end very unpleasantly.

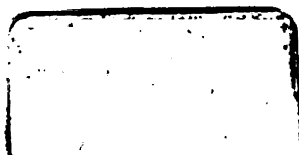




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